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Brant and Red Jacket

By

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Assisted by EDWARD EGGLESTON

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PREFACE.

In this book we have endeavored to keep in view the main purpose of the series—to make the history of our country interesting to the general reader, and especially to young people. We have consequently treated with fulness those passages in the history of the Iroquois, and in the lives of Brant and Red Jacket, that had to do with personal adventure.

We have not thought it necessary to encumber the pages of a book intended for popular use with references to authorities.

We are of course very largely indebted to the voluminous and painstaking works of Colonel William L. Stone, the "Life of Brant," in two octavo volumes, and the "Life of Red Jacket." These works, compiled from original documents, are of the highest authority and value, but their very fulness of information and quotation renders them more useful to the historical student than to the general reader. We are also greatly indebted to "The Campaign of Lieut.-Gen. John Burgoyne," by William L. Stone, Esq., the younger, and "The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson,"

by the same author. The younger Mr. Stone has ably and diligently worked the historic lead opened by his father, so that the careers of the two writers seem to be but one. "The History of the Five Indian Nations," by Cadwallader Colden (1727); "The Annals of Tryon County," by William W. Campbell; "The League of the Iroquois," by Lewis H. Morgan; "History of the Indian Tribes of Hudson's River," by E. M. Ruttenber; "The Life of Capt. Joseph Brant" (Brantford, Ontario, 1872); Cusick's "Sketches of Ancient History of the Six Nations;" Drake's "Indian Biography;" Bancroft's "History of the United States;" "Letters and Memoirs of Madame de Riedesel," with others of less importance, have been laid under contribution in the writing of this book. Mr. Schoolcraft's "Notes on the Iroquois" we have examined carefully, but it has furnished little of value.

Especial mention should be made of the eloquent histories of Mr. Francis Parkman, to which we are almost wholly indebted for the account of the early wars of the Iroquois, and all that part of the narrative which touches on the relations of the French and Indians. The reader who wishes to pursue the study of the early history of America with delight cannot do better than to follow Mr. Parkman's lead.

THE AUTHORS.

CHAPTER I.

THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

THE most celebrated of North American Indian nations was the confederation of tribes known as the Five, and subsequently the Six Nations, called by the French the *Iroquois*, and styled by themselves *Ho-de-no-sau-nee*, or People of the Long House. It is difficult to get any idea of this great savage nation previous to the arrival of white men in North America. Like all barbarous peoples, the Iroquois have carried down volumes of traditions with regard to their origin. One of their legends relates how they and their world were created. According to this tale, there were originally two worlds, an upper and a lower. The latter was in darkness. At one time a woman sank from the upper into the lower world, causing great alarm to the monsters who lived there. They, very hospitably, however, prepared to receive the descending woman. A turtle placed himself on the surface of the water beneath her, while a monster sank into the depths and procured a hand-

ful of earth, which he deposited upon the turtle's back, who immediately on receiving the woman became a great island, covered with earth. (So the Indians conceive of the American continent.) This woman was the mother of twin boys; the one of a gentle disposition was called the Good Spirit, the other, with the opposite characteristics, was called the Evil Spirit.

When the children had grown up, the Good Spirit became dissatisfied with the dark, unfruitful world in which he lived, while the Evil Spirit preferred his home as he had found it. The former, however, took the head of his mother, who was dead, and from it created the sun, which he hung in the heavens. Of her body he made the moon as a lesser light for night, and, according to Indian imagination, traces of the woman's arms and legs may yet be seen on the face of the moon. At the sight of light, the monsters of the water retired into the depths.

The Good Spirit now decorated the great island with streams and forests, animals and fishes. But the Evil Spirit went around marring his work by making on the island waterfalls, mountains, and steep places, which things are evil, being nothing but obstructions, in the eyes of an Indian. The Good Spirit at last created men and women to

inhabit the island, and appointed the thunder to water the earth. The Evil Spirit made reptiles and injurious animals, and finally made clay images of the men which his brother had created, and these became apes.

The brothers finally decided to settle by a battle which should be ruler of the world. For two days they fought, leaving a track behind them like the path of a whirlwind. The Good Spirit at last gained the victory, Indian-like, by stratagem. The Evil Spirit, as he fell dying to the ground, declared that he would have equal power with his brother over men's souls after death. Thus he became the dreaded Evil Spirit, while his brother is the Good or Great Spirit.

The Iroquois, or Five Nations, were the wildest, most ferocious and ambitious of Indian peoples. Through the strength of their permanent confederation they swept the country with their conquests, from the Mississippi to Maine, and from Canada to the Southern States. They exterminated whole tribes of Indians, drove other tribes from their territory, and subjugated still others. The French in Canada found the Algonquin Indians of their neighborhood overshadowed with a constant fear of the Five Nations. The Dutch settlers of New York, in their early acquaintance with the Manhat-

tan Indians, discovered them to be in a state of subjugation to these same Five Nations, paying them a yearly tribute of wampum; and even the English in Virginia heard dread tales of the warlike encroachments of a people called the *Massawomeks*, who were none other than the Iroquois.

When William Penn made his first treaty with the Delaware Indians, he found them as peaceably inclined as the Quakers themselves. They were not lacking, however, in Indian ferocity and barbarity, as they afterward proved when they had moved farther west; but they had been completely subjugated to the overbearing confederacy, which had forced them to lay aside arms and go under the appellation of women, the worst of indignities to an Indian warrior. Once in every year or so, two old Iroquois Indians would go around among the Delawares collecting the tribute money, or wampum, which consisted of beads made of shell. A single Mohawk chief in a ragged blanket and dirty clothes might then be seen domineering over whole bands of degraded warriors.

Traditions are yet handed down in the remnants of eastern Indian tribes incorporated into civilized life of the fierce inroads of the Indians of the Five Nations. The historian Parkman tells with what excitement a Penobscot Indian in Maine would re-

count traditions of the invasion of the Mohawks, and of the tortures to which this tribe of the Six Nations had put whole villages of his people. "Mohog all devil!" he would exclaim with deep indignation.

Never were Indian tribes better situated for far-reaching conquest. The Long House of the Five Nations, as they figuratively styled their country, lay within the limits of the present State of New York. North of them was Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence; east of them, Lake Champlain and the Hudson; west of them Lake Erie opened a gateway to the other great lakes; and in the very heart of their country was a network of smaller lakes and rivers. By means of these great natural avenues, the Iroquois Indians, with their birch and elm-bark canoes, could alight upon the homes of their most distant enemies with all the suddenness which is deemed so necessary in savage warfare.

The original Iroquois confederacy consisted of but five nations, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, and as the Five Nations they were known in early history. They were subsequently joined by a tribe of similar speech to their own, the Tuscaroras, who, living farther south, had been their allies in some of their wars, and who, having been driven from their

home in a war with the white settlers, were received into the Long House as the sixth nation in the confederacy. The Mohawks were situated at the eastern boundary of the Five Nations, and the Senecas at the western; or, in the Iroquois figure of speech, the Mohawks guarded the eastern door, the Senecas the western door of the house.

This national bond between fierce and jealous tribes could hardly have been permanent if it had not been for that strange Indian institution, the totem. The Six Nations, in common with other Indian tribes, were divided into eight great clans, or totems. These totems were known severally by the names of the Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Turtle, Deer, Snipe, Heron, and Hawk. Members of a totem were bound by the strongest fraternal relations to one another; and as these totems traversed the tribal lines, and were found in all the tribes of the confederacy, they bound it into one nation. An Indian must marry into another totem than his own, while the children belonged to the mother's totem and not to the father's. Thus the chieftaincy or sachemship descended in the female line, as this office belonged only to certain totems. A sachem was succeeded by his brother, by his daughter's son, or by his sister's son. A council of the nations decided upon the successor within the proper lim-

its of their customs of hereditary descent, and if the sachem were not fitted to his office, the council might depose him. This office of peace-chief, as it is sometimes called, is entirely different to that of war-chief, to which an Indian arrives through his own qualities as a leader, and not through any right of descent. He who is bold in battle, or has a gift for leadership, naturally rises to power among the young braves. So it was with Brant, the warrior, and Red Jacket, the orator; for the great men of the Six Nations were all chiefs and not sachems.

In the Onondaga Valley burned the figurative council-fire of the Six Nations, and here stood the national council-house where the great chiefs met to discuss projects of war or treaties of peace. The meeting of this council, which was called by the sachems of any nation when they saw fit, was a great event with the Indians. Belts of wampum, which are a universal token among Indians of an important message, were sent by runners from one nation to the other, and from that nation to the next. Meanwhile, the news spread to every little Iroquois hunting-party through all the wilderness of their country; and if the question of the moment were of sufficient interest, men, women, and children made the journey, no matter how toilsome, to the place of meeting.

The council-house was a long structure, framed of poles and covered with bark. Around the sides, upon rude benches or on the ground, sat the sachems, with perhaps some few favored guests. While a speech was delivered, in a sing-song tone, the auditors smoked with perfect stolidity. Now and then, when they agreed with the orator, they would solemnly utter the word "Nee," or "Yes." By way of applause, at the end of a speech, they would call out, "Ho-ho." Meanwhile, the Onondaga sachem who was appointed to keep the wampum belts would receive that which perhaps accompanied this speech. He must have had hundreds of belts, but he could tell just what idea each represented.

At noon two men would enter this solemn assembly, bearing a great kettle of meat swinging from a pole resting on their shoulders. At the side of this kettle hung a capacious wooden ladle. The great kettle was carried around the circle, and each Indian helped himself to an ample supply of meat with the wooden ladle. After dinner the grave council continued as before.

The principal towns of the Six Nations were well fortified, being sometimes surrounded with three or four rows of high palisades, and furnished on the inside with platforms for the use of the de-

fenders. Stores of stones were laid up inside to be hurled upon the heads of besiegers; and there were even some sort of water-conduits provided, in order that fire from the outside might be extinguished. These fortifications often enclosed several acres, upon which long cabins were built by driving posts into the ground, which were then interlaced with horizontal poles and covered with bark. Through the middle of these structures, sometimes more than a hundred feet in length, ran a hall, and upon each side were small, rude rooms, partitioned off with poles and bark. Several families would occupy one cabin, building their fires in the central hall, and using the rooms for sleeping.

Around these fires, in the long winter-time, such traditions as the one we have given at the beginning of the chapter were handed down from parent to child. Here old braves vaunted their deeds of savage warfare; here Indian youths, chafing under the restraints of an idle life, longed for the excitement of the war-path and the glory of a string of scalps. These villages were surrounded with apple-orchards and fields of corn, beans, and squashes, sometimes several miles in extent.

The Iroquois Indians believe in three sister deities, the Spirit of Corn, the Spirit of Beans, and

the Spirit of Squashes, who guard over these fruits of the earth. They naturally enough dread the Spirit of Thunder more than any of their other gods. He is believed to be the messenger of the Great Spirit to punish those who displease him. He lived originally, say the Indians, under Niagara Falls. They, no doubt, imagined that he made the thundering of those great waters.

Among the many poetic legends of the Five Nations is that of Hiawatha, on which Longfellow founded his famous poem. Hiawatha was, they believed, a god who came and lived among the Indians, giving them seeds and teaching them useful arts. He it was who originated the great confederacy of the Five Nations; and when this was accomplished, he ascended into the heavens in his mystic white canoe.

It may be noticed in all Indian warfare that the Indians make every exertion to secure their dead. They believe that unless the body has a proper burial, the spirit will wander upon the earth in misery for some time. For this reason they are accustomed to mutilate the body of an enemy, believing that they are inflicting injuries upon his spirit. According to their vague ideas of a future life, the spirits of the dead must perform a long journey toward the west before they reach their

destination. They place beside the body of the deceased his bows and arrows, pipes, and various other treasures, that he may have them in the other world. They also place food upon his grave and build a fire beside it that he may cook it, and thus have something to sustain him during his journey. One authority says that in old times the spirit was supposed to be a year upon his journey, but that it is now believed to be accomplished in three days. We cannot give the reason for this change, except it be on account of the introduction of improved means of travel.

It is estimated that the Five Nations, in the days of their glory, could not have sent four thousand warriors to battle. Nevertheless, the dreaded confederacy was truly formidable to the infant colonies, and more than once it shook Canada almost from her foundations.

CHAPTER II.

CHAMPLAIN AND THE FIVE NATIONS.

THE Indians whom the French first encountered on their settlement of the St. Lawrence were an inferior race to the Iroquois, who raised no grain, and who, like all races depending solely on the chase, alternated between gluttony and abject starvation. The French colonists, during their first winter at Quebec, saw one day on the opposite shore of the river a group of Indians who had been driven by starvation to seek the home of the strangers. The river was full of grinding blocks of floating ice, and to all appearance impassable. The desperate creatures, however, launched their frail canoes, jumped into them, and began the passage. They were caught in the middle of the stream between the great moving cakes of ice. In an instant their light canoes were ground to powder, and it seemed that the occupants must be lost; but the quick-footed Indians, men and women with children on their backs, had leaped upon a passing block of ice fast floating out to sea. Here

their situation seemed no better, and a despairing cry arose from the unhappy creatures. Fortunately the block of ice, crowded by other masses, touched for a moment the northern shore of the island, and the agile Indians saved themselves. Mere skeletons as they were, they soon devoured the food given them by the French, and fell upon a dead dog left in the snow by Champlain as fox-bait.

It was the wise policy of the French to make friends of the inhabitants of the country in which they had planted their weak little colony; but in becoming allies of the Algonquin tribes of the north and the Hurons, they little knew what powerful enemies they dared in the Five Nations. A band of Indians encamped near Quebec, after heavy and improvident meals from their store of smoked eels, falling into troubled slumbers, would see in nightmares the Iroquois upon them, scalping and torturing. The terror-stricken creatures would rush to the fort and implore admission, entirely unmanned by their portentous dreams.

Samuel de Champlain, the brave and adventurous founder of Canada, desirous of making discoveries which he had not the means to undertake, and looking ever, like all the explorers of his day, for a route by water to the other ocean, resolved to ac-

cept the invitation of the neighboring Indians to join them in their war with the confederate nations, at once binding these savages to the French and affording Champlain an escort into the heart of the continent.

By the middle of May, Champlain, with eleven men dressed in the light armor of the time, consisting of a breastplate and backpiece, the thighs protected by steel armor, a plumed casque on the head, a sword at the side, an ammunition-box strung across the shoulder, and in the hand an arquebuse, or matchlock gun of the day, was prepared to join his allies according to agreement. But the tardy Huron and Algonquin Indians had not appeared. Champlain, however, was ready to start, and he started, accompanied only by a band of Montagnais Indians. As he sailed up the St. Lawrence in his small shallop, he spied the smoke and cabins of a savage encampment, which he found to be that of his savage allies on their leisurely way to Quebec. Champlain moved toward the cabin of the two chiefs, escorted by a gaping crowd of savages who had never seen white men before. Champlain they named "the man with the iron breast." After the usual ceremonies of feasting and mutual speeches were concluded, the small army moved on down the river, for the In-

dians must needs see the home of the iron-breasted strangers, of which they had heard wonderful tales. At Quebec, Champlain alternately feasted his allies and frightened them with the roar of cannon and musketry. Here the savages celebrated their hideous war-dance, with unearthly yells and the flourish of clubs and tomahawks in the glaring firelight. Champlain, being one of the war-party, took part in this wild revel.

The impatient adventurer was at last permitted to lead his warriors away. Surrounded by Indian canoes, the Frenchman's shallop moved up the St. Lawrence to the river then called by the name of the Iroquois, but since known as the Richelieu. Here the Indians camped for several days, fishing, hunting, feasting, and quarrelling, which last occupation resulted in the desertion of three fourths of the party. The remainder pushed on up the Richelieu, the shallop with a fair wind sailing far in advance of the paddling savages, who had assured Champlain of a smooth course to the great lake which they had described to him by means of rude charts. But the Frenchmen at length heard the rushing noise of rapids in advance. Ahead of them they could presently see the foaming water. Leaving his boat at the shore in charge of four men, Champlain pushed on up the river bank. Explora-

tion only convinced him that the rapids were impassable; his allies had deceived him. The canoes had come up when Champlain returned to his shallop. He rebuked the Indians for their lie, but told them that he, for his part, would still keep his pledge. In truth, difficulties could not discourage the discoverer. He sent his shallop with the most of his men back to Quebec, while he, with two Frenchmen who volunteered to follow him, took the Indian-carry through the forests, in company with his allies. Before re-embarking above the rapids, the chiefs counted their forces, which consisted of sixty warriors in twenty-four canoes.

They were now in the debatable land, the battle-ground of the nations. Ahead of the party ran swift scouts, behind them marched the main body in silent Indian file, and in the rear were hunters busied in procuring game for the band.

At night all slept within a semicircular enclosure of logs thrown up for the occasion. No guards were appointed, but the inevitable medicine-man, or prophet, was consulted every evening. While the rude fortifications were being built he had built himself a lodge of poles, fastened together at the top, and covered with dirty deerskins. He crept into his place, and began his mumbling incantations. Around him sat the awe-stricken

warriors. Suddenly the mysterious cabin began rocking from side to side. Behold the work of the spirits! thought the Indians, but Champlain thought it was the work of the medicine-man himself, whose hands he believed he could see on the shaking poles. This worthy went through terrific contortions, calling loudly, in a strange language, to the Spirit, who answered in a ludicrous squeal from the stone in which he was believed to be present. Champlain believed this to be devil-worship.

A primitive mode of indicating the order of battle was used by the Indians on this expedition. A chief took a number of little sticks, and sticking them in position into the ground, gave each one the name of some warrior, the taller ones indicating the chiefs, thus designating the position of each warrior in battle without waste of words. The Indians squatted around, studied for a time this toy army, and then understood perfectly their respective positions.

Champlain at last entered the lake which rightly bears his name. The design of the Indians was to move on down the lake to where Ticonderoga now stands; from there through Lake George, carrying their canoes from the south end of this lake into the Hudson, where they might reach and attack

some Mohawk village. Meanwhile, to the right lay the wild Adirondacks, wild even unto our time, and then the hunting-ground of the Five Nations. The war-party now dared travel only at night.

One day they had encamped not far from Crown Point. Dreams are of the utmost importance among savages, and the more important the dreamer the more important the dream. Every such sign and portent is watched and consulted by Indians on the war-path. Morning after morning Champlain had been eagerly questioned about his dreams, but his exercise in the sweet, fresh air had procured him a dreamless sleep. On this day, however, he shrewdly dreamed that he saw the Iroquois Indians drowning in the lake; he undertook to rescue them, but his allies told him to leave them be, they were good for nothing. This dream, recounted to the Indians on awaking, proved exceedingly exhilarating and the happiest of portents. The war-party embarked at dusk. About ten o'clock, dark objects were seen moving on the water before them. It was a party of Iroquois in their more ponderous elm-bark canoes, which were used where birch-bark was scarce. Instantly the war-whoop rose from both parties. The Iroquois pushed ashore, and began barricading themselves with trees which they felled. Meanwhile, Champlain's friends lashed

their canoes together and remained on the water, a bow-shot from the Iroquois. The Indians on shore labored, the Indians in the boats danced as insolently as they dared in their frail craft; the night resounded with taunts, threats, boasts, and sallies of rude Indian wit, thrown back and forth between these mortal enemies.

As day dawned, the three Frenchmen lay low in separate canoes. In the early morning the raft of boats approached the shore, and the party landed at some distance from the Iroquois barricade. Out of this enclosure filed the enemy, some two hundred stalwart warriors, their chiefs marked by the tallest head-dresses. The Algonquin Indians began to tremble. They called for their champion, the man of the iron breast. Champlain passed through their ranks, and stood in full view of the approaching Iroquois. Great was the astonishment of these Indians at the strange sight, but in the next instant there was a flash, a report, and two chiefs fell dead. The brave Iroquois raised a hideous war-whoop, and stood for a moment at their posts, sending clouds of whizzing arrows into the enemy's ranks. But shot after shot from the two ambushed Frenchmen, and more execution from Champlain's match-lock, sent them flying in terror at this supernatural warfare. Fiercely the

victorious Indians followed them, killed some, and took some prisoners. The inevitable sequel followed, as it would have followed in the Iroquois camp had they been the victors. A prisoner was put to torture. Champlain wanted to send a bullet through the heart of the unflinching victim, whose glory was to utter not a groan, taunting and tantalizing to the last. But the Frenchman was refused. He turned and fled into the woods, unable to endure the cruelty of his savage friends, but he was recalled, and permitted to end the Indian's misery with his gun.

The savages quickly started homeward to enjoy their triumphs at their own villages. At the mouth of the Richelieu the Hurons and Algonquins separated from Champlain and the Montagnais Indians, first dividing prisoners and inviting Champlain to join them again in battle.

While in camp one night on their homeward journey, one of Champlain's Indian companions dreamed that the still dreaded Iroquois were upon them. One and all, in darkness and rain, they paddled to some islands and hid themselves in the rushes. Morning light dispelled their fears, and they reached that day their village, where they were met by the squaws, who swam out into the water to receive with fiendish triumph the tokens

of victory. Champlain himself was alloted the head and arms of a dead Iroquois, which precious gifts were to be presented to his king.

CHAPTER III.

A BATTLE IN THE WOODS.

CHAMPLAIN had, as he said, "two strings to his bow." The Montagnais Indians had promised to guide him to Hudson's Bay, and the Hurons to take him to the Great Lakes and show him copper mines. Either of these great waters might open the coveted route to India. To each tribe he had promised, in return, to fight with them their mutual enemies, the Indians of the Five Nations.

One might have seen, on a bright June day in 1610, an island at the mouth of the Richelieu alive with Indians in an unusual state of activity. The Hurons and Algonquins were expected to join them in an expedition against the Iroquois. Champlain was already there, and the ground must be cleared of trees for a dance and feast. Some French fur-traders had just arrived at the spot, doubtless hoping for brisk business on this festive day. Suddenly a solitary canoe was seen shooting down the river. On it came, as though the lives of the Indians within were at stake.

"Come quickly!" they shouted; "there is a great battle. We are more than the Iroquois, but they are behind a breastwork of logs, and we cannot conquer them."

The Indians in the canoe were messengers from the allies, who had met, but a league from their rendezvous, one of the far-reaching war-parties of the Five Nations. No sooner had they delivered their message than a fierce yell rose from the Montagnais Indians, who snatched shields and weapons and tumbled into their canoes, screaming to Champlain and the fur-traders to follow them. The latter were not so inclined, however.

"You are women, good for nothing but to make war on beaver-skins," was the taunt flung back at them as the Indians paddled away.

Champlain and four men who were already in canoes sped along with the Indians, whose boats no sooner touched shore than they disappeared in the woods. The Frenchmen, burdened with armor, could not keep up with their Indian allies, whose war-whoops grew more and more distant. They soon found themselves alone on a sultry day in the midst of a swamp, in a cloud of mosquitoes "which were so thick," says Champlain, "that we could not breathe, so cruelly did they persecute us."

Sinking knee-deep into the swampy ground, wading, clambering, tripping, angry, the battle going forward, they knew not where—in this ridiculous position did the Frenchmen find themselves. They presently spied some Indians running through the woods, to whom they called for guidance, and in a short time heard the distant howling of an Indian battle. They ran toward a rude clearing made by the Iroquois in building the breastwork behind which they were now at bay, fighting savagely. In the edges of the forest, from among the trees, fought the attacking allies. They had just made an unsuccessful onslaught on the enemy. Fierce yells of encouragement arose as the Frenchmen appeared on the scene, with an answering whoop from the savages within the barricades. A stone arrow-head split Champlain's ear and lodged in his neck. He coolly pulled it out, and turned to do the same for one of his men who had met with a like accident. In a moment more, amid whizzing arrows, the Frenchmen ran up to the barricade and shot through the crevices at the Iroquois within. The latter had not yet overcome their terror of the bottled thunderbolt which they themselves would wield so dexterously in a few more years. At every explosion they would throw themselves flat upon the ground. Elated, the at-

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tacking Indians tore down log after log from the stout barricade. Champlain had gathered a large band of warriors at the edge of the forest for the final scaling of the barriers with a rush, when some traders, headed by a Frenchman named Des Prairies, made their appearance, eager to take part in the battle.

Champlain waited for a moment in order that the traders, as he says brutally, "might share in the sport," and then led his wild attack on to the barricade, up and over which they scrambled bravely, though sadly torn and scratched, the Iroquois within leaping and writhing under the fire of the Frenchmen. The barricade was scaled and the deadly work finished. The battle was won.

Fifteen survivors only remained to be burned by their captors. Champlain saved one prisoner from torture, but the remainder could not be rescued from their fiendish victors. A few were reserved for the squaws at home, who were even more inventive in cruelty than themselves.

It was not until three years after this battle that Champlain claimed an escort of the Indians in a voyage of discovery. This time he ascended the Ottawa River in search of a passage to the north-

ern sea which an impostor named Vignan, who had lived some time among the Indians, pretended he had found.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAMPLAIN ATTACKS A SENECA TOWN.

CHAMPLAIN saw his Indian allies "like brute beasts, without faith, without law, without religion, without God." He returned from one of his voyages to France with four Récollet friars, inflamed with zeal to carry the true faith into the wilderness.

Meantime the Indian tribes otherwise separated agreed in importuning Champlain for aid against the common enemy, the Five Nations. It was the policy of New France to give this aid, and Champlain was ever ready for new adventure and fresh discovery, He attended a council of Ottawa and Huron Indians, at which they agreed to furnish about twenty-five hundred men, to which Champlain promised to add all he could command, and with this force they planned to strike a blow at the very heart of the redoubtable Five Nations. Champlain went to Quebec to make preparations, and when he returned to Montreal, where the council had been held, he found that the fickle

Indians had vanished. One of the friars, Father Joseph Le Caron, determined to spend the winter among the savages, had gone with them, accompanied by twelve well-armed Frenchmen.

With Champlain, a project once undertaken was pursued to the end. Taking with him two Indians, Etienne Brulé, his interpreter, and one other Frenchman, he ascended the Ottawa and its tributary, the Mattawan. He crossed the Indian carry from this stream to Lake Nipissing, where lived a band of Indians of this name, afterwards called "the Sorcerers" on account of their special devotion to witchcraft and medicine-men. Champlain's party descended the outlet of this lake, and here they suffered much from hunger; for the improvident Indians had swallowed the provisions destined for the whole journey, and now bore the consequent hunger stoically enough, no doubt. The party lived for days on blueberries and raspberries, which they fortunately found in abundance. One day their eyes were greeted with the sight of Lake Huron, which was perhaps the north sea described by Vignan, he having heard doubtless of its wide expanse from the Indians. In their light canoes the party soon reached a Huron town surrounded by Indian corn, pumpkins, and sunflowers. Here the travellers were

bountifully feasted. They moved from town to town until they reached the one of their destination, guarded by a triple palisade thirty-five feet high. At this place Friar Le Caron had his winter home, a cabin of bark. The friar and Champlain embraced when they met.

Mass was celebrated by the Frenchmen. Meantime day after day passed in feasting and idleness. Champlain became restless, and with some of his men explored the neighboring country. At last the Hurons and their allies had assembled. More were to join them in the country of the Iroquois. The army set out, stopping at one place to fish and at another to hunt deer. Five hundred Indians formed in line, and, closing in around the deer, drove them on to a point where Indians in canoes slaughtered them as fast as they took to the water. The interpreter, Etienne Brulé, voluntarily heading a party of twelve Indians to hasten the allies to the place of rendezvous, had parted from the main band.

Crossing Lake Ontario, the Indians hid their canoes, and the army began its rapid silent filing through the woods. For four days this steady march was continued through the country of the Five Nations, one Iroquois fishing-party of men, women, and children being captured. They at

last came upon the Seneca town of their destination. Skulking behind trees on the edge of the forest, they could see the Senecas gathering their harvests of Indian corn and pumpkins. Nothing could restrain the impetuosity of the Hurons. With a wild war-whoop they rushed upon their enemies, who, in turn, fiercely defended themselves and routed the attacking party. Champlain and his companions were obliged to interfere from the edge of the forest with a brisk fire, which forced the Senecas to retreat within their town; not, however, until they had secured their dead and wounded.

The disordered and impulsive attack had now closed the way to any further surprise; and this castle of the Senecas was very formidable. Before the besiegers rose the palisaded walls, four rows deep and thirty feet in height, surmounted by a shielded gallery. The town stood upon the shore of a pond or lake, and water was let into it from this by means of sluices, while gutters were supplied upon the palisades for use in case of fire.

Champlain berated his allies soundly, around the evening camp-fires, for their inconsiderate attack. On the following morning they all set vigorously to work under his guidance. Trees were hewed

down, and from them a rude wooden tower was built, higher than the palisades of the Seneca town. Great movable wooden shields, under cover of which the walls of the town could be fired, were made in imitation of those used in the middle ages. One can imagine the astonishment of the Iroquois warriors as they watched this work. In a few hours all was done, and the assault began. Two hundred of the strongest Indians bravely dragged the tower to within a pike's length of the town. Three Frenchmen mounted to the top of this structure and opened fire upon the inmates. The elated besiegers were frantic; nothing could control them. Shouting, leaping, and dancing in every form of disorder, their arrows rattled around the well-defended town, from which they were answered with showers of stones. In their eagerness they abandoned the movable shields designed to cover attempts to fire the palisades. One bold warrior ran forward, unshielded, with firebrands. He was followed by others with combustible material. A fire was built at the foot of the palisades, but floods of water quickly descended upon it from above. Champlain tried to muster his forces into something like order. It was of no use. Every warrior had his own opinion as to what should be done. Every warrior shouted, and

Champlain could not hear his own voice in the confusion.

After three hours the attack was abandoned. Seventeen Indians were wounded, and Champlain himself was disabled with two arrows in his legs. The savages were now as disheartened as they had been elated. It was a gloomy concourse which sat around the evening camp-fire. Champlain urged a renewed attack, but the Indians would not budge; so easily is Indian courage damped. They resolved to wait the arrival of the five hundred allies who were expected to meet them here. For five days they waited, spending the time in skirmishing, and then the fickle army filed away, attacked fiercely in the rear by the Senecas. The wounded were carried off doubled up into baskets and strapped upon the backs of Indians. We can imagine the impatience of Champlain, who was still among the wounded, and who, as he says, could "no more move than an infant in swaddling-clothes." Never was a man perhaps in a more uncomfortable position. "I lost all patience," says he, "and as soon as I could bear my weight I got out of this prison, or, to speak plainly, out of hell."

Meantime where was Etienne Brulé, the intrepid messenger to the allies? After leaving the main

body of warriors, he and his companions had crossed Lake Huron and picked their way through the forests, avoiding paths and trails, for they were in the Seneca country. They nevertheless succeeded in making some Iroquois prisoners, which they carried to the town where the allies—probably Eries—lived. Here, though but three days' march from the besieged town, the Frenchman must needs be feasted and entertained, and when the battle-ground was reached the besiegers were gone.

Brulé must spend the winter among the Indians, but, adventurer as he was, he was not averse to this. He spent his time in exploring a large river, probably the Susquehanna.

In the spring several Indians offered to accompany him to the country of the Hurons on his homeward journey. As they were marching through the enemies' country a band of Iroquois suddenly rushed upon them. The party scattered. Brulé ran from his pursuers deep into the woods and found himself alone and saved, but only, as it seemed, to die of hunger. For days he wandered, and at last came upon an Indian foot-path. Preferring to risk the Iroquois rather than to starve, he followed the path. He saw ahead three Indians bearing freshly-caught fish. Brulé called to them

in the Huron language, which was allied to the Iroquois. Astonished at his strange costume and arms, his pale face and beard, the Indians began to run from him. But the starving Frenchman flung down his arms and told the story of his hunger. The Indians turned back, smoked a peace-pipe with him, led him to their village, and fed him. He was surrounded by an amazed crowd of Iroquois.

"Where did you come from?" said they. "Are you not one of the men of iron who make war on us?"

"No," answered Brulé, "I am of a nation better than the French, and friends to the Five Nations."

But the Indians did not believe him. The evidence was against him, and they determined to burn their victim. The chief endeavored to save his life, but the bloodthirsty savages must have their way. Brulé was tied to a tree, tortured with firebrands, and his beard was pulled out by the handful. The prisoner wore around his neck an *Agnus Dei.* One of the Indians asked what it was, and tried to snatch it.

"If you touch that," said Brulé, "you and all your people will die."

But the Indian was determined to touch it. It was one of those oppressive, sultry days which

precede a thunder-storm. Brulé solemnly pointed to the black clouds, which had swept unnoticed into the sky, as signs of the anger of his God. A fierce storm broke, and the savages, struck with superstitious fear, fled. Their victim must have been indeed grateful, as he stood under the drenching shower still bound to the tree. The friendly chief returned, after a time, and set him free. From this time on Brulé was their companion at feast and dance, and doubtless spared no pains to make himself agreeable to his Iroquois hosts. When at last he escaped, and reached again his home in the little colony, his face was marked with the scars of his burning, and he was probably then dubbed Etienne Brulé, or Etienne the Burned, the name by which he has come down to us in history.

Champlain himself had had his adventures ere he returned to Quebec. On reaching the home of the Huron Indians, the chief would fain have allowed him an escort, but the warriors, in the freedom of Indian democracy, were none of them inclined to undertake the guidance of Champlain. He, too, must spend the winter with the Indians. He accompanied them on their fall hunt. At one time he was lost. He had wandered away to shoot a bird of bright plumage. For several days he travelled through the woods, despairing of ever find-

ing the camps of his friends. He at last found a tiny stream which he resolved to follow, hoping it might lead to the river on which the Indians were encamped. He followed this stream, walked around the borders of a lake into which it ran, followed it again as it ran out, and at length came upon the very camp he was seeking, to the great joy of the Indians, who never allowed Champlain to go off alone again.

The winter was spent in voyages of discovery, in which the explorer sought to extend the trade of his colony. He was at one time called upon to settle an Indian quarrel which threatened to result seriously. The Hurons had presented the Ottawas with an Iroquois prisoner, that they might have the pleasure of torturing him. The latter Indians, however, adopted the Iroquois and treated him kindly. The Hurons were enraged, and one of their warriors stabbed the prisoner in the very face of the chiefs who had adopted him, and they, in turn, shot the murderer through and through with arrows. This seemed likely to be a fruitful source of trouble, and war between the tribes would cut off much of the colony's trade with the Indians. A collision had already taken place when Champlain was called on to act as umpire. He met the hostile chiefs in solemn council, spoke to

them of the folly of division among themselves when the common enemy, the Five Nations, stood ready to destroy them. He urged them to shake hands and be brothers again. Peace was made, gifts of wampum were exchanged in reparation for all injuries done, and the chiefs of both nations smoked together again. Champlain at last reached Quebec, where he was received as one risen from the dead.

CHAPTER V

AN INDIAN'S REVENGE.

THE Hurons and their tribes of allies felt themselves powerless against the ever-encroaching Iroquois. There is a story in the early annals of the Six Nations which shows with what a death-gripe the Hurons and Algonquins fought their great enemy. Some of the war-chiefs of the latter Indians, who felt themselves helpless in more open warfare, had resolved to effect what they could by stratagem. Among them was Piskaret, the immediate cause of whose revengeful hate was the burning of one of his brother-chiefs at the hands of the Iroquois. Provided with guns purchased from the French, Piskaret and four other chiefs set out in search of the enemy. They paddled up the St. Lawrence and into the Richelieu River, where they saw five Iroquois canoes. Believing the chiefs to be the forerunner of a large force, the Iroquois at first attempted to escape, but when they saw no more follow, they gave their war-whoop and ordered the chiefs to surrender.

"I am already your prisoner," answered Piskaret, "and I can no longer survive the death of my companion whom you have burned; but that I may not be accused of cowardice, come out into the middle of the river."

Piskaret's guns had been previously loaded with two bullets joined together with a wire, and designed to tear in pieces the birch-bark canoes of the Iroquois. These Indians paddled swiftly into the centre of the stream.

"Each man choose his canoe," said Piskaret to his companions.

As the Iroquois approached, Piskaret made a feint of trying to escape. The Iroquois' canoes separated in order to surround the enemy, who now sung their death-song in feigned despair. Suddenly the dreaded matchlocks were raised, each man levelled at a canoe, and the report echoed in the distant woods. The Indians of the Five Nations had not yet overcome their dread of fire-arms. Terror-stricken, they tumbled out of their sinking canoes. Piskaret and his companions quickly despatched them in the water, with the exception of several chiefs, who were doomed to undergo a similar death to that of Piskaret's friend.

But Piskaret's revenge was far from being sati-

ated. No one was found bold enough to follow him in his next expedition. He started out in the early spring, when the snow had begun to melt. He put his snow-shoes on backwards—a favorite trick with the Indians to deceive people as to the direction they have taken. Piskaret also walked for some distance along a bare ridge. When he came within sight of one of the villages of the Five Nations, he hid in a hollow tree until night, when he slipped out and selected a place where four piles of wood, placed close together, left a small opening in the centre. When every one was fast asleep, Piskaret entered the village, walked into the first cabin, and killing four persons, retired to his hole with their scalps. The Iroquois were in a great commotion on the following morning. They soon discovered the footsteps of Piskaret, which, seeming to lead away from the villages, were supposed to be the track of the murderer who had escaped. The young men of the village followed this track in hot pursuit until they came to the bare ridge, where they lost it. On the following night Piskaret again entered a cabin, and, killing the inhabitants, returned to his wood-pile. Again there was a great outcry in the morning. All ran in quest of a track, but none was to be seen except that of the previous day. They sought in the forests and

swamps and clefts in the rocks, but no sign of a human being could be found. Then the Indians began to suspect the hand of Piskaret, whom they knew already too well, in so bold and wily an attack. The next night, when Piskaret slipped into the town, he saw that there were guards in every cabin. But in one he discovered a sentinel nodding over his pipe. He resolved to strike his last blow. With his bundle of scalps under his arm, he entered and struck the Indian dead with his hatchet. But a guard in the other end of the cabin raised the alarm. Piskaret fled, pursued by the Iroquois. But according to the story, Piskaret was so swift on his feet as to run down deer and buffalo. Now, when his pursuers approached him, he would give them an encouraging whoop, and then spring from them and be out of their sight in a moment.

The five or six young men who had persisted in the chase, being worn out with hunger and fatigue, stopped, when night came on, to rest, and were soon asleep. Meantime Piskaret was hidden in a hollow tree, watching their movements, and when everything was quiet he slipped upon the sleeping warriors and killed them all. Nevertheless the Iroquois afterwards secured the head of this indomitable warrior in one of their raids into his country, in which they massacred and captured hundreds of his people.

CHAPTER VI.

A PRISONER AMONG THE FIVE NATIONS.

SOME of the incidents sufficiently illustrate the whole of the long wars of the Iroquois, which devastated nation after nation of Indians and cramped and harassed the French colony, cutting off the trade with friendly tribes upon which it depended, and making victims of many of her bravest men. The Five Nations, and especially the Mohawks, had now become all too familiar with fire arms through their trade with the Dutch, with whom they were on very friendly terms.

The experiences of Father Jogues, a gentle and scholarly Jesuit, were those of many other captives. The missionary, accompanied by two devoted young laymen, Goupil and Couture, with some eleven canoes of Huron Indians, was on his way to the home of these savages, where a mission had been planted. As they ascended the St. Lawrence, the Iroquois war-whoop resounded through the still air, and canoes shot forth from their hiding-place along the banks. Many of the Hurons de-

serted their companions, though some stood their ground and fought with the French. But more Iroquois appeared from the opposite shore, and the little band took refuge in flight. Goupil and several Christian Hurons were captured. Father Jogues had escaped into the rushes; but when he saw his flock in the clutches of the enemy, he returned and gave himself up. Couture also returned, resolved to share the fate of his friends. The Indians rushed at him; one of them attempted to shoot him, but his gun missed fire, and Couture, in his turn, shot the savage down. The others rushed upon the young man, tore off his clothes, ran a sword through his hand, and gnawed and mutilated his fingers. The tender-hearted Jesuit, springing toward his companion, threw his arms around his neck; in a moment more the Indians laid him senseless with their heavy blows. When he returned to consciousness, they cut and bit his hands like those of his friend.

Those who had been in pursuit of the flying Indians soon returned with a number of captives, and the party departed, after having killed at a blow an old man whom Jogues had just baptized with his mutilated hands, and who had refused to leave the spot. Through the Richelieu they journeyed to Lake Champlain, the prisoners tormented with

their wounds and the attacks of mosquitoes. On the lake they met a large band of Iroquois bound for battle. There was mutual rejoicing among the Indians, and the prisoners were forced to run the gauntlet for the amusement of these warriors. Father Jogues fell senseless in the midst of this torture, bruised and bleeding from head to foot. Fire was subsequently applied to his body in various places, and his hands again underwent torture. The brave Christian Huron chief, also a captive, was treated with even more horrible barbarity.

The poor, bruised Jesuit was the first white man who saw the waters of Lake George, to which he gave its ancient name of Lac St. Sacrement. At the head of the lake, the Indians started out by foot, the wounded prisoners staggering under heavy loads, while both captives and captors suffered greatly from hunger. As they neared the first Mohawk town, they were greeted by exultant crowds of savages, and were immediately forced to run the gauntlet. In this race Jogues once fell fainting, but recovered his feet and ran on. The Frenchmen had received the heaviest blows, and were bruised and mangled from head to foot. On reaching the town, the prisoners were placed on a scaffold amid a taunting crowd. For a few moments they took breath, when a chief shouted to

the others to come and "caress" the prisoners. This was a common phrase among the Indians for the tortures to which they put their enemies. The Indians now fell upon the captives, putting them to every conceivable form of mutilation and torment which would still leave them alive. After this they were taken down, laid upon their backs, and their hands and feet tied to stakes driven in the ground, the universal mode among the Indians of chaining a prisoner. Here the savage children continue their torture by placing hot ashes and live coals upon their bodies.

The programme was much the same in each of the three fortified towns of the Mohawks; for the Indians must exhibit their captives to all their countrymen. Once Jogues was hung by the wrists, but as he was on the point of fainting, an Indian pitied him and cut him down. Cruel as these savages were, they were not always without the impulse of pity. But the torturing of prisoners, and even cannibalism, were a part of the barbarous customs which were so inexorable among the Indians. The custom of torture was always perpetuated by the desire for retaliation and the necessity for revenge in the Indian superstition. In every Iroquois town were many Indians who had lost friends by the most horrible death at the hands of

the enemy. It was a part of their heathenism that these friends were believed to be happier in the future life if their death were revenged. Thus prisoners must be sacrificed not only to satisfy the natural barbarity of the community, but also to quiet the injured relatives in another world.

In every suffering the missionary Jesuits never forgot their trust. Believing that souls could only be saved by baptism, they took every opportunity thus to insure a happy future for the heathen around them. Father Jogues, with tortured and fainting body, was on the scaffold when four fresh Huron captives were brought in and placed beside him. He immediately set to work to convert his fellow-sufferers, and, with a few drops of rain which he found on an ear of green corn which was thrown to him, Jogues baptized two of them. When the party were moving for another town, he baptized the other two while passing through a brook.

The young man Couture had gained the admiration of these fierce warriors for his courage, notwithstanding their rage at him for killing one of their number. After passing through the most horrible tortures, he was adopted into an Indian family in the place of a dead relative. A council was held over Jogues and Goupil, but no decision

was arrived at. The captives were taken back to the first Mohawk town, to live in slavery and constant danger of their lives. Meanwhile Jogues baptized dying infants, and the young man taught children to make the sign of the cross. The Indians, superstitious as they were, were often roused to suspicion by this mysterious sign. Goupil had made it on the forehead of a grandchild of an old Indian who was his master, and who seeing it, and having been told by some Dutchman that the sign of the cross had to do with the devil, believed that the child had been bewitched. A suspicion of witchcraft among the Indians will inevitably cause the death of the suspected person, and none dare take his part lest he also be proclaimed a witch. Jogues and Goupil had gone into the woods for a walk, praying and consoling one another in the living martyrdom which they endured. As they returned toward the town, they were met and joined by two young warriors with an evil look on their stolid faces. As they neared the village, a hatchet suddenly gleamed from beneath the blanket of one of the Indians, and Goupil fell to the ground with the name of Jesus on his lips. We cannot but be glad that the young man's death was so merciful. Jogues kneeled beside his friend, praying and awaiting a like death, when the

Indians suddenly told him to go home. Having seen the body of his friend dragged through the town, Jogues spent the night in grief over his bereavement. In the morning, caring little for his own life, the Jesuit started to seek his friend's remains.

"Where are you going so fast?" demanded the old Indian who had caused Goupil's death. "Don't you see those fierce young braves who are watching to kill you?"

But Jogues cared not, and the old man, probably unwilling to lose a slave who was not a witch, took with him another Indian, and followed the Jesuit to protect him against the bloodthirsty young men.

Jogues found the poor mangled body in a neighboring ravine, where a little stream ran. He drew it into the brook and covered it with stones, that the dogs might not get at it, hoping to escape from the town and bury it where it would not be disturbed. A severe storm swelled the little stream to a flood, and when Jogues crept forth in the early morning to seek his dead, he found the body gone. He waded into the icy water, he looked among the rocks and in the forest, but he could not find the corpse. The gentle-hearted priest kneeled by the roaring brook, and, with tears and groans, chanted the service of the dead. Long months

afterwards he found the bones of his friend in a lonesome spot where the pitiless Indians had thrown the body, and Jogues had the satisfaction of gathering them up and hiding them.

After the death of his companion, the Jesuit would gladly have died also, and indeed he was momentarily threatened with death. The gentle, studious priest was no object of admiration to the wild warriors. They could appreciate the brave Couture, who had killed one of his captors before he was taken, but this meek man who slaved for them like a squaw, who refused to eat their meat because they had offered it to their gods, who crouched silent and miserable in his ragged skins at their fireside, bearing abuse and burdens patiently, but rising to stern and reckless indignation when they ridiculed his religion—this man was a despicable object to the Mohawk braves, and was especially hated by the women.

Once when Jogues was absent from the village with a fishing-party, a messenger arrived pretending that signs of the enemy had been seen, but in reality telling Jogues' master that a war-party which had gone out against the French was defeated and destroyed, and that vengeance must be wreaked on the head of the Jesuit. But on reaching the town, the party found that fresh news had

arrived: the warriors were safe and on their journey of triumph, with many prisoners. Jogues' life was saved for this time, but he would rather have died than to witness the tortures and death of captives, sometimes converted Indians and allies of the French, and sometimes his own countrymen.

Thus Jogues lived, to be sacrificed if Iroquois arms failed, but saved if they were victorious. Meantime he had been now nearly a year among the Mohawks, and as they had no fear of his escaping, the Jesuit was allowed to occupy himself with his old missionary labors. Jogues found himself more happy, and began to think that his sufferings had been providential. He wandered from town to town, converting doomed captives and baptizing some seventy Iroquois children.

At one time the Indians took Jogues with them to a fishing-place, twenty miles below the Dutch post, Fort Orange, where Albany now stands. While here the scrupulous Jesuit heard that a fresh war-party had returned to the Mohawk town, and that two prisoners had been burned. Jogues begged to be allowed to return lest there should yet be work for him to do among the captives. He was finally sent up the river in a returning Iroquois canoe. The Indians whom he was with stopped to trade at Fort Orange, a rough log build

ing surrounded by a Dutch hamlet, whose inhabitants need have no fear of the Mohawks and wandered in the forests with perfect safety. The Dutch had heard of the Jesuit's captivity, and had made many kindly efforts to secure his release, but the Indians had refused to give him up even for quite a valuable amount of goods.

Some time before, an Indian about to set out on the war-path had offered to take a letter from Jogues to the commandant at Three Rivers, hoping, doubtless, to do some act of treachery under the pretence of a parley. Jogues well understood the meaning of this, and probably knew in what danger his own life would be if the Indians were offended. Nevertehless he wrote the letter, in a mixture of French, Latin, and Huron, giving an account of the state of things among the Indians of the Five Nations. This letter was presented at a new French fort at the mouth of the Richelieu. After reading the letter, the commandant of the fort turned his cannon on the bearers, who fled precipitately, leaving behind them baggage and guns. The discomfited warriors were now determined to take their revenge on the Jesuit, who heard of their determination at Fort Orange.

This was nothing more than Jogues had expected. He was about to bravely turn his face toward

the Mohawk town, when some of the Dutch objected, advising him to escape a certain death, and offering him passage to France in a small vessel which lay in the river. Jogues objected that his escape might excite the enmity of the Indians against the Dutch, but still the Dutchmen urged, and the Jesuit resolved to think and pray over the matter. With many misgivings lest he should desert his duty, Jogues at last accepted the kind offer.

A boat was to be left for him on the shore; meantime the Jesuit must watch his chance and escape from his masters. Jogues slept with the Indians in a large barn-like building, without partition, where a Dutch farmer, his Mohawk wife, half-breed children, and cattle all lodged. Going out in the night to reconnoitre, the Jesuit was attacked and bitten in the leg by the farmer's dog. The man came out, brought him in, bandaged his leg, and securely fastened the door. All night long Jogues lay awake, tormented with the pain of the bite and with the excitement which human nature could not but feel at the hope of escaping from so unhappy a life. Before light a farm-hand entered with a lantern. The Indians were still asleep, and by signs the Jesuit implored the assistance of the man in escaping. The Dutchman kindly led

him out, reassured the dogs, and showed Jogues the road to the river, half a mile away. Suffering great pain from his bite, he found the boat so high up on the sands that it was only with desperate efforts that he at last worked it into the water and rowed to the vessel. Here he was kindly received and hidden in the hold. For two days he lived in this stifling place. Meantime the Indians searched every house in the hamlet. They at last came to the vessel, and now Jogues was transferred at night to the fort. Here he was given in charge of a miser, who hid him in one end of the garret in which he lived. Food was sent to him, but the miser devoured the most of it, and Jogues was in a state of half starvation.

The Indians were bound not to give up the Jesuit. The vessel sailed, and for six weeks Jogues lived in the miser's garret behind a rough board partition, with great chinks through which he could see the Mohawks come and go; for in the other end of the garret the miser, like most of the other settlers, kept a store of Indian necessaries and luxuries, with which he kept up a trade with the Mohawks. To prevent the Indians from seeing him through the rude partition, Jogues was obliged to creep behind some barrels in a corner whenever they entered, and here he would re-

main in a cramped position for hours at a time. His injured leg became dangerously sore, but he was relieved by the aid of a surgeon from the fort. The Dutch minister also visited him and treated him with liberality and kindness.

A large ransom was finally paid the Indians by the Dutch, and the Jesuit sailed for Manhattan, now New York, treated everywhere with the utmost kindness, provided with a suit of Dutch cloth, and passage given him in a small vessel bound for Europe. Even this voyage was not without its hardships, Jogues sleeping on a coil of rope and suffering from cold, robbed of his hat and coat by desperadoes at an English port; but assisted by some French sailors, he finally landed on the coast of Brittany. Entering a cottage, he inquired for the nearest church. The peasants, who took him for some poor Irishman, asked him to come to supper with them when he returned from church. The Jesuit gladly accepted the invitation, and, after having joyfully taken the communion, again he entered the peasants' cottage. They at once noticed his maimed and distorted hands, and inquired how he could have been so injured. Great was their surprise when he told them his story. When Jogues reached the Jesuit college at Rennes and begged

to see the rector, he appeared so much like a beggar that the porter was not willing to admit him until he said that he brought news from Canada.

The story of his captivity among the Mohawks had reached France. The rector questioned the poor man about Canada, and finally said, "Do you know Father Jogues?"

"I knew him very well," said Jogues.

"The Iroquois have taken him," said the rector. "Is he dead? Have they murdered him?"

"No," answered the Jesuit, falling on his knees; "he is alive and at liberty, and I am he."

CHAPTER VII.

A MOHAWK PEACE.

In one of Piskaret's bold adventures in 1645, he with six companions had killed some eleven Iroquois and captured two prisoners. As they were returning to the mission settlement just above Quebec, their triumphant songs were heard. Indians and missionaries thronged upon the shore, and a squad of soldiers hastened from Quebec to delight the Indians with a salute from their guns. The eleven scalps were hung around the town, but, owing to the influence of the Jesuits, the astonished prisoners escaped all torture. This forbearance was hardly relished by the Indians.

"Oh, my father," said one woman to the Jesuit, "let me caress these prisoners a little; they have killed, burned, and eaten my father, my husband, and my children." But she was denied the sweets of revenge, and lectured on Christian forgiveness.

It was the design of the French to use the prisoners to effect a peace with the Five Nations. On the following day a council was held, attended

by Montmagny, the governor, whom the Indians styled Onontio, as they did all subsequent French governors. Piskaret opened the council with a speech, giving the prisoners to the governor. Montmagny answered with a present in return. The two wondering Iroquois could with difficulty believe that their lives were saved. One of them, a fellow of magnificent size, made a speech of thanks to the governor.

"The shadow is before my eyes no longer," he said among other things. "The spirits of my ancestors slain by the Algonquins have disappeared. Onontio, you are good; we are bad. But our anger is gone. I have no heart but for peace and rejoicing." He began singing, when he suddenly picked up a hatchet, brandished it in a way that must have made the audience wince, and threw it into the fire. "Thus I throw down my anger!" he exclaimed. "Thus I cast away the weapons of blood! Farewell, war! Now I am your friend forever!"

This prisoner was dressed in a new suit of clothes, equipped for the journey, and sent home with a message offering peace to the Iroquois, and the return of other prisoners if the Indians would come and get them. About a month after he returned to Three Rivers with two ambassadors and

a fourth man, who appeared to be an Indian also. It was Couture, bronzed by exposure and dressed in Indian costume. He had come to be a man of influence among the Mohawks, and had not failed to do his utmost in favor of peace. The ambassadors were feasted abundantly and presented with pipes and tobacco.

"You may be sure that you are safe here," said the commandant to one of them who was a chief. "It is as though you were among your own people and in your own house."

"Tell your chief that he lies," answered the Indian, turning to the interpreter. The commandant was somewhat surprised. After smoking a moment, he continued: "Your chief says it is as though I were in my own country. This is not true, for there I am not so honored and caressed. He says it is as though I were in my own house; but in my own house I am sometimes very ill served, and here you feast me with all manner of good cheer."

The Indians were entertained for a week, and then a great peace-council was held, attended by Hurons and Algonquins, the Governor of Canada and officers, the Superior of the Jesuits and Father Jogues, who had returned to his labors. The speech of the Mohawk orator at this council may

give us some idea of the eloquence of later Iroquois orators, like Red Jacket, who were universally admired, but whose speeches in the dull, condensed official reports are shorn of their original beauty.

In the centre of the council was a space, across which a line was strung to bear the wampum-belts, which were some of them hung upon the bodies of the two Indians and part of them stored in a bag. The chief marched into this space, looked up impressively at the sun and then around at his audience.

"Onontio, give ear," said he. "I am the mouth of all my nation. When you listen to me, you listen to all the Iroquois. There is no evil in my heart. My song is a song of peace. We have many war-songs in our country, but we have thrown them all away and now we sing of nothing but gladness and rejoicing." After a peace-song he thanked the governor for the life of the prisoner who had been returned, but with Indian subtlety rebuked him for sending the man without an escort. He now led out Couture, and, tying a belt of wampum on his arm, said, "With this I give you back this prisoner. I did not say to him, 'Nephew, take a canoe and go home to Quebec.' I should have been without sense had I done so. I

should have been troubled in my heart lest some evil might befall him. The prisoner whom you sent back to us suffered every kind of danger and hardship on the way." And the orator proceeded to represent by pantomime the journey of the Indian. The assembly was struck with his wonderful acting. He was rowing in a canoe, now he toiled with a boat on his head over a lonely carry, stopping with breath almost gone or tripping with his load. Again you could see him ascending rapids, unable to stem the rushing current, looking in despair at the dangers around, at last with a desperate effort making the attempt. "What did you mean," resumed the chief, "by sending a man alone among these dangers? I have not done so. 'Come, nephew,' I said to the prisoner before you, 'follow me. I will see you home at the risk of my life.'"

As the orator presented each wampum-belt he gave it a meaning. Among others, one was to wipe out all memories which might lead to the desire for revenge. "I passed near the place where Piskaret and the Algonquins slew our warriors in the spring," said the chief. "I saw the scene of the fight where the two prisoners were taken. I passed quickly; I would not look on the blood of my people. Their bodies lie there

still; I turned away my eyes that I might not be angry." He stooped and knocked on the ground. Then he listened a moment. "I heard the voice of my ancestors slain by the Algonquins," said he, "crying to me in a tone of affection, 'My grandson, my grandson, restrain your anger. Think no more of us, for you cannot deliver us from death. Think of the living; rescue them from the knife and the fire.'"

He gave the fifth belt to drive away war-parties from the waters, the sixth to smooth down rapids and falls in the streams, and the seventh to quiet the waves in the lakes. The eighth was to make a clear path by land between the French and the Five Nations. The orator cut down trees, chopped off branches, cleared away brush, and filled up holes, all in pantomime. "Look," he exclaimed, "the road is open, smooth, and straight." He stooped, felt of the ground, and announced that there was "neither thorn nor stone nor log in the way." Belt after belt followed, each with its particular meaning. The fifteenth was to say that the Indians had always intended to send Jogues home. "If he had but been patient," said the chief, "I would have brought him back myself. Now I know not what has befallen him. Perhaps he is drowned." Jogues

smiled, and whispered to the Jesuits near him, "They had the pile laid to burn me. They would have killed me a hundred times if God had not saved my life."

The council ended in a general dance of all the Indians present. Thus was a hollow peace concluded between the French and the Mohawks; for though the orator had pretended otherwise, this was the only one of the Five Nations concerned in the council. It was a frequent trick in this singular confederacy to offer peace by the hands of one of its nations, and to strike by the hands of another. The restless warriors of the Mohawks, however, were not long to be restrained. Lying as they did nearest to Canada, the Mohawks chiefly led in this war, while the other nations busied themselves in subjugating nearer neighbors.

Father Jogues was the first to fall in the renewed war. Ordered by his Superior to return to the country of the Mohawks, to help bind the peace and to start a mission, he at first recoiled, but bravely undertook the task. At the advice of a Christian Indian, he did not at first preach, as the Christian religion would have the effect of angering the savages, since it overturned all that they thought dear; neither did he wear his long gown, for, said the Indian, "that preaches as well as your

lips." Father Jogues made one journey into the Mohawk country, and left his chest, locked, in the care of the Indians, having first shown them the contents. The superstitious Indians nevertheless suspected that this box contained some pestilence. This was enough to inflame the smouldering hatred. When Jogues returned to start his mission, well knowing that he was going to his death, he was received with beating and abuse, although there was a large party in his favor. He was invited to dinner at an Indian's cabin. As he stooped to enter the door, a warrior stood ready with a hatchet. A friendly Indian held out his arm to protect the gentle priest, but the descending hatchet cut through his arm and sank into the head of Father Jogues. And this is how the Mission of Martyrs, as it was to have been called, was attempted among the Mohawks.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RUIN OF A NATION.

THE Hurons belonged to the same great family with the Five Nations. Like these Indians, and unlike the wandering Algonquins of the north, they supported themselves mainly by a rude agriculture and lived in fortified towns. Their home was on the great Georgian Bay of Lake Huron. Their customs were similar to those of the Iroquois. Like all Indians, they were superstitious and filthy. The Hurons were also an especially immoral people. Here it was that the Jesuits did the most of their missionary work. Here they had planted their chief missions, and here they had labored among the savages when they were dying of the pestilence and the small-pox.

The larger Huron towns now bore the names of Christian saints. A sort of headquarters for the work had been planted in a central position and called Sainte Marie. Here the Jesuits had their storehouse, their permanent mission-house, and a showy little church, the wonder and delight of

the Indians, with its gaudy paintings and images well calculated to please a savage taste.

Sainte Marie was fortified with walls of stone and palisades. Without the walls was a large palisaded pen containing bark buildings which could accommodate many Indians. Here the Jesuits were visited daily by some of their converts, who were fed and treated with the utmost hospitality; here, also, some thousands of Indians were succored in time of famine.

In spite of labor and charity the Huron was long but a barren field. The Indians were not willing to meet even the slight requirements of the Jesuits to become Christians. They could see no pleasure in going to a white man's heaven where there was no hunting and fishing; in fact, they were seriously afraid of starving here. They thought baptism was a charm, and they turned all too quickly from conversion to medicine-men and sorcerers.

When an Indian was converted he was often encouraged by such cheerful prophecies as these on the part of his ungodly brethren: "You will kill no more game. All your hair will come out before spring."

The persistent fathers labored under unnumbered difficulties, discomforts, and perils. More

than once hatchets were raised over the heads of Jesuits. They were accused of being the cause of the pestilence. Public suspicion at one time rose to such a height that the doom of the missionaries seemed sealed. They took the bold measure of giving a farewell feast after the manner of the Hurons, and the storm gradually blew over. By the year 1648 the mission, with many outlying branches, was well established. The Jesuits had gradually gained in influence, and they had great hopes for their work among the Hurons. There were at this time about eighteen Jesuits, besides laymen and soldiers, attached to the mission of Sainte Marie. Of the priests, fifteen travelled to scattered missions at various Indian towns, reuniting at Sainte Marie several times a year and returning there singly once in a while for meditation and spiritual refreshment.

During all this time a constant petty warfare had been kept up between the Hurons and the Five Nations. Many a time Huron war-parties had gone out never to return. Many a night the torture-fires had burned within Huron towns and a tumult of wild voices announced the slow death of an Iroquois, whose body was perhaps afterwards eaten. The influence of the Jesuits was probably too slight to allow of their interfering in this sav-

age custom, though indeed they cared little for bodily torment if the soul could but be saved by baptism. Then, too, they had every reason to hate and dread the Iroquois, who had never shown the French colony the friendly side which they turned toward the Dutch and the English, and who persecuted their flock without mercy. The Iroquois stood to the Jesuits in the place of Satan himself.

In 1647 the Huron Indians could not summon courage to go down to the settlements on their annual trading visit for fear of the Iroquois, who infested all the water highways. During the following year, however, they made the attempt. They had neared the fort of Three Rivers in safety, and had stopped before entering the place, after the manner of Indians, to decorate and paint themselves in order that they might make a fine appearance, when the dreaded alarm, "The Iroquois, the Iroquois!" came from one of their scouts. Dropping their toilet articles and springing for their weapons, the Hurons rushed to meet the enemy. They were welcomed by a brisk fire, but they fell flat to avoid it, and then jumping to their feet began a fierce fight. They outnumbered the Iroquois, whom they soon routed, killing and capturing many. The Hurons were frantic with

delight. After trading with the French they made a triumphal progress to their home, only to find ruin there.

The Huron town of St. Joseph, in spite of the ravages of war and pestilence, contained some two thousand inhabitants and was the chief town of the nation. It lay on the southeastern frontier of the Huron country, and was the great Huron stronghold where numberless prisoners had suffered death.

The Jesuit Father Daniel had labored here four years. His task had been a difficult but a successful one. In the midsummer of 1648 he had just returned with fresh courage to his labors after a short retreat at Sainte Marie. The warriors were nearly all absent from the town, some trading, some hunting, and some on the war-path against the Iroquois. The father had been holding mass in the early morning in his little church, which was crowded to the doorway. Suddenly cries of terror startled the little congregation from its prayers. The Iroquois were rushing from the forest and across the corn-fields to the unguarded opening in the palisade of the town. Within all was in a panic. Daniel ran from the church to the palisades, hurried forward those who could fight to the point of danger, inspiring courage in them,

and promising them paradise if they defended their homes and religion. Then he ran from house to house calling on the heathen to repent.

The helpless creatures thronged around him, begging to be saved. He dipped his handkerchief in a bowl of water and, sprinkling it on the crowd, baptized them. They followed him to the church, where he found old men, women, and children.

"Brothers, to-day we shall be in heaven!" cried the brave priest again and again, as he baptized the crowd.

The town could not long be defended. The palisades were forced, and, with whoops and yells like demons, they were within the town.

"Fly! fly!" cried Father Daniel, pushing the thronging Indians away from him. "I will stay here. We shall meet again in heaven." Many succeeded in escaping through the opening in the palisades opposite to that which the Iroquois had forced. Daniel, too, might have fled, but he stood by his duty, awaiting martyrdom; for there might still be more dying souls to rescue from perdition. A moment more and he saw the Iroquois coming. He stepped forth from the church in his priestly robes and stood facing the enemy. They stopped in astonishment. Then a shower of arrows fell upon him and wounded him in many places, fol-

lowed quickly by a bullet through his heart. Daniel fell dead, and the Iroquois rushed upon the lifeless body to mutilate it and bathe their faces in the Jesuit's blood to make them brave.

Another palisaded town near St. Joseph was also laid in ashes, and the Iroquois turned home with some seven hundred prisoners, many of whom they killed on the road.

A severe blow had been struck at the Hurons; a wide breach was made in the Huron country. The Iroquois were quick to follow it up. A large band of warriors set out in the fall for the unfortunate nation, but spent the winter in the forests. Meantime the Jesuits did their utmost to induce the Hurons to guard themselves and take every precaution against the enemy. But it was of no use; the Indians were overwhelmed with dread of their enemy, but, according to the customs of their forefathers, they slept unguarded; bands of warriors went forth to fight or hunt at their own pleasure, and some were appointed to defend the palisades.

In the month of March a thousand Mohawk and Seneca Indians were within the very country of the Hurons unsuspected, having entered over the ruins of St. Joseph. In the nighttime they crept to the walls of St. Ignace, which were total-

ly unguarded. Before daylight the Iroquois war-whoop woke the sleeping inmates to death or slavery. The work was done in a few minutes; there was no exit from this town, and but three out of four hundred escaped. The Iroquois now hurried to the neighboring town of St. Louis. Here three Indians who had escaped from St. Ignace had spread the tidings. The inmates fled through the forest, with the exception of some eighty warriors, the Jesuit missionaries Brébeuf and Lalemant, who refused to leave the post of danger, and those who were too old or sick to make their escape.

The warriors sang their war-songs and prepared to defend the palisades to the last. The panic-stricken inhabitants had scarcely fled from the town when the thousand Iroquois were at the palisades. The defenders fought like tigers with arrows, stones, and guns, with which they were not so well supplied as the warriors of the Five Nations. When breaches were made in the palisades, a deadly battle ensued with knife and tomahawk. In the thickest of the fight were the two Jesuits, the iron-framed Brébeuf and the delicate Lalemant, one baptizing and the other giving absolution.

At last the fight was over. Only some few

wounded warriors and two priests remained as prisoners. The houses, with what helpless inmates had been left there, were in a blaze. The army retreated to St. Ignace, where the priests, who had so bravely encouraged their flock, were an especial object for savage blows. The Iroquois now divided themselves into bands and destroyed the smaller villages.

The two Jesuits were doomed to die by the most excruciating tortures that Indians could devise: slow fire, scalding water, the knife, red-hot irons, all these were applied to the indomitable Brébeuf to make him utter one groan, but it was of no use. The grand martyr, defiant, unflinching, among his fiendish torturers, was a wonder even in the eyes of savage courage. When he was dead, the Indians drank his blood, and their chief ate his heart, that they might gain some of his courage. The delicate and nervous Lalemant must go perhaps even a harder road to paradise. For long hours his tortures endured, while he had not the strong frame to withstand them without a sign of his torment. The "noble Indians" of poetry and romance fade from our sight when we read these accounts. The Indians had their own savage virtues doubtless, but they had also very savage faults.

The inmates of Sainte Marie had seen in the distance the rising smoke of St. Louis. They fully expected their turn to come next. The walls were guarded night and day, and the Jesuits made vows and prayers without number. The Iroquois really intended to strike this stronghold of the fathers. Meantime some three hundred warrior-converts of the Hurons had come to the assistance of the Jesuits. They laid an ambuscade on the route to Sainte Marie. An advance-party of the Iroquois, setting out for this place, fell upon one small band of the Hurons, routed them, and chased them under the very walls of Sainte Marie. The remainder of the Hurons came to the rescue, routed the Iroquois in turn, and pursued them inside the broken walls of St. Louis. Here they killed those who did not escape by a precipitate flight. The Hurons were again in possession of the charred remains of St. Louis. They were soon attacked by the whole Iroquois force. Their guns were scarce, and their main fighting was with knife and tomahawk. Again and again they sallied. It was a most ferocious battle: Hurons goaded to fury and at bay; Iroquois inspired with the ferocious courage which laid waste so many Indian nations. But twenty exhausted prisoners remained to the victorious Iroquois.

The Iroquois did not wait to carry their work any farther. They had met several severe rebuffs, much loss of men, and had tested the mettle of the Jesuits. With Indian fickleness they now turned homeward, but first they tied those prisoners whom they had determined to kill within the house of St. Ignace, and, setting fire to the whole, they left them to burn.

Many of the fugitive Hurons had fled to a neighboring tribe of Indians, known as the Tobacco Nation. The Jesuits had two missions among these Indians, St. Jean and St. Matthias. The former was a large town for an Indian town, and its population was greatly augmented by the Hurons who had taken refuge there. But the Iroquois hunted their prey wherever they could find it, and their taste for conquest was unbounded.

Late in the fall of 1649 the inhabitants of St. Jean were warned that a large war-party of the enemy was hovering near. Instantly all was preparation within the town. Warriors painted and decked themselves, sang their war-songs, and danced their war-dance. They waited for two days and the enemy did not appear. They fancied they had frightened them away, and they probably fancied right; for Indians will wait a long time before they brave an enemy who expects them. The

impatient warriors had now whetted their appetite for war, and they started out to meet the enemy, leaving St. Jean defenceless.

One December day, as the Jesuit Garnier was going around the town visiting the sick, the Iroquois war-whoop resounded from the neighboring woods. The town was instantly in a wild panic. The priest ran to the little church. Here some of his converts had run for safety. He gave them his benediction and told them to fly. He ran back to the houses, in and out of which he moved, baptizing and giving absolution.

As he was thus busied, he was met by an Iroquois; for the enemy were now within the town, doing their terrible work. The Indian put three shots through the Jesuit's body and hastened on. Near the dying priest lay a wounded Huron, not yet dead. Garnier got upon his knees and crept toward the man in order to give him absolution. He fell down again, but presently rose up and moved again toward the Huron. At this moment the Iroquois saw him, and he was struck dead with an Indian hatchet.

The town was now blazing. The Iroquois hastened their deadly work, dreading the return of the warriors to their home. The following morning brought these rash Indians back to find St. Jean

but a mass of ashes and charred bodies. Silently the desolate warriors sat down among the ruins and bowed their heads. Squaws might cry; thus an Indian brave mourned.

The ruin of the Huron nation was complete. Hundreds of Indians were homeless in a country much too thickly populated to support the inhabitants by hunting alone, and hundreds died of famine. Attacked successively by pestilence, the Iroquois, and famine, the Hurons as a nation were wiped from the face of the earth. Sainte Marie was abandoned, and the Jesuits moved the little remnant of the people to an island in Lake Huron.

But the Hurons dared not hunt for fear of the Iroquois. Their main sustenance was a scanty store of pounded acorns. The Jesuits spent the winter administering to famished and fever-stricken Indians, who died by the hundreds. When spring came on the Hurons grew reckless and sallied forth upon the mainland in hunting-parties, only to be cut off by their relentless persecutors. Those that were left subsequently moved to the Island of Orleans, below Quebec; but even here they were destined to be carried off piecemeal. Another remnant of the Hurons wandered west until they were driven back by the fierce Sioux. They were the ancestors of the Wyandots of more recent history.

CHAPTER IX.

CANADA IN DANGER.

CHAMPLAIN, the single-hearted founder of the little colony was dead, but Canada must long suffer for his adventurous meddling in the wars of the Five Nations. In 1653 these almost irresistible warriors threatened Canada at every point, and many were the prayers, fasts, penances, and vows offered for the safety of the miserable little colony. All was plundered and burned outside of fortifications. The outposts of Montreal and Three Rivers were invested. The former, with a garrison of twenty-six Frenchmen, was attacked by two hundred Iroquois; at the latter post some six hundred Mohawks, determined on revenge for the death of a famous chief, beleagured the fort. Around Quebec itself there was no safety. The Jesuit Poncet, taking with him a man named Franchetot, was going to the relief of a poor woman who could not get her patch of corn harvested. They fell into the hands of the Iroquois, and were both carried off. Thirty-two French-

men followed to rescue them, but, nearing Three Rivers and finding it besieged by the Mohawks, they threw themselves into the fort, to the joy of the garrison and rage of the besiegers.

For a short time the colony was granted a respite. A deputation of Onondaga chiefs, begged admittance to Montreal, and there concluded a treaty of peace. To the pious inmates this was a miracle caused by the direct interposition of Heaven; but a more commonplace reason could be found for it. The western tribes of the Five Nations were now making war on the Eries, whom they afterwards totally exterminated. And "one war at a time," said the Iroquois, wiser than some more civilized nations.

Meantime Father Poncet was dragged through the woods, sleeping on damp ground, suffering from colic as he waded in water waist-deep, and with a blistered foot and a benumbed leg. Worst of all, the savages snatched from him the little case which he wore containing sacred relics and scattered them to the winds. He consoled himself, however, with some religious pictures. He hid them in the bushes, fearing to let the savages see them lest they should laugh at him.

Arrived at the lower town of the Mohawks, the Jesuit and Franchetot were stripped of their

clothes and forced to run the gauntlet between rows of cruel savages, each aiming to deal the hardest blow at their victims. The poor Jesuit was then placed on a bark scaffold and surrounded by his torturers. It began to rain, however, and, the torture being postponed, Poncet was taken into a cabin. But the dull hours must be whiled away. The Jesuit was made to sing, dance, and go through various performances for the amusement of his captors. But, according to a literal translation of the narrator, the poor man "did not succeed to their liking in these monkeries," and would have been put to death if a young Huron prisoner had not offered himself to "sing, dance, and make wry faces in place of the father, who had never learned the trade."

Franchetot was burned, and Poncet also was still destined for the stake. A hideous one-eyed Indian began his tortures by calling a Mohawk child of four or five years of age and giving him a knife with which to cut one of the father's finger's off. Father Poncet, believing his martyrdom to be at hand, sang the *Vexilla Regis* while this operation was performed. Everything is prepared, the Jesuit is to be burned, when an Indian squaw steps forward and says that she adopts this man in place of a dead brother. The tor-

turers immediately desist. This is strictly according to Indian custom. Some impulse occasionally moved an Indian accustomed to delight in barbarous torments to save the life of a doomed prisoner. It was also customary among the Five Nations, after they had sufficiently glutted their frenzy of revenge, to adopt the remaining captives, scattering them around among the tribes, and thus replenishing their population, drained as it was by constant war.

Poor Father Poncet, who was, he thinks, unworthy of martyrdom, was nevertheless doomed to be made ridiculous. He must now see himself dressed in leggins, moccasins, and dirty shirt, and masquerade as an Iroquois warrior. After some three months among the Mohawks, peace had been concluded, the French in their treaty had especially provided for the return of Poncet, and the Jesuit found himself again engaged in the hard duties of a wilderness mission.

An Indian peace is always more or less uncertain. The old chiefs and wiser warriors may have honest intentions, but they have little control over the restless young braves, who must win their laurels or else remain insignificant in council and in courtship. Thus an irruption is apt at any time to break out involving the whole tribe.

The Iroquois would not be satisfied until they had exterminated the Hurons. The Mohawks and Onondagas both laid plans to entice the remnant of these people into their own nations, that they might murder the warriors and increase their own numbers by the adoption of the women and children.

When the Mohawks had returned Poncet, they took occasion to secretly invite the Hurons, in the friendliest manner, to move to their towns. These doomed Indians knew well what this meant. They came to the French in terror for advice. But the struggling colony could not help them. It was doubtful whether she could save herself from the clutches of these terrible people. The Hurons promised to comply, but meanwhile put off the time of their removal under various excuses.

The Onondagas, more wily still, invited, or rather commanded, the French to plant a Jesuit colony in their midst, hoping thus to draw the Hurons, who loved the missionaries, into their towns. Now it was the Frenchmen's turn to look aghast. But the brave missionaries turned to this as a new field of labor, braving martyrdom, and hoping to cultivate a lasting peace between the Six Nations and France. The French

agreed to the proposition of the Onondagas, but began by sending as an experimental ambassador Father Simon Le Moyne into the country of the Six Nations.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE LION'S JAWS.

In the month of July, 1654, Le Moyne set out on his dangerous mission, accompanied by a young Frenchman and several Indians. He seems to have had the keenest enjoyment of the wild woods life. On arriving at the capitol, or, as the Indians would term it, the council-house, of the Six Nations, among the Onondagas, the Jesuit was received with the warmest welcome. Crowds of Indians came out to meet him. He was feasted upon roasted corn and bread made from the pulp of green corn, which is considered a choice dainty among the Indians. He was called brother, uncle, and cousin by the affectionate Indians. "I never had so many relatives," said he. To the Jesuit's great joy he found that many Hurons who had been adopted among the Onondagas had not forgotten the teachings of the missionaries. When representatives from the Senecas, Cayugas, and Oneidas had been summoned (the Mohawks were angry that the ambassador had not first been sent to them), a

council was opened. In the midst of the council-house, among the assembled chiefs and warriors, Father Le Moyne knelt, praying for the protection of angels, and cursing the demons naturally supposed to attend Indians. The Jesuit, well versed in the Indian language, began his speech, imitating the flowery oratory of the savages, using the tone of a chief, and moving back and forth in the Indian manner as he spoke. He had not forgotten to bring suitable presents with him. What more natural than that the savages should have been delighted, especially as he presented them with four hatchets, emblematical of encouragement in their war with the Eries? When Le Moyne closed his telling speech, the council-house resounded with the applauding Ho! ho! ho! of chiefs and warriors.

Meantime the Mohawks, enraged with jealousy, and having no part in the Erie war, constantly threatened the settlements. A war-party attacked Father Le Moyne on his return journey and killed all his Indians, with the exception of an Onondaga who used such threats that he and the Jesuit were released. There were several outbreaks on the part of the Iroquois until they received a rebuff at Montreal, when they again made peace, but boldly announced their intention of still making war upon the neighboring Huron and Algonquin Indians.

The French were pledged in every way to protect these allies, but they must now swallow the dose given them by the arrogant Mohawks. The intrepid Le Moyne made a trip to the Mohawk towns to soothe and flatter these dreaded Indians. Meantime the Onondagas demanded that the promised colony be planted in their country. The promise was renewed, but two of the indefatigable Jesuits were sent into the Onondaga country to gain time. Here Father Chaumonot outdid the Indians in their own style of oratory. The latter were delighted. The Jesuits were answered with suspiciously wordy and affectionate protestations of friendship. Meantime the fathers saw ominous signs of the bloodthirsty mood of the Six Nations. Erie prisoners were tortured, and the adopted Hurons were killed on the most trivial provocations. The Jesuits perceived that if the French colony were founded at Onondaga it must be founded quickly. The Indians now not only offered urgent invitations, but they began to threaten. The state of the case must be set before the authorities at Quebec immediately. It was with difficulty that Father Dablon procured an escort on his dangerous return journey to the colony, over thawing ice, through slush, and in spring rains. After long and anxious council at Quebec.

it was decided to found the colony at Onondaga. The Jesuits bore the expense, and the Jesuits undertook the dangerous mission. Accompanied by some forty or fifty soldiers and civilians, Huron, Onondaga, and Seneca Indians, the Jesuits set out in boats and canoes, watched from the shore by the anxious colonists.

The Mohawks were enraged with jealousy when they heard of the expedition. The Onondagas had not only stolen a march upon them, but the Mohawks, through this French colony, would lose the paying trade which they had kept up with the more western nations in arms, ammunition, beads, blankets, and brandy; they having received these articles from the Dutch. Three hundred of their braves were already on the war-path. Ambushed some thirty miles above Quebec, they let the Frenchmen's boats pass unmolested, but they fired at the Indian canoes, and falling upon as many of the Indians as they could catch, they beat and tied them. The Onondagas remonstrated with their captors for this breach of faith in members of the confederacy. The Mohawks immediately pretended to great astonishment, saying they had taken their brothers for Huron Indians. They then released them, and, passing Quebec in the nighttime, placed themselves in

ambush around the cornfields of the Hurons. When the latter came to work, they succeeded in killing six and capturing eighty, the remainder seeking refuge in their fort.

The insolent Mohawks now passed before Quebec in broad daylight, displaying their booty and forcing their captives, many of whom were girls, to dance in the canoes. Some of the Mohawks even landed and plundered the houses in the neighborhood of Quebec from which the inhabitants had fled. Still the French dared not make a move. With a part of their colony in the very heart of the Six Nations they were helpless. The captives were carried to the Mohawk towns; six of them were burned and the remainder were adopted.

Meanwhile the adventurous little band of colonists were making their way to Onondaga. The Indians of their party came upon a band of Mohawks, whom they robbed, venting on them their revenge for the indignities they had received at the hands of their nation. At another time they heard a loud wail in the woods. Beating their drums to announce that they were Frenchmen, they were answered by the appearance of a frightfully scarred and emaciated Huron. He had been through the first stage of Mohawk burnings

and torture; his tormentors had lain down to sleep, prepared to continue their amusement when they awakened. The poor savage had managed to escape from his bonds, and had fled, naked as he was, to the woods. He had wandered for fifteen days, living upon what wild strawberries he could find. The French fed the happy fellow and gave him a canoe, that he might reach his home in safety.

Before the adventurers had neared their destination their provisions were gone, fishing had failed them, most of their Indians had deserted, and the Father Superior was sick. They were forced to live upon the dried and weather-beaten cranberries of the last year's growth which they found. It was with faint and discouraged hearts that they began the ascent of the Oswego, when they were met by three canoes laden with corn and salmon, sent by the Onondagas as a welcome. The adventurers landed at Onondaga Lake with impressive pomp. Their five minature cannons were fired, and the party approached the shore four canoes abreast, headed by their white banner embroidered with the name of Jesus. The "black robes," as the Indians called the Jesuits, among the bright, glittering costumes of the soldiers, the picturesque dress of woodsmen, and the gala paint

and ornaments of the Indians made a bright show.

The Frenchmen immediately began the erection of their fort on the lake shore. The Jesuits, with an escort of soldiers, went on to Onondaga, some fifteen miles farther. Here a national council was held, attended by Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. The French were feasted and wondered at. Some Mohawks alone showed a sarcastic turn of mind, but they were quickly put down by the ready wit of Father Chaumonot. Here the Jesuits attended the council, here a tiny chapel was built, and the missionary work went forward.

Meantime, in spite of heat, mosquitoes, and sickness, a palisaded fort arose at Onondaga Lake; and the banner of France was planted deep within the continent, where it might bid defiance to the encroachments of the Dutch.

In their first affectionate reception the Jesuits had thought that if the Indians should murder them it would be "from fickleness, and not from premeditated treachery," but daily intimacy with the savages soon showed them the unsafe ground on which they trod. Still the fathers labored, hoped, and endured, travelling on their missionary labors among all the tribes of the confederacy ex-

cept the Mohawk. The Jesuits found that their influence was mostly with the women, and upon this they founded great hopes, as women were very influential among the Iroquois, holding a council of their own and sending a delegate to the councils of the sachems.

The remnant of the Hurons had abandoned the island of Orleans and fortified themselves at Quebec, under the very walls of the fort. But in the spring following the establishment of the French in the Iroquois country those insatiable tyrants, the Mohawks, descended upon the remaining band to carry it into bondage. Still the weak commander of the French made no resistance, and the Mohawks, becoming more and more overbearing as they found their power, sent insolent messages to the fort and demanded boats in which to carry off their captives. No boats were to be found, however, and the Indians were forced to make some, into which they loaded as many as they could of the unhappy Hurons.

The Onondagas were furious with jealousy when they found the Mohawks thus getting the advantage over them. A band of their warriors immediately went down to Quebec and brought home most of the remainder of the Hurons. The Five Nations were now seething with savage pas-

sions. A chief who had been for a fourth time rebuffed in his courtship of a converted Huron girl killed her with one blow of his tomahawk. This was followed by the massacre of seven more captives in the very face of one of the Jesuits.

The next year was a desperate one with the colony at Onondaga. The entire force of Mohawk warriors poured out in a war upon the Algonquins of Canada. Meanwhile war-belts were circulating. An army of twelve hundred warriors from all of the Five Nations was gathering. The settlements upon the St. Lawrence were a prey to Iroquois depredations. "They approach like foxes," said a Jesuit, "attack like lions, and disappear like birds." Three Frenchmen were killed near Montreal. Meantime, a man of more force was in command at Quebec. He seized twelve Iroquois to serve as hostages. The Indians were enraged. They demanded the release of the prisoners, but they received a very decided refusal.

Affairs grew more and more threatening at the Onondaga mission. The young warriors, less crafty than their elders, displayed the prevailing thirst for blood. Huron captives were murdered from time to time. Rumors often came to the ears of the French that a plot was afoot and that their lives were in jeopardy. At last a dying In-

dian, doubtless attended at his deathbed by the Jesuits, holding out hopes of heaven and threatening with future punishment, confessed that the French were to be taken prisoners. The Five Nations would then descend upon Quebec, torture their French prisoners in the eyes of the inhabitants, and thus force them to such terms as the Indians might choose. This plot would already have been carried out had it not been for the detention of the twelve hostages at Quebec, which somewhat embarrassed the plotters.

The French at Onondaga sent hasty messengers to bring in the Jesuits from the mission outposts. The little band was all soon gathered within the palisaded house at the lake. Around them encamped the watchful Indians. That dissembled friendliness prevailed which always precedes an Indian massacre. The Jesuits were not to be outdone in dissimulation. An observer would have supposed the Indians, who lounged in and out of the fort as usual, and the Jesuits, who dispensed their wonted hospitality, to be the firmest and most unsuspicious of friends.

The colony must make a speedy escape or it was lost. It seemed impossible to effect escape in the faces of the suspicious Onondagas, and, first of all, the Frenchmen were without boats. The Jesuits

laid their plans. There was an empty loft above their mission-house. Here the colony's carpenters were set to work to secretly build two large boats. It must have been a difficult task to procure the material and do the work without arousing suspicions in the minds of the surrounding Indians. The boats were built, however, and now the most dangerous problem yet remained to be solved, how the boats were to be launched and the escape effected.

There was an institution among the Indians known as the medicine-feast. It was celebrated in behalf of some Indian who was believed to be thus saved from some supernatural trouble, and who took no part in the feast himself. The especial characteristic of the feast was that the feasters were obliged to eat until the object of their anxieties consented that they should stop. The efficacy of this superstitious institution seemed to have consisted in the amount eaten, and Indians were sometimes known thus to have ruined their health for life in behalf of some friend. The Jesuits had always denounced the medicine-feast as an institution of the devil, but they now planned to take advantage of the superstition of the savages within whose clutches they were. A young Frenchman who had been adopted by an Indian

went and told his adopted father that he had dreamed that he would soon die, unless a medicine-feast were given in his behalf. Dreams were oracles among the Indians, and they immediately set a day for the ceremony. The French killed their hogs and robbed their store to furnish a plentiful feast. When the appointed night came, the festivities were begun with dancing and games, at which the Jesuits offered rewards. Soon the great steaming kettles were brought in, and each Indian filled the wooden bowl which he had brought with him and fell to work, The feast was accompanied by the French musicians with drum, trumpet, and cymbal. We may be sure they redoubled their noise when they knew that those not present at the feast were stealing down the stairs of the mission-house, and out to the lake shore with the boats which were to save them. The Indians continued to gorge. Again and again they begged the young Frenchman to release them.

"Will you let me die?" cried he. And the Indians continued to eat. It was nearing midnight. At last the young man said: "That will do, you have eaten enough; my life is saved. Now you can sleep till we come in the morning and call you to prayers."

One of the Frenchmen played softly on the violin, and the stuffed Indians were soon engaged in sleeping off the excesses of the feast. Now the Frenchmen slipped away from the sleeping assembly and stole down to the lake shore, where they found the rest of their companions already in the boats. It was a March night, and the snow was falling. The winter's ice was broken up, but the lake was covered with a thin coating. Men in the foremost boat broke a road through this crust with clubs, and the boats rowed swiftly for the outlet.

When the Indians waked in the morning from their heavy slumbers, they wondered that they were not summoned to prayers, and were amazed at the stillness which reigned about the mission-house and within the palisades of the little fort. Those who had lived here for nearly two years had now left Onondaga Lake far behind. After a time the Indians broke into the Frenchmen's buildings, but found them deserted. They searched for footsteps, but the falling snow had obliterated the tracks of the night before. They knew that the Frenchmen had no boats, and they concluded that the Jesuits had by magic flown away through the air with their followers.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT SEVENTEEN YOUNG MEN DID.

For the next two or three years the Five Nations kept up that constant petty warfare with the Canadian settlements with which Indians delight to harass their enemies. Brave soldiers and brave priests lost their lives under the blow of the Iroquois tomahawk. The adventurers and missionaries who came to Canada, many of them courting martyrdom, believed that their cause was a holy one, and that the Iroquois warriors were led on by the very hand of Satan himself. "I came here only to die in the service of God," said Major Closse, who was afterwards killed by the Iroquois, "and if I thought I could not die here I would leave this country to fight the Turks, that I might not be deprived of such a glory."

"Hobgoblins," a chronicler of these times calls the Iroquis, who "sometimes appeared at the edge of the woods, assailing us with abuse; sometimes they glided stealthily into the midst of the fields, to surprise the men at work; sometimes they ap-

proached the houses, harassing us without ceasing, and, like importunate harpies or birds of prey, swooping down on us whenever they could take us unawares."

In the spring of 1660, some Algonquin allies of the French captured a Mohegan Indian who had been adopted among the Iroquois. He was sentenced to the usual cruel death of the Indians. He was first instructed in religion and baptized by the Jesuits, who cared not to raise their hands to save bodily torment, but looked out only for the future welfare of the savages. In fact they felt surer of heaven for these untamable Iroquois if they could but pass first through the fire. This particular Indian made a revelation which fell like a thunderbolt upon Quebec. There was something more serious afoot than the ordinary harassing warfare. Twelve hundred Iroquois were on the war-path, some of them now near Quebec, preparing to kill the Governor, destroy the town, and then turn upon Three Rivers and Montreal. The inhabitants were terror-stricken; all fled within the town; every measure was taken to be ready for the terrible attack.

Some three years before, a young man of good family named Daulac had come to Canada, ambitious to wipe out some stain upon his name in the

Old World, by brave deeds in the New World. He held the office of commandant at Montreal, and here he was the leader of a band of sixteen young men, as daring as himself. A month before the alarm at Quebec, Daulac asked permission of the governor to lead his adventurous little company in an expedition against the Iroquois. The young men had all sworn a solemn oath never to accept quarter. When they had gained the permission of the governor, they made their wills, attended the confessional, and received the sacraments. Indian-fighting had become an occupation with the brave inhabitants of Montreal. They envied the young men their hazardous expedition. Some of them begged the young men to wait until the spring sowing was over and they would go with them. But Daulac refused; the young men wanted the glory to themselves.

The little band ascended the St. Lawrence to the Ottawa, and the Ottawa to the rapids known as the Long Saut. Here they stopped, for here the Iroquois were sure to pass. They were joined at the Long Saut by some forty Indians, the last remnant of the Huron warriors, under their noted chief Annahotaha, with a band of converted Algonquins. These Indians had followed them, ambitious to join in the adventure.

The Frenchmen had found a rude little fort of logs, planted in a circle, which had been left by an Algonquin war-party. This would serve them for defence, and here they encamped, Frenchmen and Indians joining in prayer three times a day. They had planted themselves, without knowing it, upon the road of a large part of the Iroquois army, which was descending upon Quebec to destroy it.

The Frenchmen had been here but a few days, when their scouts came running into camp, saying that two Iroquois canoes were ascending the rapids. Daulac quickly placed his men in ambush where he thought the enemy likely to land. They fired on the Iroquois Indians, but so precipitately that two escaped to carry the news to some two hundred warriors who were now on their way down the rapids. These were almost instantly upon Daulac's band, leaving them scarcely time to get into their fort. The Iroquois made a disorderly attack, but met a sharp repulse. They then set to work to build themselves a rough fort in the neighboring woods. Meantime the French strengthened their fort as best they might, planting a row of stakes within the palisades, and filling the spaces between the two with earth and stones. They also prepared rude loopholes, at each of which

three men were stationed. They had not finished, when the Iroquois were again upon them, with their own birch canoes broken up and blazing, with which to fire the palisades of the little fort. The Iroquois were again driven back by a steady fire from the French and Indians within. Again they attacked, and again they were repulsed, leaving many dead behind them, among whom was one of the principal Seneca chiefs. Some of the French made a rush from the fort, cut off his head, and raised it on the palisades, to the rage of the yelling Iroquois. A third time they attacked, and a third time they were defeated.

The baffled Indians despatched a messenger to a band of five hundred Iroquois at the mouth of the Richelieu, where they were only waiting for the remainder of the army to attack Quebec. The grand plan must now all be delayed by this little band behind their rude palisades. For five days the two hundred Iroquois kept up a harassing fire from behind trees, and waited for reinforcements. Meanwhile the inmates of the fort had but dry hominy for food, and were suffering for water. Under cover of a fire from the fort, some of them managed to run down to the river and get water in what few vessels they had. But this was but a drop to the thirsty men. They dug a hole within

the palisades and at last reached a little muddy water, with which they must content themselves.

Adopted Hurons were among the besiegers, and they coaxed over those within the fort who were suffering from hunger and thirst. One by one they deserted over the palisades, but the brave Annahotaha stood by his post, and when he saw his nephew, who went by the significant name of The Mouth among the French, join the renegades, he fired his pistol after him.

After five days, a chorus of war-whoops announced the arrival of the reinforcements. Seven hundred Iroquois to reduce a little band of twenty-three within a poor pen of a fort. The Iroquois advanced to the attack. But the Frenchmen were ready for them. Being entirely covered themselves, with a steady fire from muskets and great musketoons, which scattered scraps of lead and iron, they made havoc among the crowds of Iroquois warriors. Three days followed each other in successive attacks, but made in the disorderly way common among the Indians.

With their well-known fickleness, the Indians were now discouraged, and would fain have abandoned the siege. But the pride of the Five Nations was in the way of this. Volunteers to lead in an assault

were called for. Bundles of little sticks were thrown upon the ground, and those brave enough to dare the front of the battle picked them up. Large shields were made of split logs, and, with this protection, the army advanced on the poor little fort with its worn and fainting defenders. Notwithstanding their brave fire, the Indians reached the palisades and commenced hewing to make a breach. Those who hewed were below the range of shot. Daulac making a sort of grenade of a musketoon, crammed to the mouth with powder, lighted the fuse, and attempted to throw it into their midst, but it struck on the palisades, and fell back to burst among the little band within, killing some of them. In the confusion of the moment, the savages gained the loopholes and fired upon the inmates. An instant, and they had made a breach. Firm to their vow never to surrender, Daulac and his companions sprang to the breach and fought. This was soon followed by other breaches. Daulac was killed, but the survivors, with hatchet and knife, battled against the furious assailants. They were not to be taken alive, and the Iroquois were forced to fall back and shoot them down. Truly these young men were the bravest of the brave. So the Iroquois thought; for after burning those bodies that had a little life lingering

within them, and falling in their thirst for blood upon the miserable renegade Hurons, they abandoned the attack on Quebec; for if seventeen Frenchmen could fight thus, what could the whole colony do? Canada was again saved from destruction.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CONQUERORS.

MEANTIME tribe after tribe had fallen under the tomahawk of the relentless Five Nations. An Indian tribe known as the Neutral Nation, because they had taken no part in the wars of the Hurons and Iroquois, nevertheless quickly went the road of the former nation under the furious attacks of the conquerors. The Neutral Nation deserve no sympathy, for they, on their part, had just been engaged in an equally destructive and barbarous war upon a more western neighbor, the Nation of Fire.

At the outbreak of the Erie and Iroquois war, which, as usual in Indian wars, began by an act of treachery upon one side, followed by revenge from the other, an Onondaga chief was captured by the Eries.

He managed to show them their own rashness in entering into a war with the confederacy, and coaxed them to conciliate their powerful neighbors by saving his life. This the Eries agreed to do, and, according to custom, the chief was pre-

sented to an Erie woman in place of her brother who had been murdered by the Iroquois. The woman was absent at the time. The adopted chief was feasted and entertained; but when the woman returned she refused to accept the new brother assigned her, and demanded that he should be burnt in revenge for the death of her relative. Indian custom was inexorable: the chief suffered death. To the last he warned the Eries that in burning him they were burning their nation. His prophecy proved true. The Iroquois stormed the Erie stronghold, carried their elm-bark canoes for shields, and, placed against the palisades, climbed up the cross-pieces of the canoes and scaled the walls. They did not cease until they had obliterated the Eries.

For twenty-five years the Five Nations now fought the Andaste Indians, another nation of their own language. The Andaste war was a most stubborn one, but it resulted in the ruin of this tribe also. The Iroquois themselves suffered terribly from this constant warfare. If it had not been for the numbers of prisoners whom they adopted and converted into Iroquois, the Five Nations would also have destroyed themselves as a powerful Indian nation. "But," said an Iroquois orator, "our young men are too warlike to stay at home."

They made at one time a terrible raid upon the Illinois Indians. When the young warriors of the Five Nations lacked other employment, they would attack even the Indians of the south, and the wandering tribes of the great Algonquin family were a constant prey to their cruel war-parties.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW A GIRL DEFENDED A FORT.

To the events we have related ensued a series of French expeditions into the heart of the Five Nations, usually resulting in a burned village or two and the destruction of what grain was found there. They always seem rather ridiculous, those severe blows at an Indian nation by which white men, both French and English, have proposed to subjugate entirely the savages attacked. The mustering of a great army at a great expense; the laborious march of the brave soldiers into the heart of the wilderness, to fight cornstalks and butcher palisades and bark cabins. The slippery Indians have disappeared with all their movable treasures, such as furs, trinkets, tools, and weapons. The lumbering army, with its slow-moving artillery and baggage, can but return; and we do not blame the brave general for making the most of the destructive work he has done, and its salutary effect on the Indians. They on their part may suffer famine for some months, but in a few months palisades

and bark cabins will have risen on the ashes of the ruined town. These chastisements sometimes did intimidate the savages, but more often they resulted in a much more terrible retaliation upon the homes of the white settlers. Thus the island of Montreal was once the scene of a horrible massacre, brought about by such an incursion into the Iroquois country.

Until the beginning of the seventeenth century it was much the same old story of border warfare between the Five Nations and Canada. One more anecdote will illustrate the state of affairs in which the Five Nations kept the French colony.

There was a settlement called Verchères, some twenty miles below Montreal. Settlers must always have a place of refuge. Here there was a fort connected by a covered passage with a block-house. One October morning in 1692, the inhabitants were in the fields at work. There were but two soldiers within the fort. The commander and his wife were absent. Their daughter, Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, stood on the landing with a hired man, when she heard firing.

"Run, mademoiselle, run!" cried the man, "here come the Iroquois!"

Looking around, the girl saw the Indians near at hand. She ran for the fort, and the Indians,

seeing they could not catch her, fired at her. Their bullets whistled around her and "made the time seem very long," as she afterwards said. As soon as Madeleine neared the fort, she cried out, "To arms! to arms!" hoping that she would get assistance. But the two soldiers were so frightened that they had hidden in the block-house. When Madeleine reached the gate of the fort she found two women there crying for their husbands, who were in the fields and had just been killed. Madeleine forced them in and shut the gate. She instantly took command of the fort, and went to examine her defences. She found that some of the palisades had fallen down, leaving holes through which the enemy could easily enter. She ordered them immediately set up, and even helped to carry them herself. Then the little commander repaired to the block-house, where she found her brave garrison of two, one man hiding in a corner and the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that match?" said Madeleine.

"Light the powder and blow us all up," answered the soldier.

"You are a miserable coward," said the girl; "go out of this place."

People are always likely to obey, in time of panic,

the one person of resolution and coolness. The soldier did as Madeleine bid. She then flung aside her bonnet, put on a hat, and took a gun. Madeleine's whole force consisted of the above-mentioned soldiers, her two brothers, of ten and twelve years of age, and an old man of eighty, with some women and children.

"Let us fight to the death," said Madeleine to her brothers. "We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king."

Madeleine now placed her brothers and the soldiers at the loopholes, where they fired at the Indians, who were cautious about attacking the fort, especially as they did not know how large the garrison was. Besides, they were yet occupied in chasing and killing the men whom they had surprised at their work. Madeleine commanded that a cannon should be fired to impress the Indians the more, and with the hope also thus to warn some of the soldiers who were out hunting. Meantime the women and children had kept up a continual screaming. The girl now ordered them to keep still for fear the Indians should be encouraged by their fright to make an attack. A canoe was soon seen in the river approaching the landing. It

contained a settler and his family who were trying to make their escape to the fort. Madeleine tried to get the soldiers to go to their assistance, but their new-found courage could not be brought up to this point. The girl conceived the idea that if she went to the landing to meet the settler and his family, the Indians would believe it to be a ruse to draw them near the fort that a sally might be made upon them. She stationed the man-servant at the gate to watch it, and, walking down to the landing alone, escorted the settlers back. The Indians did not touch them. "We put so bold a face on it," she afterwards said, "that they thought they had more to fear than we."

She now ordered the Iroquois to be fired upon whenever they came in sight. Toward evening a violent wind began to blow, snow and hail fell, and a stormy night set in. The little commander thought to herself that this would be just the time when the Indians would try to enter the fort under cover of the darkness. "I assembled all my troops," said Madeleine, grandly; "that is to say, six persons."

"God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies," the young girl said to them, "but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. As for me, I want you to see that I am not

afraid. I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty and another who never fired a gun, and you, Pierre Fontaine [the settler], with La Bonté and Gachet [the soldiers], will go to the block-house with the women and children, because that is the strongest place; and if I am taken don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy cannot hurt you in the block-house if you make the least show of fight."

Madeleine now stationed her brothers on two of the bastions, while she and the servant took charge of the other two. Thus one girl, a man who did not know how to fire a gun, and two little boys kept guard over the fort as sentinels, while "All wells" could be heard from time to time, answered back and forth from the fort to the blook-house. The night was very stormy. About one o'clock the servant, whose station was near the gate, called out:

"Mademoiselle, I hear something."

Madeleine went to the gate, where she could see dimly defined upon the snow-covered ground the outlines of what few cattle the Iroquois had not butchered. The other sentinels were in favor of letting them into the fort.

"God forbid!" exclaimed Madeleine. "You

don't know all the tricks of the savages. They are no doubt following the cattle, covered with skins of beasts, so as to get into the fort, if we are simple enough to open the gate for them."

But Madeleine at last concluded that she would let the animals in. She made her brothers stand ready with their guns cocked in case anything went wrong, and so she and the man admitted the cattle in safety. The night passed without any farther incident. The Indians afterwards confessed that they had held a council and decided upon a plan for taking the fort, but had not carried it out because the garrison were so much on their guard.

The anxious watchers were much cheered when day dawned. Everybody now felt courageous except Fontaine's wife, who was very timid, "as all Parisian woman are," remarks Madeleine. She begged her husband to carry her to a place of safety.

"I will never abandon this fort while Mademoiselle Madeleine is here," said her husband.

"I will never abandon it," said the girl. "I would rather die than give it up to the Iroquois. I think it very important that they should never get possession of any French fort, because if they

do they will think they can get others, and will be more bold and impudent than ever."

Madeleine commanded her little garrison for a week. During this time they had frequent alarms, for the Iroquois still hovered all about them. "I may say with truth," said the little heroine, "that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours. I did not go into my father's house, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the block-house to see how the people there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged my small company with the hope that help would come quickly." At last a detachment of forty men, under a lieutenant named La Mounerie, were sent from Montreal to the relief of the fort. They came up stealthily in the night, not knowing whether the Iroquois had taken the fort or not. But one of the alert sentinels thought he heard a sound, and called out, "Qui vive?" The girl commander had just dropped into a doze, with her head upon a table and her gun lying across her arms, when the sentinel spoke to her, telling her that he had heard something from the river. Madeleine immediately mounted the bastion.

"Who are you?" cried she.

"We are Frenchmen: it is La Mounerie, who comes to bring you help," was the answer.

Placing a sentinel at the gate, Madeleine went down to the river to meet the reinforcements.

"Monsieur, I surrender my arms to you," said the girl, with a military salute to La Mounerie.

"Mademoiselle, they are in good hands," gallantly answered the lieutenant.

"Better than you think," said Madeleine.

La Mounerie accompanied her to the fort, inspected it, and found all in satisfactory order, with the sentinels at their posts.

"It is time to relieve them, monsieur," said Madeleine. "We have not been off our bastions for a week."

In some of their excursions into the Iroquois country, the French succeeded in doing the Indians some serious damage. Peace was at last made between the colony and its enemies. The French governor figuratively buried the hatchet in a very deep hole, which he covered over with a very big stone, over which he ran a river, that it might never be dug up again. The hatchet did not always remain quiet in its grave after this, but the days were gone when the Five Nations could seriously injure the colony.

With the new century, fresh troubles came uppermost. The Five Nations were a great object of jealousy between the French and English

colonies. Both coveted their trade, and both claimed sovereignty over them in the name of their sovereigns. The Five Nations, delighted to find themselves of so much importance, were fickle in conferring favors, and refused to acknowledge the dominion of either English or French king over them.

The relations of the Five Nations with the Dutch, and subsequently with the English, were in the main friendly. Through good luck the colony of New York had been thrown into no early broil with these people. Her own policy with regard to them was far from judicious. The French in their dealings with Indians always studied to please them, made them gaudy presents, flattered their pride, and accorded with their customs, many of them intermarrying with the savages. The English, on the contrary, were often cold, haughty, and indifferent. The present for the Iroquois sent yearly from England was too often stolen by corrupt public officers. The traders through whom the English carried on their negotiations were despised by the Iroquois, who styled them "rum-carriers." Meanwhile the Jesuits, who always proved themselves very useful for political purposes, insisted on pushing themselves into the heart of the Five Nations, where they exercised

more or less influence in favor of France, and doubtless, too, against the interests of the English colonies. The effects of the unwise policy of the English would probably have been seriously felt when war broke out between the two rival powers, had it not been for a young Irishman who came to America in the year 1638.

CHAPTER XIV.

BRANT'S PATRON.

THE beautiful valley of the Mohawk River is now one of the most fertile sections of the State of New York, a region of dairy-farms, of great cities and large manufacturing enterprises. But away back in the colonial times, when it was yet the very frontier post of white settlements, the most important occasion of popular assembling was the general militia muster. On one such day there was a large gathering of hardy settlers—men, women, and children—dressed in rough garments of homespun cloth. Mingled with the whites were Indians in the various forms of Iroquois costumes. There were short kilt skirts and leggins, and moccasins of buckskin embroidered with porcupine quills. Sometimes these were made of red and blue broadcloth bought from the settlers, and trimmed with beads. Over their shoulders and around their waists they wore belts of wampum, or shell beads, and over all the blankets which had taken the place of robes of

skins, now become valuable for trade with the whites. The Indian women were similarly dressed, except that their skirts were longer, and they had, besides, a more modest over-garment. Conspicuous among the militia officers was one gentleman dressed in the showy uniform of the time. He was a man of tall, fine figure and a dignified and powerful face. This was Colonel—afterwards Sir William—Johnson, a very great man among the Indians, and a very influential man among his Dutch and Scotch neighbors.

A pretty, daring Mohawk girl, of about sixteen years of age, stood among the crowd of spectators. Engaged in banter with a field officer, she asked if she might mount his horse. Not dreaming that the girl could do it, the officer gave his permission. In an instant she had sprung to the crupper behind the officer, and they both went dashing away over the parade-ground, the girl's blanket and hair flying in the wind. The scene produced a great deal of merriment among the spectators, and Colonel Johnson was then struck with the beauty of the Indian maiden.

This is the tradition of the way in which Johnson's attention was first drawn to Molly Brant, the dashing Mohawk girl. He certainly took her to his house, nominally as his housekeeper. Molly

Brant considered herself married to Colonel Johnson according to the Indian custom, which needs but the consent of both parties. She lived with him for the remainder of his life and bore him a number of children. In the writings of a lady who knew the domestic life of Johnson's family well it is said that "Miss Molly," as she was styled, "possessed an uncommonly agreeable person and good understanding." This lady, though she did not know of their ever being "formally married according to our custom," said that they "lived together in great union and affection."

Colonel Johnson was a very remarkable man. He was born in Ireland in 1715, and was of a good family. He came to America at the age of twenty-three to take charge of an estate in the Mohawk Valley belonging to his uncle, Admiral Sir Peter Warren.

Among other romantic stories told of him is one that he came to America on account of some disappointment in love. He occupied his time in girdling the trees on his uncle's land, preparatory to clearing it, and keeping a country store. The enterprising young man also took great pains to learn the Indian language, and to gain the respect of the savages themselves. There is a letter extant from Johnson's uncle, written to the young

man during his first year in America, which contains some prudent advice on which Johnson acted during his whole life. In this letter the future baronet is addressed as "Dear Billy." The young gentleman seems to have made some reflections on the horses of the Patroon of Albany. The letter closes thus:

"Keep well with all mankind. Act with honor and honesty. Don't be notional, as some of our countrymen are often foolishly; and don't say anything of the badness of the patroon's horses, for it may be taken amiss. He is a near relation of my wife, and may have it in his power very much to serve you."

The key to much of William Johnson's great success in life is that he kept on good terms with everybody, was not notional, and instead of following the grasping methods of most Indian traders, he followed a much more far-sighted policy, dealing truthfully and fairly with his Iroquois customers.

In a few years the young man became the owner of large estates in the wild land of New York, had built him a mansion, handsome and elegant for his day, known as Mount Johnson, and held office as Superintendent of Indian Affairs. He had supervision not only over all the Indians of the Six

Nations, but also over many more southern and western tribes. He attended numerous councils, in which he always exerted a great deal of influence over the Indians. He flattered the savages by conforming to their customs. He danced in their wild dances, played their games, and joined them in all their sports. He was formally adopted into the Mohawk nation, given an Indian name, and made a war-chief. He donned the Indian costume, painted himself, dressed his head with the customary feathers, and marched with all dignity and gravity into Albany at the head of his adopted people. After the death of his first wife, a German girl for whom, according to tradition, he had paid five pounds to the captain of the emigrant vessel in which she had come over, and whom he had only married on her death-bed that her children might be legitimate, he married in Indian fashion Molly Brant. This alliance with a Mohawk wife greatly pleased her people and strengthened Johnson's influence over them. His home was always hospitably open to the coming and going of crowds of Indians. He lived a curious life, lord over an immense estate, a general in the king's army, an English baronet, and yet the friend and companion of hordes of squalid Indians.

There is a tradition with regard to the way in

which Johnson acquired a large tract of land, known as the "Royal Grant," and which illustrates his management of Indians. While the famous Mohawk chief known as King Hendrick was once lounging around Johnson's mansion, in the free and easy way of an Indian, Johnson received two or three very handsome suits of military clothes. The old chief, with the Indian love for personal adornment, looked with covetous eyes upon the rich costumes. He soon after came again to the mansion and said to Johnson, "I dream."

"Well, what did you dream?" said Johnson.

"I dream you give me one suit of clothes," was the answer.

"Well, I suppose you must have it," said Johnson, and he gave Hendrick the suit. Perhaps it would not have done to have allowed such dreaming to become customary among the Indians; at any rate, next time Colonel Johnson met King Hendrick, he said, "I dreamed last night."

"What you dream?" asked Hendrick.

"I dreamed you gave me a tract of land," said Johnson, describing a piece of land about twelve miles square.

"I suppose you must have it," said Hendrick, "but you must not dream again."

The great Mohawk war-chief Brant was brother to "Miss Molly," and her influential position as Indian wife of Sir William Johnson had much to do with shaping the career of her brother. There are several conflicting accounts of the parentage of Brant. All agree that he was born on the Ohio River. It was quite common for the Iroquois to go on hunting expeditions into the parts of the western country over which they claimed supremacy. So it came about that Brant was born on the banks of the Ohio. According to one story, Molly was Brant's twin sister; but this could not have been true, for, according to the generally accepted date of his birth, Brant was much younger than Molly. His father's name was Tehowaghwengaraghkwin; his own name was Thayendanegea; and doubtless Molly had her long Indian name also, though it is not now remembered. According to the tradition preserved in the family of Brant, his father died when he was very young, and his mother married an Indian who went by the name of Brant among the English. Thus Thayendanegea was known among the whites as Joseph Brant, very naturally being called by the surname of his step-father, who was perhaps the influential chief mentioned in Sir William Johnson's diary as "old Nickus Brant."

Some writers take a great deal of pains to try to prove that this or that great Indian was of "noble blood." Nothing is more foolish. There was no aristocracy among the Indians. The son of some influential warrior-chief may perhaps be the more likely to inherit the highest Indian qualities, but neither elected war-chief nor hereditary sachem lived in any more elegant bark house or had any better corn and venison than his companions, who could not be called his subjects in any sense of the term. In fact, a sachem or chief was frequently among the poorest of his people, giving away what he had in order to retain his influence and show his disinterestedness.

Brant, though there is no evidence that his father was a chief, as some have tried to prove, was still pretty certainly a grandson of one of five representative sachems who visited England during the reign of Queen Anne. They were called the "Indian kings," and were received with the greatest curiosity. Addison, in *The Spectator*, says that he "often mixed with the rabble" to follow these strange monarchs a whole day at a time. He made some imaginary notes of their stay, and the impression the strange sights of London made upon the savages. He makes one of the "kings" say, in speaking of St. Paul's

Church, that it seems' to have been designed for a temple, and that these people have some traditions of a religion having existed among them, but that he could not observe anything like worship when he went into one of these holy houses, though indeed there was a man in black who seemed to say something with a great deal of vehemence, but the rest of the people, instead of paying worship to the deity of the place, were bowing and courtesying to one another, and quite a number of them were fast asleep. He also supposed the chiefs to remark that the English people's dress was "very barbarous," especially as they bound themselves so tightly around the middle of their bodies.

CHAPTER XV.

AN INDIAN WAR-COUNCIL.

BRANT was but thirteen years old at the beginning of that war between the French and English colonies which resulted in the conquest of Canada. Four expeditions were undertaken in 1755 on the part of the English, one to secure the boundary line as the English desired it in Nova Scotia, another to conquer the Ohio Valley from the French, still another to take the French Fort Niagara, and the last to reduce Crown Point on Lake Champlain. The command of this last expedition was to be given to Colonel Johnson on account of his intimate knowledge of the Indians of the Six Nations, who were to be used as allies. Johnson had some time before this resigned the superintendency of the Indians on account of troublesome jealousies, but he had still continued to use his great influence over them for good. The Iroquois were, however, greatly dissatisfied that their favorite Warraghiyagey, as they called Johnson, was not allowed to manage their affairs.

Again and again they requested that he might be reinstated in his former position. Finally the Mohawk chief Little Abraham rose in council, and said that for three years the Indians had desired that Johnson might again have charge of the management of their affairs; that the Governor of New York had promised to tell the king of their desire, and that they had heard nothing more of it. He now laid a belt of wampum before the English, repeating the request; "For," said Little Abraham, "we all lived happy while we were under his management, for we love him and he us, and he has always been our good and trusty friend." Just as he was taking his seat the chief said sarcastically: "Brethren, I forgot something. We think our request about Colonel Johnson, which Governor Clinton promised to convey to the king our father, is drowned in the sea."

When the French war broke out Johnson was again made Superintendent. He immediately sent wampum belts to all the fortified towns, or castles as they are frequently called, of the Six Nations. The belts were accompanied by a message calling the Indians to a council with Warraghiyagey at Mount Johnson. The Iroquois were delighted when they heard that Johnson again had charge. More than eleven hundred of them crowded to

his house. Johnson had not expected so hearty a response to his invitation, and he had difficulty in providing for so large a company. Some of the Indians who came to the council were disaffected, and had listened to the insinuations of the French agents who were always busy among them. In his opening speech Johnson figuratively removed the embers from the previous council-fire at Albany, with which he rekindled "the fire of council and friendship" at Mount Johnson; "and this fire," said he, "I shall make of such wood as will give the clearest light and greatest warmth, and I hope it will prove comfortable and useful to all such as will come and light their pipes at it, and dazzle and scorch all those who are or may be enemies to it."

After several days of preliminary talking, for the Indians are very slow in their deliberation on such occasions, Johnson delivered his war-speech to the Iroquois, in which he moved them after the manner of one of their own orators. The great assemblage had been called together by the firing of two cannon. On the table before Johnson lay four great volumes of Indian records. "These," said he, "are the records of the many solemn treaties which have passed between your forefathers and your brothers, the English. They

testify that upon our first acquaintance we shook hands, and, finding we should be useful to one another, entered into a covenant of brotherly love and mutual friendship." He then asked every Iroquois present to put his hand on his heart and answer which had always been the friends of the Five Nations, the English or the French. "If you can be one moment in doubt," said Johnson, "I must tell you you will not act like those brave and honest men whom you call your forefathers, but like Frenchmen in the shape of the Five Nations." He appealed to them to stand by their brothers, the English, and not to break that covenant chain by which, in Indian figure of speech, the Five Nations were bound to their ancient friends. "If you desire to treat me as a brother," said Johnson, "go with me. My war-kettle is on the fire, my canoe is ready to put in the water, my gun is loaded, my sword by my side, and my axe is sharpened." By such appeals Colonel Johnson had wrought his audience into a frenzy of enthusiasm. When he threw down the war-belt it was eagerly picked up by the Indians, who thereupon began the war-dance. At Colonel Johnson's order, a great tub of punch was now brought into the midst of the council, and the Indians drank to the health of the king. Doubtless Brant

was among them, his boyish ambition to be a great warrior fired by the speeches of Colonel Johnson, who had already taken notice of the promising boy.

CHAPTER XVI.

BRANT'S FIRST BATTLE.

KING HENDRICK, the Mohawk chief, led the Indian force of about two hundred and fifty braves in this expedition against Crown Point in 1755. Among these warriors was Brant, a boy of thirteen, and two of his brothers, doubtless older than himself. Johnson's forces consisted chiefly of Massachusetts and Connecticut militia. There was one New York regiment, and five hundred mountaineers were on their way from New Hampshire. They had been ordered by the governor of that State to build a fort on the Connecticut River, which he supposed to be on the route to Crown Point. This order was countermanded, and after a toilsome march through the wilderness to Albany, the New Englanders doubtless realized that Crown Point was farther distant than they had supposed. Here the army was organized. Part of the troops were sent ahead to build Fort Edward on the upper Hudson, and Johnson marched to the head of the lake which Father

Jogues had discovered, and which still bore the name of St. Sacrement. "Never was house or fort erected here before," said he. The first thing that Johnson did was to name the beautiful sheet of water Lake George, in honor of his king, and in defiance of the French. The water route from the St. Lawrence, up the river Richelieu, through Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga, thence through Lake George to the head of the lake, and from there by a carry of a few miles to the Hudson, had been, perhaps for centuries, the great war-path of the savage nations, and was destined still to be the war-path of the white people. It was of the first importance to secure this road by which the French and their Indians might any day descend upon the defenceless settlements of New York.

A great clearing was made for a camp, and on Sunday white men and Indians assembled under the trees to listen to a sermon. While General Johnson was planning to build a fort at the head of the lake and another at Ticonderoga, before he struck a blow at Crown Point, the French took the aggressive. Baron Dieskau, whose motto was "Boldness wins," had taken two hundred regulars, seven hundred Canadians, and six hundred Indians, and pushed to the head of Lake Champlain, where he landed, designing to march from

there to Fort Edward, take that fort, and, having cut off Johnson's retreat, attack that general's forces. This was certainly a very bold plan. The baron's guides, however, led him astray, and he was within a few miles of Lake George before the mistake was discovered. A council of war was called. The Indians always insist on acting according to their own ideas in spite of the commanding officer. They were unwilling to attack the fort on account of their dread of artillery, but understanding the camp at the lake to be without cannons, they were ready to fall upon that. The baron encamped for the night on Long Pond, about four miles from Johnson's forces.

Meantime a council of war was held at the camp on the lake shore. It was known that the French marching upon Fort Edward were within a few miles of the English, and it was agreed by the officers that a detachment of a thousand should be sent out to meet the enemy. Chief Hendrick, however, opposed the details of the plan.

"If," said the wise old man, "they are to fight, they are too few; if they are to be killed, they are too many."

But the chief was overruled. It was next proposed to send out the detachment in three divisions.

"Put these together," said Hendrick, holding up three sticks, "and you cannot break them; take them one by one and you will do it easily," and he snapped them in pieces.

He nevertheless bravely led his Indians out in the detachment commanded by Colonel Ephraim Williams, a brave young man who had made his will when he passed through Albany, leaving his property to found a school, greatly needed in that day, and which afterwards became Williams College. Perfectly unsuspicious of the neighborhood of the enemy, Colonel Williams marched his column right into the arms of a crescent-shaped ambuscade formed at a rocky defile by Baron Dieskau. Ahead of the line rode the white-haired Hendrick, the only man on horseback. The baron had ordered his men not to fire until the English were all within their clutches, but a gun went off, and in an instant the Indian yells rose on all sides, and volley after volley was poured in upon the English. Hendrick fell dead at the first fire. Colonel Williams jumped upon a rock to direct the movements of his troops. He was soon killed with a shot in the head. Had his troops been regulars they would have been cut to pieces, but being backwoodsmen they retreated slowly through the woods, fighting from behind trees.

Colonel Whiting, upon whom the command devolved, rallied some of his men behind a gloomy little pond covered with lily-pads, which has ever since been called Bloody Pond. There is a local tradition that it was filled with the bodies of the slain, which is hardly warranted by the facts of history. Here the little band fought, and the pursuit of the enemy was checked until the arrival of a detachment sent out by General Johnson to cover the retreat.

Baron Dieskau, according to his favorite motto, desired to follow up the retreating soldiers into their very camp, and make his attack with the advantage which the confusion of the moment would give. But as he neared the edge of the woods the Indians discovered that here, too, was artillery. They refused to move farther, and the courage of the Canadians also wavered; for both Indians and Canadians, well educated in their own kind of warfare, were unaccustomed to attacking a forewarned enemy face to face. Their motto was "Stratagem wins." Much to the baron's disgust, they refused to join the assault, but, dispersing through the woods, fired upon the English army from behind trees, leaving the regulars to take the brunt of the battle.

Meanwhile there was time for the English to

add something to the mere barricade behind which they lay down to aim at the enemy. Rough backwoodsmen that they were, it was strange to them to see first through the trees the glittering bayonets—"like a row of icicles on a January morning," said one of them—and then the white uniforms of the Frenchmen. It was a discouraging moment for the English colonists; they answered rather faintly the shout of the enemy. Upon three sides a fire was poured upon them from a distance, but the Frenchmen attempted no assault. Soon Johnson's men took heart again. They were good marksmen, and with their fowling-pieces they greatly thinned the ranks of the regulars. Their artillery was not much to be dreaded, however. With the two cannons which were in position they fired into the woods where the Indians and Canadians were fighting from behind trees. The cannons were ill managed and aimed entirely too high, but the crashing of the branches overhead was enough to terrify the savages. Deserted by Indian and Canadian forces, brave Baron Dieskau still stood his ground. He was dangerously wounded, but he supported himself against a stump and directed his men. Two Canadians came up to carry him off. One was shot down at his side, and he ordered the other

one away. The battle was continued for nearly five hours, and the French were badly cut to pieces. They began to waver, and the English with triumphant shouts sprang over their barricade and rushed upon them, striking them down with the butts of their guns, and pursuing them through the woods. The English forces were recalled, however, from the pursuit. But the poor Frenchmen fell into an ambuscade at the very spot where in the morning they had entrapped the English. It was dusk when they reached the defile, and here they were attacked by a scouting party of New York and New Hampshire rangers, and completely routed. Baron Dieskau himself was captured, still leaning against the stump. General Johnson had received a wound early in the day, in consquence of which he had retired from the field, Many years after, when his coffin was taken up, the bullet which he received in this battle was found among his bones.

As for young Brant, he was probably with King Hendrick in the first battle of the day. He confessed afterwards that he was seized with trembling at the first firing, and was obliged to take hold of a small sapling, but he soon recovered his courage and fought bravely during the rest

the day, seeking to win the reputation of a brave man, so highly prized by every ambitious Indian.

This was the year of Braddock's disastrous defeat. The force sent against Niagara had failed to do anything, and the expedition in Nova Scotia had come off successful, but with little honor. In the battle at Lake George the rustic American colonists first opposed the trained soldiers of Europe. General Johnson did not accomplish the main purpose of the expedition, but the victory over French arms was cheering after the failures of the year. Johnson was doubtless better in Indian diplomacy than in generalship, but he was rewarded for this success with a baronetcy and five thousand pounds.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SIX NATIONS IN BRANT'S BOYHOOD.

THE battle of Lake George was the only success which English arms were to have over those of France in this part of the war. Meantime the braves of the Six Nations looked on anxiously at the struggle between the rival European powers. Indians appreciate promptness, courage, and, above all things, success. But they were destined to be disappointed in their English allies. The English generals in charge of the campaign for 1756 were weak and cowardly. While General Abercrombie was jealously disputing the rights and the courage of the colonial militia, and quartering his regular troups in midsummer upon the disgusted inhabitants of Albany, the Marquis de Montcalm was preparing to take Fort Oswego, an important frontier post. Colonel Bradstreet with three hundred men, impatient of the delay, had thrown provisions and stores into the threatened fort. On his return Bradstreet heard that the enemy designed to en-

trap him, and took every precaution to keep his men together. As they were passing up the Oswego in boats they were suddenly attacked by a force of nine hundred French and Indians. The brave colonel, with but twelve men, landed on an island. Here he forced party after party of the enemy to retreat from the attack while his boatmen were landing. Seeing some four hundred of the French forces crossing a ford with the intention of surrounding him, Colonel Bradstreet, leaving some of his men to guard the boats, marched directly up to the enemy where they had ambushed in a swamp, dislodged and routed them. He now hurried to Albany to represent to the general the necessity for reinforcing the garrison at Oswego. Sir William Johnson also warned Abercrombie that he could no longer restrain the Six Nations if the English soldiers remained in idleness and Fort Oswego were taken. Still the general waited for the Viceroy Loudoun, and Loudoun waited for nobody knows what.

Montcalm laid siege to Fort Oswego in August. On a commanding hill upon the opposite side of the river stood Fort Ontario. Montcalm first attacked this. The garrison, after using up their ammunition, spiked their cannons and retired to the main fort. Heedless of a report that the deserted

fort was mined, the French rushed to the spot, where they poured a hot fire upon the garrison of Fort Oswego. The commanding officer was killed with a cannon-ball. Montcalm soon made a breach in the walls, and was preparing to storm the fort when the discouraged garrison of about sixteen hundred men surrendered. The Indian allies of the French had lost some of their braves. They craved revenge. As ever in such cases, they were ready to fall upon the prisoners. Instantly Montcalm ordered out a file of soldiers to defend the helpless garrison. Six Indians were shot down before they learned the mettle of their commander. The victorious general planted a cross and the arms of France within the fort. This fort had been an eyesore to the Indians of the Six Nations, who dreaded more and more the encroachments of white men. Montcalm most wisely destroyed it, to the delight of the Iroquois.

Meantime General Webb, on his way to Fort Oswego, hearing the news, was seized with panic, and, after hastily building a barricade in the road of the enemy, fled to Albany, while the enemy were barricading themselves for fear of him. The Earl of Loudoun himself did not know what the French might do "flushed with success." He quartered his troops for the winter

upon the New Yorkers, in spite of their objections.

The Six Nations no longer wavered. They sent deputations to Canada, and made peace with the governor. There was now no barrier of friendly Indians between the English settlements and the savage allies of the French. Numerous murders occurred on the frontier. In such warfare the defenceless settlements must suffer for the cowardice or mismanagement of the leaders.

The Delaware Indians had long been women under the iron hand of the Iroquois. This is illustrated in the story of the famous "walking purchase" in Pennsylvania. One of those fraudulent transactions by which land was taken from the Indians, and which frequently did much harm, was the raking up in 1737 of an old and forgotten Indian deed to land defined by the distance a man could walk in a day. Men were trained for the walk, a smooth road was laid for them, and an immense tract of land was inclosed by the walk. The Delaware Indians were summoned to move from their homes and fields of half-grown grain. They refused. The proprietors were at first at a loss what to do, but they thought of the Six Nations. They sent for the Iroquois. Some of their chiefs came down to Philadelphia, where they

were well bribed and given a false account of the transaction. Proud doubtless of their power, they soon settled the matter.

"You ought to be taken by the hair of the head and shaken soundly till you recover your senses," said they to the poor Delawares. "How came you to take upon you to sell land at all? We conquered you. We made women of you; you know you are women, and can no more sell land than women. This land you claim is gone down your throats; you have been furnished with clothes, meat and drink by the goods paid you for it, and now you want it again, like children as you are. What makes you sell land in the dark? Did you ever tell us you had sold this land? Did we ever receive any part, even the value of a pipe-shank, from you for it. We charge you to remove instantly; we don't give you the liberty to think about it? You are women. Take the advice of a wise man and remove immediately. You may return to the other side of the Delaware, where you came from; but we do not know whether, considering how you have demeaned yourselves, you will be permitted to live there; or whether you have not swallowed that land down your throats as well as the land on this side. We therefore assign you two places to go, either to

Wyoming or Shamokin. We shall then have you more under our eye, and shall see how you behave. Don't deliberate, but take this belt of wampum and go at once." The Delawares had obeyed this hard order. But is it surprising that when at last they threw off the Iroquois yoke and became men and warriors, it was to retaliate on the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania?

The campaign of 1757 was no more calculated to impress the Indians with awe of the English than that of the previous year. Montcalm with a force of ten thousand, including two thousand Indians, laid siege to Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George. Monro, the commandant of the fort, had but a little over two thousand men. General Webb was lying at Fort Edward, fourteen miles away, with reinforcements, but in abject terror of the enemy. Montcalm summoned Monro to surrender, but was answered with defiance. He opened his artillery with telling effect upon the English, but Monro sent express after express to Webb for aid and bravely held out, sure that he would get help at last. The cowardly Webb, though he had a force of four thousand and power to call upon the militia of the neighborhood, did not move. He refused to let General Johnson go to the rescue, and at last sent an express with ex-

aggerated accounts of the French forces, and advising Monro to surrender. Montcalm captured the messenger, but after reading the message he sent it in to Monro. Still the brave commander held out until the greater part of his guns had burst and his ammunition gone. When he surrendered, it was with the honors of war. Montcalm, fearful of the temper of his treacherous Indians, refused to give them any liquor, and warned the English not to do so. The English, however, disregarded his warning, thinking to propitiate the Indians. In the morning, when the English garrison set out on their road to Fort Edward, the maddened savages were there with threatening looks. A massacre began, and the English fled, dropping their baggage, arms, and clothes upon the road. The massacre was greatly exaggerated in the partisan accounts of the day, but the Indians improved what time they had. The instant Montcalm and his officers heard of it they rushed to the rescue, risking their own lives to save those of their prisoners. They begged and threatened the savage allies. French soldiers got prisoners into their tents and stood guard over them. Those who had not escaped or been tomahawked were re-clothed and sent to Fort Edward in safety. Fort William Henry was razed to the

ground and the French retreated, leaving Lake George again a solitude.

Loudoun was at Halifax with ten thousand men, intending to take Louisburg, a strongly fortified town of Nova Scotia, the walls of which were thirty feet high, and which was surrounded by a ditch eighty feet wide. But Loudoun spent his time in making a parade-ground and a vegetable-garden. Meantime the enemy was reinforced, and, finding that the French had one more ship than himself, Loudoun sailed back to New York. He next talked of defending the continent by encamping on Long Island.

Meantime the Indians of the Six Nations saw in the cause of France the winning side. Wily French agents were busy among them. It was whispered in their ears that the French were fighting merely to drive the Englishman from the land of which the Indian was so jealous. This was confirmed by the destruction of the obnoxious forts of Oswego and William Henry. Sir William Johnson had his hands full trying to influence and restrain the Indians, and at the same time to prevent Lord Loudoun from making open war on the Six Nations. The Indians still entertained a friendly feeling toward Sir William. The Mohawks were yet under his influence, and doubtless

the boy Brant held strongly to the cause of his friend, as he always in after-life took sides with the Johnson family.

But when at length a band of Canadians and Indians fell upon the German settlement on the Mohawk and massacred the inhabitants, the whole valley of the Mohawk was thrown into consternation. The Six Nations were no longer a barrier to the incursions of the enemy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRANT AT THE BATTLE OF NIAGARA.

WITH the coming into power of William Pitt in England, a wiser management caused the tide to turn. The king was heartily discouraged with the bad conduct of the war in America. When Wolfe was appointed some one represented to the king that he was a young madman. "If he is mad, I hope he will bite some of my generals," was the reply.

The campaign of 1758 was more vigorous than the preceding ones. Louisburg, in Canada, was captured by Amherst and Wolfe, and Fort Duquesne, at the head of the Ohio, was taken and named Pittsburg in honor of William Pitt, to whom this year's success was due.

One disaster marred the general success. Lake George had been covered with a great army under Abercrombie and Lord Howe, on their way to attack Montcalm at Ticonderoga. In a preliminary skirmish the brave Lord Howe fell before he could lead his troops to success. The hope of

the expedition had been in Howe. The management of the attack now devolved on Abercrombie, who was easily terrified and took pains to keep safely in the rear during battle. Montcalm worked bravely for his almost hopeless cause. With his small but intrepid force he met the storming columns of the English, who on their part also displayed the utmost courage. The English again and again attacked the walls. Nineteen hundred men were mowed down by French arms and artillery, and the English were at last repulsed. Without waiting to try the effect of his artillery upon the fort, Abercrombie with his army fled in the night, and did not rest until the length of Lake George lay between him and Montcalm.

In spite of this defeat the English success seemed certain. The French were on the point of starving; scanty crops had been raised and Canada had been drained of every resource. The ever-fickle Indians had mostly deserted the losing cause. Montcalm said for himself and his troops, "We are resolved to find our graves under the ruins of the colony."

Let us now return to the vacillating Six Nations. Some of the Delaware Indians had captured a French dispatch. They found some one among them who could read, perhaps an Indian or half-

breed who had been taught by the Quakers. They crowded around with eager curiosity while the dispatch was spelled out. It proposed the extermination of the Iroquois. The French urged the western tribes to join in this, as the Six Nations claimed their territory. The Delawares were much astonished at so bold a proposition, for they still held the Iroquois in dread. They immediately sent information of the plot to the Senecas. Various friendly councils with Sir William Johnson followed. He could say to the Indians with truth, "I told you so."

In 1759 an expedition was undertaken by English and colonial troops under General Prideaux against Fort Niagara, a post which commanded the fur trade of the west, and was therefore considered very important. General Prideaux was joined by Sir William Johnson with nearly a thousand Indians. Among them was Brant, now a youth of seventeen. Prideaux was killed by the accidental explosion of a coehorn, and the command devolved upon Sir William Johnson. He understood the general's plans thoroughly, and carried them out with a great deal of energy. The siege was pressed with great eagerness. Each day batteries were brought nearer the fort. Meanwhile the French General D'Aubrey had

gathered from the garrisons of the forts of Detroit, Venango, La Bœuf, and Presque Isle some twelve hundred men with an additional body of Indians, and was on his way to relieve Niagara, without which these other forts would be useless. Indian scouts brought news of D'Aubrey's approach. Leaving a guard in the trenches to prevent co-operation from the fort, Johnson placed his main army in a position to intercept the enemy and support the guard. The French army advanced. The Mohawks tried to open a parley with the French Indians, but failed. The war-whoop was the signal for battle. The British regulars charged the French in front, and the Iroquois Indians attacked their flanks. This threw the French into disorder, and when the English again charged furiously the French were forced to retreat. They were pursued and killed in great numbers by the victorious army.

Sir William Johnson sent an account of the battle to the commandant of the fort, with a summons to surrender, and with it the threat so frequently, in border warfare, hung over the heads of a garrison, that if the Indians were exasperated by further resistance they could not be restrained when the surrender should at length be made. The commander with his six hundred men

capitulated, and the Indians behaved very well, partly perhaps through Johnson's influence, and partly because they had been satiated with slaughter in the pursuit of the routed army. Brant got his second experience of war in this successful campaign.

The fall of Niagara was followed by the desertion of other western posts. Ticonderoga and Crown Point were abandoned before Amherst's great army, again descending Lake George. Quebec, defended by the brave Montcalm, remained to be taken by the brave Wolfe to complete the fall of the French power in America.

CHAPTER XIX.

BRANT'S SCHOOL DAYS.

Sir William Johnson, though not a man of very exemplary morals himself, had taken a great deal of interest in the improvement of his Mohawk neighbors. He had helped to establish missionaries and build churches among them. He also sent some Indian boys to the Moor Charity School at Lebanon, Connecticut. This school was the germ from which grew Dartmouth College. It was taught by Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, the first president of Dartmouth. He had been very successful with the first Indian pupil under his care. His name was Samson Occom, and he became a missionary among his people, visiting England in 1766, and attracting much attention. Among the boys whom Johnson sent to school was Brant. This was probably immediately after the battle of Niagara. Possibly Brant had received some of the rudiments of education, through the kindness of Sir William Johnson, before he went to the Connecticut school. Certainly he was then already

an accomplished warrior. But the education that even a white boy got in the frontier settlements was rude enough. The first school-master in Cherry Valley used to do his farm-work while his scholars followed him about, reciting their lessons in the fresh air.

Brant used to tell with amusement one story of his school days. Among the Indian boys who accompanied him was a half-breed named William. Dr. Wheelock's son one day ordered this boy to saddle his horse.

"I won't," said William.

"Why not?"

"Because," said the Indian, "I am a gentleman, and it isn't a gentleman's place to do such things."

"Do you know what a gentleman is?" young Wheelock sneeringly asked.

"Yes," said William; "a gentleman is a person who keeps race-horses and drinks Madeira wine; and that is what neither you nor your father do. So saddle the horse yourself."

Sir William Johnson was probably the young Indian's ideal of a gentleman. Brant spent several years at this school. According to one account he accomplished nothing more than to "read but very indifferently in the New Testament, and to write but very little." This, however, could hardly

have been true, since he was somewhat accomplished, according to other statements. He certainly could write, and was employed as a secretary in after-life. In Dr. Wheelock's letters to Sir William Johnson Joseph Brant is frequently well spoken of, as: "Joseph and the rest of the boys are well, studious, and diligent;" "Joseph and the other boys behave very well;" "Joseph is indeed an excellent youth," and so on.

There were several Indians at school at Lebanon at this time. Two Delaware boys had entered the school before Brant. The latter was at one time engaged by Sir William Johnson to persuade good Mohawk boys to attend the school. The Indian school-boys, however, were always restless; they would rather hunt than study, and Brant was like the rest of them. Only two remained to graduate. After he left the school, we hear of Brant being employed as interpreter for a young minister who had resolved to devote his life and his small fortune, sufficient to support himself and his interpreter, to the missionary work. But the Pontiac war broke out, and the young brave could stay at no such tame business when war was abroad.

CHAPTER XX.

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON AND THE PONTIAC WAR.

THE Indians along the border, at the close of the French war, were many of them in almost open hostility. There was much discontent in the north-west, and one of the Six Nations, the Senecas, was involved in it. It was discovered that these Indians had sent belts of wampum to the tribes of the north-west, inviting the Wyandots to massacre the garrison at Detroit, and plotting, in conjunction with the Delawares and Shawnees, to fall treacherously upon Niagara and Fort Pitt.

Under these circumstances Johnson set out on a wearisome wilderness journey to Detroit to hold a general Indian council. At Niagara he called a council of the Senecas. He told them about the discovery of their plot, and asked the meaning of such conduct. They replied with innocent surprise, denying all knowledge of such a conspiracy, and confirming their speech as usual with a belt. But Sir William was not in a mood for the

mild remonstrances which he commonly used when dealing with the Indians. He had gained their affection and respect by his kindliness, and now when he used harsh words they were effective.

"As this is so villainous an affair," said he, "and carried so far, I must tell you plainly that I look upon what you now tell me as only an evasion and a kind of excuse to blind us. And I tell you that all the excuses you can make, and all the rhetoric your nation is the master of, will not satisfy the general nor convince me of your innocence, unless a deputation of your chiefs appears at the general meeting which I am now calling at Detroit, and there, in the presence of all the nations, declares your innocence and disapprobation of what was done by the two messengers last month at Detroit. This I expect you will do to show your brethren your innocence and all the Indians your detestation of so vile a plot." Sir William then returned their belt to show them that he did not believe what they had said. This staggered the Indians They consulted together for some time.

"Brother," they said at last, "you are very hard upon us after our honest declaration of innocence. However, as it does not give you satisfaction, we will send off to-morrow morning your belt

to our nation, with what you have said thereon, and we doubt not but some of our chief men will be ready to go to the proposed meeting at Detroit, and there satisfy you and the world of their innocence."

Sir William Johnson gave them some presents, such as must always sugar-coat any transaction with the Indians. They wanted ammunition.

"How can you expect ammunition to be given to a people who are mad enough to think of quarrelling with the English?" said Johnson. Nevertheless he gave them enough to kill some game on their way home.

When Sir William Johnson had arrived at Detroit he was waited on by deputations of Indians with presents of corn. He returned the compliment by giving them pipes and tobacco, with the feast of a barbecued ox.

Before the opening of the great Indian council Johnson was kept occupied with various official business, but, like the gentlemen of his time, he found leisure to attend the balls given at Detroit in his honor, and to dance till five o'clock in the morning.

With the firing of two cannon the great Indian council opened. An immense concourse of the savages had gathered from the north, west, and

south to see the man at whose house was the council-fire of the Six Nations. They were all in gala dress, painted and ornamented; for no one is more particular about personal appearance than the Indian. When the council was gathered Sir William and his officers, in full uniform, walked into the assembly. Johnson then made them a long friendly speech, after which the council adjourned till the following day, lest, said the Wyandot chiefs, some of the Indians, loitering around the fort, might get drunk. On the following day two cannon were again fired, and the great council again gathered. The nations of the north-west made a very satisfactory answer to Sir William's speech. Kaiaghshota, a Seneca chief, arose, and made an elegant speech clearing himself and his nation of participating in the recent plot. But Adariaghta, an influential Wyandot brave, sprang to his feet and confronted the Seneca with an exact account of how he had been one of the main plotters, and had been with the messengers sent to the Wyandots by the Senecas. Upon this an Ohio Indian, called the White Mingo, spoke accusing the Wyandot of endeavoring in his turn to incite the Indians of his locality to a massacre of the English garrisons. A hubbub ensued, which was likely to end in blows, when Sir Wil-

liam dissolved the assembly, announcing that to-morrow he would distribute presents, of which he had brought a large quantity with him. The council ended, and in a few more days Johnson started for home, first giving a farewell dinner and ball to the inhabitants of Detroit.

Many Indian tribes had been forced by the results of the war to change from a long alliance with the French to an alliance with the English power. The French were most adroit in Indian diplomacy, insinuating themselves sometimes even into the affections of the implacable Iroquois. With some few notable exceptions, such as Sir William Johnson, Captain John Smith, and William Henry Harrison, the English and Americans were far from being successful managers of Indians. In the forts, where they had been formerly flattered and loaded with presents by the French, they found themselves gruffly treated, and their annual gifts stinted and sometimes cut off entirely. The English Government, now that there was no dangerous rival to compete with it in the affections of the Indians, unwisely thought to economize by stopping all gift-making. Moreover, the Indians, encroached upon by forts and settlements from all sides, and no longer courted by rival powers, found

that their dignity and influence were fast waning. These were the causes of the fearful war which broke upon the remoter settlements, annihilating the garrisons, and sweeping from existence all the smaller forts of the west. The master-spirit of this war was the great Pontiac, who had laid a plot to massacre the garrison of Detroit, which only failed through the tender heart of a Chippewa girl, who revealed the conspiracy to the commandant.

While this bloody war was raging, it was most important that Sir William Johnson should preserve friendly relations with the Six Nations, otherwise the frontier of New York would have been devastated and all communication with the western posts cut off. The more eastern tribes of the confederacy were inclined to "hold fast to the chain of friendship," as they expressed it; but the Senecas, who were much the most powerful, having fully a thousand warriors, were implicated in the conspiracy. Sir William Johnson held various councils with the friendly Iroquois at this time. In one of his speeches he handed them an axe, saying, with regard to the Senecas, "I now deliver you a good English axe, which I desire you will give to the warriors of all your nations, with directions to use it against these covenant-breakers

by cutting off the bad links which have sullied the chain of friendship."

Through the influence of Sir William Johnson, the friendly Indians of the Six Nations sent this message to their old subjects who were in open hostility: "Cousins, the Delawares: We have heard that many wild Indians in the west, who have tails like bears, have let fall the chain of friendship and taken up the hatchet against our brethren the English. We desire you to hold fast to the chain, and shut your ears against their words."

Notwithstanding all this, bands of hostile Indians occasionally got a chance at the more remote settlements of New York. A general terror spread over the country. The inhabitants of one settlement fled for life, terrified by hearing a band of hunters fire their guns off simultaneously at a covey of partridges. The hostile tribes especially threatened Sir William Johnson's life on account of his influence with the Iroquois. He armed his tenants, numbering some hundred and twenty Highland Scotch families, and fortified his home.

A war-party of the hostile Senecas lay in ambush on the carry at Niagara rapids and falls. As a convoy of wagons from Fort Schlosser, escorted by twenty-four soldiers, wound along the road, they rushed upon them, butchering them and

driving men, horses, and wagons over a precipice into the ravine known as the Devil's Hole. Two companies of soldiers hurrying to their relief shared the same fate, and the Senecas returned with eighty scalps.

The friendly Iroquois had accepted Sir William Johnson's axe, and engaged themselves in the various expeditions of smaller war-parties against the hostile Indians. It was in such expeditions that Brant fought during the Pontiac war. He was a tall, handsome young Indian, with a rather lighter complexion than most of his race and a very bright eye. In the light costume of the Indian warrior, divested of blanket and shirt, and decorated with war-paint, he sang the dismal war-song and danced the war-dance around the Mohawk camp-fire, joined by some ambitious young men who were ready to go to battle under his eadership. They flourished their hatchets over each others' heads, worked themselves into ferocious courage, and then set out upon the war-path. They creep through the unbroken forest, noticing every trail and marking the slightest sound. They come upon the track of a small war-party like themselves, and creep stealthily upon their camp, kill a hostile Delaware chief, and take three prisoners. With the scalp waving like a

banner before them, and the prisoners bound and guarded, they march triumphantly to their village, and from there to Johnson Hall to receive approbation and perhaps a reward from the baronet; for he at one time offered fifty dollars apiece for the heads of two chiefs of the Delawares. Such was the warfare in which Brant engaged. An Indian who boldly carries out such expeditions gains renown as a brave, and is on the road to chieftaincy in coming battles.

The mere fact of the body of the Six Nations having taken the part of the English had a very salutary effect upon the hostile Indians. The Senecas were quick to sue for peace. Sir William Johnson was overrun with business in settling the affairs of both friendly and hostile Indians. In 1764 he wrote: "I have at present every room in my house full of Indians, and the prospect before me of continual business all the winter, as the Shawnees and Delawares may be expected in a few days."

In finally making the great peace, Pontiac said: "I now deliver my pipe to be sent to Sir William Johnson, that he may know I have made peace and taken the king of England for my father in presence of all the nations now assembled; and whenever any of these nations go to visit him they may smoke out of it with him in peace."

CHAPTER XXI.

BRANT IN TIME OF PEACE.

BRANT married the daughter of an Oneida chief, probably about 1765. According to the ancient custom of the Mohawks, the mother of a young brave arranged the marriage, and her son had nothing whatever to say about it. She usually waited until her son was about twenty-five years of age, that up to that time he might be free as a hunter and warrior, and also that he might gain distinction as a brave; for no Indian maiden respects a young man who does not possess a string of scalps. When the mother considers it the proper time for her son to be married, she goes to the mother of the girl whom she has selected, and they arrange the matter together. They then announce their intentions to the bride and groom, and the following day the girl is taken to the young man's home, where she presents his mother some cakes of Indian corn-bread, signifying her ability to do the household work of her husband, and the mother-in-law in turn gives the

bride's mother venison or other game, signifying the young man's ability to provide for his wife. This is the marriage ceremony. It is very likely that Brant was married according to the custom of his fathers, though his wedding may also have been sanctioned by the marriage ceremony of the English Church; for there were Episcopal missionaries then in the Mohawk Valley.

Brant settled at Canajoharie, on the Mohawk River, the middle of the three Mohawk towns, and the home of his childhood. Here he had a comfortable house, with all needful furniture. It was a place of entertainment for the missionaries among the Mohawks. Brant was often employed at this time by Sir William Johnson on various diplomatic missions to the different Indian nations with which Sir William had business. He was undoubtedly very intimate in the Johnson family. Sir William Johnson was at the height of his prosperity. In addition to the original home, he had built Johnson Hall, in the present village of Johnstown, a summer villa which he called Castle Cumberland, and a rustic hunting-lodge. He was passionately fond of fishing, and to this hunting-lodge he used to come to enjoy his favorite sport. He took great pride in his fruit-trees, and in the culture of rare plants. He introduced blooded

horses and cattle into the valley of the Mohawk, and was continually adding to his library. He exerted himself in every way to improve the settlements around him. "He formed with his own hand," said a gentleman of his day, "a little world, as it were."

Sir William Johnson presents the strange anomaly of a man with all the tastes and habits of an English country gentleman, with immense estates and a devoted tenantry, but with a Mohawk wife and half-breed children, his "mansion" thronged with savages, and he himself pushing his affairs with all the energy born of a new country.

He especially encouraged athletic sports. Once a year he invited the braves of the Six Nations to Johnson Hall, to play the Indian games. He encouraged the old English field-sports among his tenantry, and he appointed "sport-days" at Johnstown. He was fond of boisterous fun, and on "sport-days" he introduced the bag-races known to college boys, and burlesque horse-races, in which the riders were seated with their faces toward the horses' tails. There were also races in which young men chased Guinea-pigs whose tails were shaved and greased, the one who succeeded in catching and holding the pig by the tail winning the prize. He had matches in which each one

tried to sing the worst song, and matches at making the ugliest faces. He superintended an annual fair for the benefit of the surrounding country, giving the prizes from his own purse for the best farm products. He fitted up a Masonic hall at his home, and here Brant was initiated into the lodge.

A story is told of the summary way in which Sir William Johnson enforced justice. He heard that one of his tenants had maltreated his old father. Johnson sent for the man, and took him into his private office. He talked with him on various subjects.

"How is your father, the old man?" casually asked Sir William. "I have heard that he is troublesome. If such is the case, I don't know as you could do better than to chastise him a little."

"I *have* done it," answered the man.

Sir William turned the key in the door, and, taking down a horsewhip hanging on the wall, he whipped the man soundly.

"Go home, you villain, and flog your father again!" exclaimed the baronet, as he opened the door.

In this insight into the home life of Sir William Johnson we see also the surroundings in which Brant lived. He was in and out of Johnson's

mansion almost daily. He doubtless participated in the sports at Johnson Hall, and he was the trusty messenger of its master.

Brant had two little children, a son and a daughter. In 1771 his wife died of consumption, a disease very common among Indians. After this Brant came down to Fort Hunter, some thirty miles below Canajoharie, on the site of the lower Mohawk castle, or fortified town. He lived here for some time in the family of an Indian missionary, Dr. Stewart, assisting him in making some translations into Mohawk for missionary use. About this time also he joined the church, attended service regularly, and was very much interested in the improvement of his people.

It is customary for a young Indian to bind himself as a friend for life to some other young man. A great deal of importance is attached to this relationship. Brant selected for his friend a half-pay officer in the British service, Lieutenant John Prevost, to whom he became greatly attached. The young Englishman was then living in the Mohawk Valley. At the approach of the Revolutionary war, Lieutenant Prevost was ordered to the West Indies. Brant was inconsolable for the loss of his friend.

"Do not be so sorrowful," said Dr. Stewart.

"Console yourself with another friend—myself, for instance."

"No," said Brant, "I cannot do that. I am Captain John's friend, and I cannot have another friend at the same time."

He showed his affection for the friend whom perhaps he never met again by selecting an entire Indian outfit of the richest furs, and sending it to Lieutenant Prevost at Jamaica.

In 1772 Brant asked Dr. Stewart to marry him to his first wife's half-sister. The minister refused, as it is against the law of the English Church to marry a deceased wife's sister. Brant argued very sensibly that the relationship was an advantage, as his sister-in-law would make a better mother to his children. Still Dr. Stewart refused to violate the law of the church, and Brant was compelled to get the Lutheran minister at the German settlement in the Mohawk Valley to perform the ceremony.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STORM BREWING.

THE Revolution was approaching. New York constantly protested her loyalty, but still claimed her liberty. The people even in the valley of the Mohawk were in a ferment. A wise and observant man like Sir William Johnson could not but read the signs of the times. He was placed in a difficult position. Having built his own fortune and raised himself from the people, it was believed that he sympathized with the people in their grievances. But he had been honored and enriched by the crown, and would undoubtedly have sided with the crown. On the other hand, he was the one man who had a great influence over the Indians. King George was resolved to hold absolute power over England's great child, who had grown beyond the reins of her distant authority, and the stubborn monarch had no hesitation about using mercenaries and Indians in subduing rebels. Sir William Johnson would be compelled to exert his immense influence to turn savages with their

war of fire and tomahawk upon the thriving settlements of the Mohawk, the "little world" which he had built up around him, as well as upon the whole frontier which he had labored so long to protect. The younger members of the Johnson family, Colonel Claus and Colonel Guy Johnson, who had married Sir William's eldest daughters, and Sir John Johnson, his eldest son, were hotly loyal to the king. They lived in handsome houses and with a great deal of splendor.

But Sir William Johnson was not destined to take part in America's fresh struggles. He was one day holding an Indian council under a burning July sun. He had been speaking for two hours when he was seized with a serious attack of the disease from which he had suffered for several years. His eldest son was sent for. Sir John Johnson mounted a swift blooded horse and rode for Johnson Hall with all speed. His horse dropped dead when he was yet three quarters of a mile away, and, having procured another, he reached the hall just in time to see his father dying in the arms of an old servant.

Great was the sorrow of the Indians at the loss of their friend. The Mohawks attended his funeral in a body. On the following day they made the speech of condolence customary among

the Indians to his son and sons-in-law. With a belt of wampum they swept the fireplace clean, that they might continue to sit around it; with another they cleansed the mourners of their grief; with another they swept the black clouds from the sky, that the sun might be seen; and with still another they put the sun in its proper course again: all these disorders being supposed to have been produced by the death of their friend. Colonel Guy Johnson, according to the baronet's wish, became Indian Superintendent, while Sir John succeeded to his title and to ample estates. By his will his vast tracts of land were divided among his children and friends, and Miss Molly was amply provided for. Brant now became secretary to Colonel Guy Johnson.

The young men of the Johnson family thought to crush the rising spirit of liberty in their own neighborhood. One day some three hundred people had gathered at a neighbor's house to raise a liberty-pole. Before this object, most hateful in the eyes of loyalists, had been raised the meeting was interrupted by Sir John Johnson with his brothers-in-law, guarded by a band of servants and tenants, all well armed. Guy Johnson mounted a high stoop and made the assembled people a speech, endeavoring to show them their folly in

opposing the King of England. He abused the rebels roundly. The people were totally unarmed. They boiled with indignation at being thus intimidated. At last a wealthy farmer's son, Jacob Sammons, called out in the midst of the colonel's speech, "You are a liar and a villain!" Whereupon Johnson answered with an oath and seized Sammons by the throat. There was a scuffle between the two men, and the farmer was struck down with a loaded whip by one of the loyalists. He came to his senses to find one of Johnson's servants sitting upon his body. With a blow he knocked the fellow off, and, springing to his feet, pulled off his coat for a fight. Two pistols, however, were held at his breast, and he was knocked down and beaten with clubs. Most of the assembled people had gone home when Sammons again recovered his feet. Johnson's party now retired, having broken up the meeting. This was but a foreshadowing of the horror of civil war, that hatred of neighbors for neighbors which engenders the worst cruelties. But an older and a wiser man might have told the young loyalists that they could not thus stamp out the spirit of liberty in the people. The meetings were continued and enthusiastically attended.

The Indians, naturally enough, did not appre-

ciate the causes which led the American people to a revolt. To Brant and his people it seemed but right that they should still hold to the covenant chain which had bound the Six Nations to the King of England for so many years. The Johnson family made the best use of their influence with the Iroquois on the side of Great Britain. Kirkland, a faithful missionary among the Oneidas, was instructed by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts to use his influence among the Indians on the side of the colonies. Brant had been a great friend of Mr. Kirkland, but the Indian now feared his influence among the Oneidas, and plotted for the removal of the missionary. At Brant's instigation a dissolute Oneida chief made charges against Mr. Kirkland to Guy Johnson. The missionary, however, defended his character well, and the Oneidas supported him, so that the superintendent dared not remove him, though he forbade him to speak a word to the Indians, which of course he did not obey.

The remnant of the Hudson River Indians, known as the Stockbridge Indians, remained firm in their attachment to the colonists, and used their influence with the Six Nations in their favor.

"You remember when you first came over the great waters," said the Stockbridge Indians to the

Colonial Congress, "I was great and you were little—very small. I then took you in for a friend, and kept you under my arms, so that no one might injure you. . . . But now our conditions are changed. You have become great. You reach to the clouds. You are seen around the world, and I am become small—very little. I am not so high as your heel. . . . I am sorry to hear of this great quarrel between you and Old England. It appears that blood must be shed to end this quarrel. We never till this day understood the foundation of this quarrel between you and the country you came from. Whenever I see your blood running you will soon find me about to revenge my brothers' blood. Although I am low and very small, I will gripe hold of your enemy's heel. . . . I have been thinking, before you come to action, to take a run to the westward and feel the mind of my Indian brethren, the Six Nations, and know how they stand—whether they are on your side or for your enemies. If I find they are against you, I will try to turn their minds. I think they will listen to me, for they have always looked this way for advice concerning all important news that comes from the rising of the sun. . . . One thing I ask of you, if you send for me to fight, that you will let me

fight in my own Indian way. . . Only point out to me where your enemies keep, that is all I want to know."

"We have heard of the unhappy differences and great contention between you and Old England," said the Oneidas. "We wonder greatly and are troubled in our minds. Possess your minds in peace respecting us Indians. We cannot intermeddle in this dispute between two brothers. . . . The present situation of you two brothers is new and strange to us. We Indians cannot find nor recollect in the traditions of our ancestors the like case. We, the sachems and warriors and female governesses of Oneida, send our love to you, brother-governor, and all the other chiefs in New England."

The people were now exceedingly suspicious of the Johnson family. Sir John had fortified Johnson Hall. Upon either side of it stood two stone towers, and around it was a strong stockade guarded with artillery. The tenants and retainers of the family were all well armed. Meantime Colonel Guy Johnson had received some intimation that the New Englanders intended to steal upon him and capture him. He wrote letters to some of the chief magistrates complaining of this, and notifying them that if the superintendent of

the Indians were tampered with they would take a dreadful revenge. Colonel Johnson and the Indians under his influence seem to have had an especial fear of the sly designs of Bostonians in particular, probably because they were the authors of the famous tea-party.

A letter written by Brant to the Oneida sachems was intercepted. It ran thus: "This is your letter, you great ones or sachems. Guy Johnson says he will be glad if you get this intelligence, you Oneidas, how it goes with him now; and he is now more certain concerning the intention of the Boston people. Guy Johnson is in great fear of being taken prisoner by the Bostonians. We Mohawks are obliged to watch him constantly. Therefore we send you this intelligence, that you shall know it; and Guy Johnson assures himself and depends upon your coming to his assistance."

A council with the Mohawks was held at Guy Park, Colonel Johnson's mansion, in the spring of 1775. It was attended by some of the members of the county committees, who assured the Indians that their superintendent would not be molested. But Colonel Johnson was not satisfied with an Indian council under the eyes of the detested committees. He moved up the Mohawk accompanied by Brant and a large company of Indians, ostensi-

bly to hold a council. The settlers on the Mohawk were in constant dread lest Johnson should return upon them and, in conjunction with Sir John, fall upon the settlements. They stopped his supplies, and thus embarrassed him as much as was possible. Colonel Johnson moved on west to Ontario, where he could hold a grand council away from the supervision of the rebellious colonies.

While the American people were resolving to die for their liberties the more powerful part of the Six Nations were, as Brant afterwards said, thinking of their time-honored covenant with the king, and saying, "It will not do for us to break it, let what will become of us.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BRANT, THE WAR-CHIEF.

FROM Ontario Colonel Johnson returned to Oswego, and here held another Indian council. It is said that he got up an entertainment for the Indians, inviting them to come and feast on a Bostonian and drink his blood. The Bostonian in this case was a barbecued ox, and the blood was wine furnished by the colonel. This was a joke well appreciated among the Indians, as a Bostonian was the representative rebel in their eyes, but it is said that in the partisanship of the time the colonial patriots pretended to understand the circumstance literally, and made good use of it in demonstrating the inhuman cruelty of loyalists.

Colonel Johnson with Brant and the Mohawks now crossed into Canada, and attended a great council of the Six Nations, held by Sir Guy Carleton and Sir Frederick Haldimand. Here the main body of the Iroquois engaged to take part on the British side. One town of the Mo-

hawks who had remained in the valley, and still kept up friendly relations with the united colonies, was attacked with a fearful epidemic which nearly exterminated the inhabitants, immediately after a peaceful visit to Albany. With characteristic superstition, they attributed the pestilence to the anger of the Great Spirit that they had not joined the cause of the king. The survivors immediately decamped, following Colonel Guy Johnson into Canada.

Meantime Washington had ordered General Schuyler to keep his eye upon Sir John Johnson. This gentleman kept up a correspondence with his brother-in-law in Canada by means of the Mohawk Indians, who carried letters in the heads of their tomahawks and hidden in the numerous ornaments of their costumes. It was, moreover, believed that there was a large depot of arms and ammunition in the neighborhood of Johnson Hall. General Schuyler with a force of seven hundred men marched upon the troublesome baronet. Sir John Johnson surrendered, promised neutrality, and was allowed to remain at liberty on parole. He also delivered up his arms and ammunition, and his Highland tenants grounded their arms before the American troops. The country was scoured for Tories, and the depot of arms was sought for,

but it was not in existence. After his surrender the baronet still worked secretly for the royal cause among the Indians. General Schuyler regarded the parole as broken, and undertook to again capture Sir John, but, warned by his loyalist friends in Albany, he fled the country, hastily burying the family silver in his cellar and intrusting the secret to an old negro servant. He dared not go to Canada by way of Lake Champlain, not knowing whether royalists or rebels were in possession there. He struck off into the wilderness with his band of followers, and suffered much from hardship and hunger before he reached Canada.

Brant, or Thayendanegea as he was called among the Indians, had now become, by the exigencies of war, by his connection with the Johnson family, and by his own superior mind and gift for leadership, a chief. Writers have disputed as to whether Brant was *the* war-chief, the great captain of the entire confederacy. As no such office was known to them, it was impossible for Brant to hold it. They had no commander-in-chief, but fought as all Indians fight, in small parties under separate chiefs. Still Brant was undoubtedly much the most powerful and influential of the Iroquois war-chiefs.

Before the Americans were yet sure whether Brant would take up the tomahawk against them, his old school-master was asked to write to him on the subject. President Wheelock accordingly wrote Brant a very long letter, using every argument in favor of the colonists that he thought would have weight with an Indian. Brant answered with Indian wit that he very well remembered the happy hours that he had spent under the doctor's roof, and he especially remembered the family prayers, and above all how his school-master used to pray "that they might be able to live as good subjects, to fear God, and honor the king."

Meantime the American successes in Canada were, for the time, very influential with the Indians on the American border, many of whom took sides with the colonies. It is possible that Brant, too, felt the power of success, and that the English wished him to see the mother-country that he might judge of her resources. At any rate, Brant sailed for England in the fall of 1775. On his arrival in London he was taken to an inn called the Swan with Two Necks. All haste was made, how-however, to prepare other lodgings more suitable for an "Indian king." Brant, however, refused to move, saying that the people at the inn had

treated him so kindly that he preferred to stay there. Brant was much lionized while he was in England. He was courted by that celebrated worshipper of great men, Boswell. He sat for his picture twice during the visit, once at Boswell's request, and once for the Earl of Warwick. He commonly wore European clothes, but he had with him a splendid costume made in Indian style, in which he appeared at court and upon other great occasions. The ladies at court must have been shocked at the sight of his handsome glittering tomahawk with "J. Thayendanagea" engraved on it. He bought during his stay a gold ring, upon which he had his full name engraved, that his body might be identified in case of his death in the coming battles. Before he left England Brant promised to lead three thousand Indians into the field on the royal side. He returned to America by way of New York early in the spring, and was secretly landed at some quiet spot in the neighborhood of the city. From here he undertook the dangerous enterprise of stealing through the country to Canada.

"When I joined the English in the beginning of the war," said Brant long afterwards, "it was purely on account of my forefathers' engagements with the king. I always looked on these engage-

ments, or covenants between the king and the Indian nations, as a sacred thing; therefore I was not to be frightened by the threats of rebels at the time."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BATTLE OF THE CEDARS.

THE general of the royal forces in Canada, Sir Guy Carleton, was a mild and cautious though a brave man. He would not allow the Indians at his disposal to cross the border, lest they should open war, in their cowardly style, on the frontier settlements. Thus the Iroquois did not play a very important part in the first struggles of the Revolution.

"You will never have cause to blush for your Montgomery," said the American general of that name, as he bade his young wife good-by, on starting for the campaign in Canada. With ill-disciplined troops, composed of New Englanders and New Yorkers, of whom he said that they were "all generals but not soldiers," Montgomery undertook the siege of St. Johns. Carleton, with great difficulty having gathered together about eight hundred men, attempted to raise the siege. He crossed the St. Lawrence at Montreal, but, as he neared the opposite shore, his forces were fired

upon by a detachment of the famous Green Mountain Boys and forced to retreat. After a determined siege of fifty days St. Johns capitulated, and Montgomery took triumphant possession of Montreal. The Canadians were now many of them friendly to the invaders, and the Indians, said Carleton, "chose to be of the strongest side, so that when they were most wanted they vanished." It was at this juncture that Brant sailed for England, and while he was there the tide of success turned.

In dire need of soldiers, money, and artillery, Montgomery still resolved to take Quebec if possible. The detachment sent to meet him at Quebec under Arnold arrived, tattered, starved, and half frozen, after a long wilderness journey. In the depth of winter Montgomery encamped before Quebec. His troops were all enlisted for a short length of time, and if he did anything it must be done before the new year. On the night of the thirtieth of December, under a fierce midwinter storm, the daring enterprise of storming Quebec was undertaken. The men had to hold down their heads to avoid the pelting of the storm, and cover their guns with their coats to keep them dry. They attempted drawing a field-piece on a sled, but that was abandoned. Two feints were

made along the line of defence while Mongomery attacked from one quarter, and Arnold from the opposite. Arnold was severely wounded, but his men carried the battery. Montgomery pressed to the attack, but the brave general fell at the cannon's mouth. With the death of Montgomery all hope of success was gone.

The Continental Congress could not yet give up the subjugation of Canada. Reinforcements were sent there only to suffer from want and die of the small-pox. When, at last, an English fleet anchored at Quebec, the only alternative left to the colonial forces was to retreat.

It was about this time that Brant reached Canada, after his return from England. In command of large bodies of Indians, he entered immediately into the service. Carleton ordered him, with six hundred Iroquois, to join a company of regulars in dislodging the Americans from a point of land about forty miles above Montreal, known as The Cedars. The American commander, Bedell, when he saw the English and Indians approaching, deserted under pretence of going for reinforcements. The command was left to Major Butterfield, who seems to have been hardly less cowardly than Bedell. After a brief fight with musketry, he was intimidated by a threat that the

Indians would have no mercy if the Americans held out any longer, and surrendered, against the wishes of his men. He had hardly surrendered, when a detachment was sent to his relief by Arnold. Having no intimation of the surrender, the detachment was attacked by Brant when within four miles of The Cedars. A sharp battle ensued; sometimes the Indians were driven back, and the Americans would attack even more fiercely, then the Indians would rally again, and the Americans, in their turn, would be forced to fall back. But the colonial troops were at last compelled to surrender. The savages murdered several of the prisoners before they could be stopped. Brant immediately exerted himself in every way to prevent a massacre. One of the prisoners, Captain McKinistry, who was wounded, was selected by the Indians to be put to death by torture. Brant would not permit this, but a chief's influence is not very great in such cases, and it was with a good deal of trouble that he prevented it. To soothe the feelings of his disappointed savages, he and some of the British officers made up a purse, with which they bought the Indians an ox to roast instead of Captain McKinistry, who was treated with so much kindness by the young chief that he and Brant became fast

friends. In after-years Brant never passed down the Hudson without visiting the captain at his home.

As soon as Arnold heard of the disaster, he marched upon the English and Brant, but he received a threat that if he gave battle the Indians could not be restrained from butchering the prisoners in their power. Arnold secured the exchange of the prisoners, however, promising to release British prisoners in return. The American Congress thought itself justified in neglecting to fulfil this promise, on the ground that the British had committed a breach of faith in allowing the Indians to kill prisoners of war.

CHAPTER XXV.

WOODEN GUNS AND FALSE DISPATCHES.

CARLETON was censured by bitter partisans on the English side for having damped the zeal of the Indians in not allowing the savages to pass the border of Canada. A different policy was inaugurated, and a cruel border warfare began. The small bands of the Oneidas and Tuscaroras remained friendly to the United States. But the strength of the Six Nations followed Brant, and the famous confederacy was thus rent in two. It was announced that the council-fire at Onondaga was extinguished.

Brant was gathering his forces at the Indian town of Oquaga, on the Susquehanna, in 1777. The settlers on the Mohawk trembled. Colonel John Harper, one of four brothers who had founded a settlement called Harpersfield, was sent to find out the intentions of the warriors. Taking a white man and an Indian with him, he visited Oquaga. The Indians with characteristic duplicity said that their intentions were peaceful,

and that they were very sorry for the country's troubles. In a few months after this, however, Brant ascended the river to Unadilla with a band of eighty warriors, and called upon the militia officers and the minister to furnish him provisions. He said that if the provisions were not given to him peaceably he would use force.

"The Mohawks always were warriors," said Brant, when questioned as to what were his intentions. "Our agreement with the king is very strong, and we are not such villains as to break our word."

Nothing remained for the scattered settlers but to furnish the provisions Brant had demanded, but when he was gone they fled to a more populous country. Many of the people at the outposts of frontier settlements had taken refuge at Cherry Valley. Here the settlers, to protect themselves, threw up an embankment of logs and earth around the largest house of the neighborhood and its barns, and built also two small block-houses within the enclosure. Those who were either too young or too old to go into service elsewhere formed themselves into a company for the protection of the settlement, while even the boys paraded with wooden guns. Meantime Brant at Oquaga planned an attack upon Cherry Valley. He

approached the settlement with his Indians one bright May morning, and took an observation from the distant woods. It happened just at this moment that the boys of the settlement were parading in front of the rude fort with their wooden swords and guns. Brant mistook the amateurs for real soldiers. He with his party moved to a hiding-place along the roadside, hoping to intercept some one who would give him information. At the spot he had chosen the road wound along the edge of a precipice a hundred and fifty feet deep. In this wild chasm was a waterfall called by the Indians Tekaharawa. That morning Lieutenant Wormwood, a rich young gentleman from the Mohawk, had come over to Cherry Valley to tell the inhabitants that reinforcements were to be sent for their defence. He attracted much attention at the settlement, being dressed in a suit of ash-colored velvet. As he started away he threw down his portmanteau, saying that he would not take it, as he would be back there the next day with his regiment. He was accompanied on his return by a man named Peter Sitz, who bore dispatches. A crowd watched the two men as they rode away from the settlement. As they neared the wild ravine of Tekaharawa Brant hailed them, but instead of answering they put spurs to their

horses and tried to pass. Then it was that the people at the village heard the crack of musketry. The young man fell dead, shot down by Brant, while Sitz's horse was shot from under him. The Indians rushed out and captured the messenger, while Brant scalped the young officer. Sitz had been provided with double dispatches, and he had the presence of mind to deliver the false ones to Brant. By means of these Brant was fortunately deceived as to the strength of Cherry Valley and retired. It is said that the chief regretted the death of the young man, as they had formerly been friends. He had fired upon him supposing him to be an officer of the Continental army.

Lieutenant Wormwood's horse returned to the settlement with blood upon the saddle, and his body was found behind a rock on the roadside, and this is all the settlers knew of the affair. Indians of course were the slayers, but it was not yet known in the settlement that Brant had committed any act of hostility.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ATTEMPT TO KILL BRANT.

BRANT'S forces at Oquaga continued to increase. It was evident that he was preparing for some hostile movement. The people on the frontier which he threatened were in terror. General Herkimer, who was an old neighbor and friend of Brant, determined to have an interview with him, hoping perhaps still to influence him to remain neutral, and probably intending to capture the chief if possible. He sent a messenger inviting Brant to an interview with him at Unadilla. He marched to this place with over three hundred of the militia. Brant moved to meet him with some five hundred braves. He encamped within two miles of Herkimer, and sent a messenger to the general.

"Captain Brant wants to know what you came here for," said the messenger.

"I merely came to see and talk with my brother, Captain Brant," answered Herkimer.

"Do all these men want to talk with Captain

Brant too?" inquired the Indian. "I will carry your talk back to Captain Brant, but you must not come any farther."

After much sending back and forth of messengers, a meeting between the chief and the general was brought about. A temporary shed was built half-way between the two encampments, and the parties agreed to meet here unarmed. General Herkimer was already stationed in the shed when Brant appeared on the edge of the woods, accompanied by a Tory named Captain Bull, young William Johnson, Sir William's son and Brant's own nephew, another Mohawk chief, and an Indian woman, perhaps Brant's wife. He had also about forty braves with him. He approached Herkimer's party somewhat cautiously, naturally suspecting treachery. He greeted the general, and began to converse, but watched his face with a keen eye.

"May I inquire the reason of my being so honored?" said the polite chief.

"I came only on a friendly visit," answered Herkimer.

"And all these have come on a friendly visit too?" and Brant eyed Herkimer's companions. "All want to see the poor Indians? It is very kind," said the chief, sarcastically.

The general wanted to move forward to the village, but Brant told him that he was near enough, and would not be allowed to go nearer. Herkimer questioned Brant about his feelings and intentions with regard to the war between England and the colonies.

"The Indians are in concert with the king as their fathers were," answered Brant, earnestly. "We have yet got the wampum-belt which the king gave us, and we cannot break our word. You and your followers have joined the Boston people against your sovereign. Yet, although the Bostonians are resolute, the king will humble them. General Schuyler was very smart on the Indians in his treaty with them, but at the same time he could not afford to give them the smallest article of clothing. The Indians have before made war upon the white people when they were all united; now they are divided, and the Indians are not frightened."

Brant was answered by an American named Colonel Cox. He said something in his speech which angered the Indians. Brant made a signal to his warriors. They ran back to camp, and returned armed. The war-whoop rang through the air, and for a moment there was a great deal of excitement. Meantime Brant was soothed. He

peremptorily refused to surrender the Tories in his party, when this was demanded. He agreed to meet Herkimer again on the following morning.

White men in Indian warfare often become as treacherous as the Indians themselves. Herkimer must undoubtedly have designed some attack on Brant, had not the chief's force been so great and he himself so guarded in his movements. He now secretly planned with three men to assassinate Brant in the council of the following day, at a given signal. But Brant was wary. He marched up to General Herkimer in the morning with great dignity.

"I have five hundred warriors with me, armed and ready for battle," said he. "You are in my power; but as we have been friends and neighbors I will not take the advantage of you." Brant gave a signal. Instantly five hundred Indians rushed out of the woods, armed, painted, and yelling the war-whoop.

"Now," said Brant, "General Herkimer, I advise you to go back to your own home. I thank you for your civility in coming so far to see me, and perhaps some day I may return the compliment. Now I will return to my village, and you may rest assured that, for the present, the Indians will commit no hostilities."

It is needless to say that Brant was not assassinated. Herkimer promised to follow his advice, and presented the Indians with some cattle, desiring perhaps to occupy their thoughts. They fell upon the animals instantly and began slaughtering them, while Brant turned and walked proudly away. The morning had been exceedingly clear and lovely, but black clouds now covered the sky and a violent storm burst upon the country.

Soon after this Brant and his Indians removed to Oswego, where Sir John Johnson was concentrating the Tories under his influence. Here the Six Nations were again figuratively invited to eat the flesh and drink the blood of a Bostonian, and here a great council was called. There was at this council much display of the tawdry presents which Indians value so highly. The council was called to encourage the Six Nations to harass the colonists by a border warfare. At the close of the council every Indian was presented with a suit of clothes, a brass kettle, a gun, a tomahawk, a scalping-knife, ammunition, and a piece of gold. Rewards were also offered for scalps.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FORERUNNERS OF A SIEGE.

THE rebel colonies were to be subjugated by the campaign of 1777. By the employment of German mercenaries and of Indians, the king had made every effort to furnish a sufficient force for this purpose. Part of the plan for the year was the descent of General Burgoyne, by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George, into the heart of the country, where he was to make a junction with Howe's forces. Burgoyne was provided with a large and well-trained army. He made a grandiloquent speech to his Indian allies, in which he said: "Warriors, you are free; go forth in the might of your valor and of your cause; strike at the common enemies of Great Britain and America, disturbers of public order, peace, and happiness, destroyers of commerce, parricides of the state. . . . Be it our task to regulate your passions when they overbear. I positively forbid bloodshed when you are not opposed in arms. Aged men, women, children, and prisoners must

be held sacred from the knife and the hatchet." Meantime the general of the German mercenaries, Baron von Riedesel, exclaimed, "Wretched colonies! if these wild souls are indulged in war."

While the British army, graced by the presence of some of the officers' ladies, was gayly marching in triumphant progress toward the Hudson, Brant accompanied a detachment under Colonel St. Leger to make a diversion in the direction of the young chief's old home, the Mohawk Valley. St. Leger was to ascend the St. Lawrence to Oswego, where he was to be joined by the Indians and Sir John Johnson with his regiment of loyalists, known as the Royal Greens. From here, by way of Oneida Lake and Wood Creek, the forces were to march upon Fort Schuyler, or Stanwix, the name by which it is better known. The fort was to be reduced, and St. Leger was to form a junction with Burgoyne.

The inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley were in a deplorable condition of fright and discouragement. The first news that reached them of the coming invasion was brought by a half-breed Oneida Indian, who said he had attended a council of the hostile Indians held by Colonel Claus.

"Ticonderoga is mine," announced this gentleman, in bravado. "This is true, you may depend

on it, and not one gun shall be fired. The same is true of Fort Schuyler. I am sure when I come before that fort, and the commanding officer shall see me, he also will not fire a shot, but will surrender the fort to me." Curiously enough, Burgoyne had taken Ticonderoga without a shot, and this led the Indians to believe in Colonel Claus's powers of prophecy.

"Brothers!" exclaimed the Oneida, "now is your time to awake, and not to sleep any longer, or, on the contrary, it shall go with Fort Schuyler as it went already with Ticonderoga. . . . If you don't come soon, without delay, to assist this place, we can't stay much longer on your side; for if you leave this fort without succor, and the enemy shall get possession of it, we shall suffer like you in your settlements."

But the settlers were deeply dejected, and many of them were inclined to go over to the British side. John Jay said of them at the time that their situation was "both shameful and alarming. . . . God knows what to do with or for them. Were they alone interested in their fate, I should be for leaving their cart in the slough till they put their shoulders to the wheel."

From time to time parties of disaffected inhabitants would steal away to join the British.

Frightful rumors were constantly reaching the settlements. Men dared not work in the fields without a company of neighbors to guard them, the Indian ravagers were expected every day. In the spring of 1777 Colonel Harper, who was in command of one of the little neighborhood forts, had made a circuit through the woods to Harpersfield, and set out to return. As he climbed a hill he suddenly saw a band of Indians approaching. His overcoat covered his uniform, and he walked right up to the Indians. He recognized among them a Mohawk of his acquaintance, but fortunately they did not know him. He saluted them in the usual manner, and gave them the impression by his conversation that he was a loyalist. They informed him that they were on their way to cut off a small settlement upon the Susquehanna. When out of their sight, the Colonel returned to Harpersfield in all haste. Here he collected a band of fifteen brave men accustomed to border life. Each man provided himself with two days' provisions and a rope. They then went in pursuit of the Indians. That same night, as they stole along through the woods, they saw their camp-fire. The white men halted and waited. Toward morning, when the Indians were in their soundest sleep, Harper and his men crept up. The Indians had stacked

their arms in the centre of the encampment. The white men first quietly removed these. Each man chose his Indian, and at a given signal every Indian was grasped and bound before he was fairly awake.

"Ugh! Colonel Harper!" exclaimed the Mohawk, as daylight appeared, "why didn't I know you yesterday?"

Fort Stanwix, in the summer of 1777, was in a bad condition to withstand attack. It had gone to decay, the ditch surrounding it was filled up, and it was poorly garrisoned. Colonel Peter Gansevoort, who was placed in command, did his best in the short time remaining to strengthen the defences. Those of the garrison who were not sick from destitution were kept constantly at work. Meantime it became daily more difficult to do any work outside of the fort, on account of lurking parties of Indians. Of some soldiers at work within three quarters of a mile of the fort, one was killed and mangled, two wounded, and six missing. Meanwhile there were only provisions enough in the fort to last about six weeks, and the garrison was in want of ammunition. Prowling parties of Indians were more and more infesting the neighborhood. One day the air was filled with clouds of pigeons. Two men, Captain Gregg

and Corporal Madison, contrary to orders, went out to hunt in the neighboring woods. They were both shot down, and instantly the Indians rushed upon them to take their scalps. Captain Gregg had been shot through the back, and was still alive. With great presence of mind he pretended to be dead, and uttered no groan during the painful operation of scalping. When the Indians had gone he crept to the dead corporal and laid his head upon his friend's body. Captain Gregg's dog, who was with him, now ran to a place where two men were fishing. By his imploring actions he attracted their attention, and led them to his master. The fishermen immediately hurried to the fort with the news, and a party of soldiers came to Gregg's relief. His wounds were very dangerous, but he finally recovered from them.

Again, as Colonel Willet was taking his noon-day rest, he was one day startled by the report of musketry. He hastened to the parapet, and saw a little girl, with a basket on her arm, running toward the fort, while the blood trickled down the bosom of her dress. She had been out picking berries with two other girls. They had been fired upon by some Indians, and two of them were killed. The child who escaped was but slightly wounded.

Such attacks were the forerunners of the coming siege. Fortunately, before it was too late reinforcements of two hundred men arrived, with two bateaux of provisions and ammunition. With all haste the boats were unloaded. As the last of the lading reached the fort, the hostile Indians appeared at the edge of the woods and succeeded in capturing the captain of the boat. The garrison now counted seven hundred and fifty men. They had provisions enough for six weeks, but they were very much in want of ammunition for the cannon. Worst of all in their eyes, they had not a flag with which to bid defiance to the army now before the walls of the fort. The soldiers sacrificed, however, their white shirts to the cause; a blue camlet cloak, captured from the enemy, was stripped up, while various odds and ends of red were added, and a pieced-up flag soon waved gallantly over the fort.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SIEGE OF FORT STANWIX.

St. Leger set out from Oswego with an army of seventeen hundred men, including Brant's Indians. In advance of the main army marched five columns of Indians in single file. Back of these were Indians walking ten paces apart, and forming a line of communication with the advance-guard of the army. This, in turn, was a hundred paces ahead of the main line. A hundred paces from the right and left flanks moved large guards of Indians, while the rear-guard was of regular troops. In addition to these precautions a small detachment of soldiers and Indians, under Lieutenant Bird, were sent a day or two in advance of the army. From this lieutenant's diary we learn that he had a great deal of trouble with the Indians, who are always the most independent of soldiers. For instance, on Tuesday he marched two miles, and no Indians coming up, he halted. After two hours, sixteen Senecas appeared. He moved on and waited again, when seventy or eighty more Indians came up.

Bird suggested marching forward, but they had stolen two oxen from the drove of the main army and must stop to feast on them. On Wednesday morning he waited till six for the Indians, but they did not come; so he set off without them. Thursday a number of savages were again with Lieutenant Bird. On Friday they declined to proceed farther. Bird called a council of the chiefs and told them that he was ordered to go near the fort, and if they would not go with him he and his men would go without them. Some of the Indians consented to go, but the Senecas grumbled that Lieutenant Bird had promised to take their advice. That officer answered that he had meant to follow their advice only as to fighting in the woods, and that he had told them before that his plans were to invest the fort and prevent the Americans from building any obstruction in Wood Creek. He said, however, as he had promised to be advised by them, that he would wait till morning and then certainly they would march. They seemed to assent to this, but they in reality, like most Indians, stood in dread of the guns of the fort. On the following morning they absolutely refused to move, with the exception of a Mohawk and one other Indian. Bird stated the case in a letter to his commanding officer, and expressed his

willingness to invest the fort at any rate. St. Leger answered ordering him to do so; and detached Brant and his forces to aid in the investment. He also instructed Bird that, in case the enemy should wish to surrender, the lieutenant was not to conclude matters, but to tell them that he was sure his commander would listen favorably to such overtures. "This," he said, "is not to take any honor out of a young soldier's hands, but, by the presence of the troops, to prevent the barbarity and carnage which will ever obtain where Indians make so superior a part of a detachment."

Brant and Lieutenant Bird made the investment just as the garrison had secured the additional provisions as we have seen. The main army came up on the following day. A flag was immediately sent to the fort with high-sounding proclamations, a kind of harmless artillery with which officers sometimes try to frighten a garrison into submission. It produced no effect, however, on the men in Fort Stanwix, and the siege was immediately begun.

Every stump and shrub was alive with Indians. The men who were employed in raising the parapets were much annoyed by their fire. Sharpshooters took every opportunity to return it. The next day the enemy fired shells into the fort, and

on the following evening Brant's Indians, numbering about a thousand, spread themselves in the woods encircling the fort, and kept up a most frighful yelling during the main part of the night. This probably was for the same purpose as St. Leger's proclamation.

Meantime no sooner was the dreaded army really upon them than the inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley began to find courage. General Herkimer summoned the militia, who responded nobly, and set out to assist the garrison at the fort. He marched to Oriskany. From here he sent an express to Colonel Gansevoort announcing his approach. General Herkimer now began to have misgivings as to whether he ought to advance farther without reinforcement. In a consultation some of the officers, impatient to proceed, used high words, and called their general a Tory and a coward. The old man calmly answered that he considered himself placed over them as a father, and that he did not wish to lead them into trouble which he could not get them out of. He predicted that they would be ready to run when they should see the enemy. The officers persisted, however, and Herkimer at last became irritated, and cried "March on!" His troops gave a shout of joy and rushed forward.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

THE eager troops had moved forward but two miles, when the guards both in the front and on the flanks were shot down. They were in the midst of an ambuscade. St. Leger, hearing of Herkimer's advance, had sent Brant with a large body of Indians, accompanied by some of the Royal Greens and rangers, to prevent an attack in the trenches. Brant had chosen his position where the road crossed a marshy ravine over a causeway. On the high land above the ravine Brant laid his ambuscade in a circular form, leaving but a small opening to admit the hostile forces. Thus, at the first fire, Herkimer's whole army, with the exception of the rear-guard, was inclosed in the trap, and the Indians immediately completed the circle. The baggage and ammunition wagons with the rear-guard were thus cut off and left in the ravine. Overpowered by numbers of hidden Indians, with their hideous war-whoop, the rear-guard fled, as their general had predicted. They

were pursued by some of the Indians, and suffered most severely.

But there was no flight for those within the circle. They were thrown into hopeless confusion at the suddenness of the attack. The Indians fired with unerring aim from behind trees, and it seemed that the Americans would be entirely destroyed. When an American had fired and before he had time to reload his gun, an Indian would rush upon him with tomahawk and scalping-knife. Many hand-to-hand conflicts ensued, and sometimes both Indian and white man died in a death-grapple. General Herkimer's leg was shattered by a ball, but seated on his saddle, and leaning against the trunk of a tree, he continued to command his men, who dropped dead about him on every side. The battle had lasted forty-five minutes, when the cool old general succeeded in restoring some kind of order. The fatal Indian circle was gradually closing in upon the Americans, who formed themselves into circles that they might repel the attacks of the enemy from all sides. The resistance of the Americans was now more effective. For a short time the firing almost ceased; then the enemy charged with the bayonet. At the crossing of bayonets a hand-to-hand struggle began. Man to man the royalists and Americans fought. Her-

kimer's forces withstood the charge bravely; the enemy seemed to waver, when suddenly a storm, which had come up unnoticed by the struggling combatants, broke upon them with tropical fury. The enemy, who had suffered severe loss as well as the surrounded Americans, retired to seek such shelter as they could find.

The storm lasted for about an hour, and the Americans took advantage of it to take a more advantageous position, and there to form themselves into a circle, sheltered, after the mode of border warfare, behind trees. The Indians had heretofore considered themselves safe in attacking with the tomahawk a man who had just fired. The Americans now prepared themselves for this style of warfare, placing two men behind every tree, one man firing at a time, and the other reserving his fire for the defence of his companion until the latter had reloaded. They stood thus, awaiting attack as the shower cleared away. When the fighing was again renewed the Americans, under their new arrangement, succeeded in making the Indians suffer severely. The latter were about to give way, when Major Watts appeared upon the scene with a fresh detachment of Johnson's Greens. As the royalists advanced upon the American militia, neighbor recognized neigh-

bor, and, with the bitter hatred of civil warfare, the battle was waged the more fiercely. The Americans fired upon the Greens as they came up, and then, with uncontrollable ferocity, sprang from the sheltering trees and attacked them with their bayonets and the butts of their muskets. The contest grew even closer, and militiamen and royalists throttled and stabbed one another, often dying in each other's embrace. General Herkimer was still seated upon his saddle upon a little hillock, that he might the better command his forces. He was advised to take a less exposed position.

"No," said the brave old man, "I will face the enemy," and he continued to give his orders, at the same time coolly taking out his tinder-box and lighting his pipe.

While this fierce conflict was raging, a ruse was attempted on the English side which came near deciding the battle. A detachment of the Greens was suddenly sent from the direction of the fort, disguised as Americans. Lieutenant Sammons first saw them, approaching in the direction of a body of men commanded by Captain Gardenier.

"Gardenier, here comes help from the fort," called out Sammons.

"Not so; they are enemies. Don't you see their green coats?" answered the quick-eyed captain.

The men continued to advance upon the doubtful Americans. Gardenier hailed them. Just at this moment one of Gardenier's men, recognizing an old friend in the approaching line, rushed forward to meet him, holding out his hand.

"You are a prisoner," he was told; at the same time his hand was caught with no friendly grasp, and he was dragged into the line of the disguised enemy.

Gardenier had watched for the result, and he now sprang forward, and, striking down the captor with his spear, released his struggling man. Two of the enemy instantly sprang upon Gardenier. He killed one and wounded the other. Three more rushed at him. His spur became entangled in their clothes and he was thrown to the ground. Two of the royalists pinned him there, running their spears through his thighs. The third presented his spear to Gardenier's breast to finish the work. The captain, however, grasped the spear with his hand, and, with a sudden wrench, brought the owner down upon himself. Here he hugged him close, as a protection against his assailants. One of his men now flew to his assistance, and, as the two royalists turned their spears upon him, Gardenier rose to a sitting posture, still holding his man, and snatched his

own spear with the hand with which he had grasped that of the enemy, and which was severely cut by the spear being drawn through it. In an instant he ran it into the man he held, who was a loyalist officer, and killed him. The whole struggle had been almost instantaneous.

"For God's sake, captain, you are killing our own men!" shouted one of the Americans.

"They are not our men, they are the enemy. Fire away!" cried Gardenier.

The Americans obeyed, and, under a deadly fire, about thirty of the greens and many Indians fell dead. The battle was once more hand to hand, the combatants rushing upon one another with the bayonet. The Americans were inspired by the quickness and courage of Gardenier. At one time three of the loyalists rushed within the American circle and tried to make a prisoner of Captain Dillenback, who had declared he would never be taken alive. One of the three loyalists seized his gun, but the captain wrenched it from him and struck him down with the butt. He turned upon the second man and shot him dead, and in an instant more he had thrust the third through with his bayonet. Hardly had he accomplished this feat when a musket-ball killed him.

Brant's Indians had suffered much more severely

than they usually suffer in their kind of warfare. Their attack had been persistent and brave, but many of their chiefs were dead, and the Americans held out with incredible stubbornness. The Indians at last raised the retreating cry of "Donah!" and fled amid the triumphant shout of the surviving militiamen.

Meantime a sally from the fort had been made under Colonel Willet immediately after the rain, and this now drew off the loyalist forces. Colonel Willet had made his movements with the utmost rapidity, driving in the enemy's sentinels and attacking the advance-guard. Sir John Johnson, who was in his tent with his coat off, had not time to put it on, but was obliged instantly to retreat, being unable to bring his troops into order. Colonel Willet took possession of Johnson's camp and the Indian camp in succession. The spoil was instantly drawn to the fort in seven large wagon-loads. Among the other things, five British standards and all of Sir John Johnson's papers, containing valuable information for the garrison, were captured. When Colonel Willet returned toward the fort, Colonel St. Leger, who was on the opposite side of the river, tried to intercept him. Willet immediately formed his troops, and gave the enemy a full fire in front. Their returned

fire was so wild as to be harmless, and the American forces returned to the fort without the loss of a man. The captured British flags were hoisted under the home-made American one, and the men ascended the parapets and gave three hearty cheers.

But the loss on the main battle-field was severe enough on both sides. The British claimed it as a victory, but the Americans remained in possession of the field. They were busied making litters upon which to carry off the wounded. As they were placing General Herkimer upon one of these, three Indians approached and were instantly shot down by the riflemen. These were the last shots of the battle. Major Watts was left on the field by the loyalists, supposed to be dead. He fainted from loss of blood, but reviving, he succeeded in crawling to a brook, where he satisfied his thirst, and in two or three days was found by some Indians and carried to St. Leger's camp.

"I beheld the most shocking sight I ever witnessed," said an American scout who returned from a distant errand some days after and crossed the battle-field. "The Indians and white men were mingled with one another, just as they had been left when Death had first completed his work."

The Indians were almost inconsolable for their severe loss. When they returned to their villages great was the mourning expressed by shrieking and howling over the slain. Brant often spoke sadly in after-life of the sufferings of his "poor Mohawks" in this battle. The loss of a hundred men meant much more to the thin and fast-diminishing population of the Six Nations than it did to the thickly-settled whites.

General Herkimer did not long survive the battle. His leg was amputated, but the blood could not be stanched, and the brave old soldier read the thirty-eighth psalm to those who surrounded his bed, and soon afterwards died.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW A SIMPLETON RAISED THE SIEGE.

In a communication to the besieged garrison, St. Leger represented the result of the battle of Oriskany as favorably for the English side as possible. Along with this letter he sent a verbal demand to surrender.

"I will answer no verbal summons but at the mouth of the cannon, unless delivered by Colonel St. Leger himself," said Colonel Gansevoort to the messenger.

Next day a white flag approached the fort with a request from its bearer that Colonel Butler, a loyalist of the Mohawk Valley, and two other officers might be admitted to the fort with a message. Consent was given, and the messengers were blindfolded and conducted within the fort to Colonel Gansevoort's dining-room, where the blinds were closed, candles lighted, and the table spread with refreshments. The room was filled with American officers. The bandages were removed from the messengers' eyes, and wine was passed.

"I am directed by Colonel St. Leger, the officer commanding the army now investing this garrison," began one of the messengers, Major Ancrom, "to inform the commandant that the colonel has with much difficulty prevailed upon the Indians to agree that if the garrison, without further resistance, shall be delivered up, with the public stores belonging to it, to the investing army, the officers and soldiers shall have all their baggage and private property secured to them. And in order that the garrison may have a sufficient pledge to this effect, Colonel Butler accompanies me to assure them that not a hair of the head of any one of them shall be hurt. That, I think, was the expression made use of, was it not?" turning to Colonel Butler.

"Yes," was the answer.

"I am likewise directed to remind the commandant that the defeat of General Herkimer must deprive the garrison of all hopes of relief, especially as General Burgoyne is now in Albany; so that sooner or later the fort must fall into our hands. . . . Should, then, the present terms be rejected, it will be out of the power of the colonel to restrain the Indians, who are very numerous and exasperated, not only from plundering the property, but from destroying the lives, probably,

of the greater part of the garrison. Indeed the Indians are so exceedingly provoked and mortified by the losses they have sustained in the late actions, having had several of their favorite chiefs killed, that they threaten—and the colonel, if the present arrangements should not be entered into, will not be able to prevent them from executing their threats—to march down the country and destroy the settlement and its inhabitants. In this case, not only men but women and children will experience the sad effects of their vengeance. These considerations, it is ardently hoped, will produce a proper effect and induce the commandant, by complying with the terms now offered, to save himself from future regret when it is too late."

"Do I understand you, sir?" answered Colonel Willett, hotly. "I think you say that you come from a British colonel, who is commander of the army that invests this fort; and by your uniform, you seem to be an officer in the British service. You have made a long speech on the occasion of your visit, which, stripped of all its superfluities, amounts to this: that you come from a British colonel to the commander of this garrison to tell him that if he does not deliver up the garrison into the hands of your colonel, he will send his Indians to murder our women and children. You will please

to reflect, sir, that their blood will be on your heads, not on ours. We are doing our duty, this garrison is committed to our charge, and we will take care of it. After you get out of it, you may turn round and look at its outside, but never expect to come in again, unless you come as a prisoner. I consider the message you have brought a degrading one for a British officer to send, and by no means reputable for a British officer to carry. For my own part, I declare, before I would consent to deliver this garrison to such a murdering set as your army, by your own account, consists of, I would suffer my body to be filled with splinters and set on fire, as you know has at times been practised by such hordes of women-and-children-killers as belong to your army."

The American officers received this speech with applause. This was all the answer the British officers could get to their demand for a surrender. Colonel Gansevoort agreed, however, to the proposal of a three days' armistice — his ammunition being scarce. The besieging army now issued an appeal to the inhabitants signed by their old influential neighbors, Sir John Johnson, Colonel Claus and Colonel Butler. This was very much the same as Major Ancrom's speech: the settlers were promised favor in case

of submission, threatened with destruction by the Indians if they did not submit, and advised to employ every means to overcome the "mulish obstinacy" of the garrison of Fort Stanwix. Messengers were sent through the neighboring country with this paper.

Meantime the situation of the garrison was indeed becoming desperate in spite of their brave refusal to surrender. The British artillery was not heavy enough to make much impression on the defences, but the provisions within the fort would not last much longer. Colonel Willett was very popular among the inhabitants of the neighboring settlements of Tryon County, and it was thought that if he showed himself among the militia he might still rally a force large enough to raise the siege. The brave officer determined to attempt to pass the enemy's lines, and to make his way some forty or fifty miles through marsh and woods infested with Indians to the settlements. Taking with him Major Stockwell, Willett prepared for the daring attempt. They dressed themselves as lightly as possible. For weapons they each took a spear, for provisions some crackers and cheese, and a canteen of spirits. At ten o'clock at night they left the sally-port, and were lost to the eyes of the anxious garrison.

Meantime Colonel St. Leger pushed the siege vigorously. He began to approach the fort by sap, digging trenches which protected his men and came every day nearer to the works. As the trenches neared the defences, the garrison succeeded in annoying the enemy a great deal. Still, when the mining had approached to within a hundred and fifty yards of the fort, they began to grow uneasy. All this time they knew nothing of the fate of Colonel Willett and his companion. Their provisions were fast going, and there began to be whispers among the soldiers that it would be better to surrender and save the garrison from another Fort William Henry tragedy. But their commander was firm in his determination. Colonel Gansevoort knew well that in any case the exasperated Indians were not to be trusted with defenceless prisoners. He resolved that if the worst came to the worst, no assistance arrived and provisions were exhausted, he would make a night sally and attempt to cut his way through the enemy's lines.

Meantime the bold officers who had gone for reinforcements, issuing from the sally-port, crept on their hands and knees along the edge of a marsh to the river. They crawled over this upon a log. They passed very near the enemy's sen-

tinel, but succeeded in getting by unseen. They next entered the forest, where they lost their way in the darkness. After groping a time they heard the barking of a dog. They were now really in danger, for this announced the neighborhood of an Indian encampment. They therefore stood perfectly still for several hours. When daylight appeared they started cautiously forward, making a zigzag course toward their destination, sometimes walking through the beds of streams or stepping from stone to stone along their banks to conceal their trail, after the Indian manner. They travelled thus all day without halting once. When night again came on they dared not strike a light, but lay down in each other's arms to sleep. The next day their provisions were exhausted, but they fortunately found plenty of raspberries and blackberries in an opening in the woods made by the blowing down of trees. At three o'clock in the afternoon they arrived at Fort Dayton. Colonel Willett here heard that General Arnold had been ordered to march to the relief of Fort Stanwix. He immediately took horse for Albany to join Arnold.

Meanwhile the enemy had been busy in trying to influence disaffected inhabitants. Colonel Weston, the commander of Fort Dayton, heard of a

secret Tory meeting at the house of a Mr. Shoemaker in the neighborhood. He sent there a detachment of troops, who took the meeting by surprise, just as Lieutenant Butler from St. Leger's army was making a speech. This young man had come into the country secretly with fourteen soldiers and as many Indians, for the purpose of distributing the paper which had been prepared for this purpose. He was tried by court-martial, Colonel Willett, who had returned from Albany, presiding as judge. Lieutenant Butler was sentenced to death. A number of American officers who had been college students with him interceded for him, and his life was saved by a reprieve. He was imprisoned, but he subsequently ran away, to return with the Indians in their border warfare upon his native Mohawk Valley.

Arnold was all this time waiting at Fort Dayton for supplies and reinforcements before he marched to the relief of Fort Stanwix. Among the Tories captured at the secret meeting with Lieutenant Butler was a half-fool named Hon-Yost Schuyler. Hon-Yost is a nickname for Johannes Justus. Living on the border, Hon-Yost associated much with the Indians, and was regarded by them with the superstitious reverence which they have for simple-minded people. He had taken the loyalist

side, and now when he was captured he too was tried by court-martial and condemned to die. His mother, an old half-gypsy creature, and his brother Nicholas came to General Arnold to beg for Hon-Yost's life. The old woman pleaded for her son eloquently, but Arnold was inexorable. Still she begged and implored passionately. She became almost frantic in her grief, and Arnold at last proposed terms on which he would grant Hon-Yost's pardon. He must hurry to Fort Stanwix and alarm St. Leger's army, so that he would raise the siege. The half-fool immediately accepted these conditions, and his old mother eagerly offered herself as a hostage for its faithful performance. Arnold, however, preferred to imprison the brother Nicholas in Hon-Yost's stead. Nicholas readily consented to forfeit his life if Hon-Yost proved untrue to his commission. Hon-Yost now made an arrangement with a friendly Oneida Indian to aid him. Before he set out his rough backwoodsman's clothes were hung up and several shots were fired through them. He then started by one route for St. Leger's army, and the Oneida took another.

Brant's Indian warriors had been morose and dissatisfied since the battle of Oriskany. They had been promised an easy success and

much plunder, and they had found neither the one nor the other. They were now holding a great pow-wow to consult the spirits about the success of the present siege. In the midst of the ranting, and drumming, and dancing, and other mysterious jugglery, Hon-Yost arrived in camp. The Indians had already heard some indefinite rumors of Arnold's approach. Hon-Yost was well known to be on their side, and they crowded around him to hear the news. With the trickiness of a half-witted man he did not deliver his message in plain words. He knew the effect of mystery with an Indian. He shook his head ominously; he pointed to his riddled clothes to denote his narrow escape from the oncoming foe.

"How many men—how many men are there?" asked the eager Indians.

Hon-Yost looked up and pointed to the leaves of the trees over his head. The report ran like wild-fire through the camp. It quickly reached the ear of the commander. St. Leger sent for Hon-Yost. The wily fellow adopted a different policy in talking to the English commander. He told a straight and pitiful story: how he had been captured, tried, and condemned; how, on the way to his execution, finding himself carelessly guarded, he had fled, thinking he would die any way, and he

would as soon be shot as hung. His escape had indeed been narrow, as the colonel might see by looking at his clothes. And the Americans were coming in great force to raise the siege.

While Hon-Yost was being interviewed at headquarters the Oneida messenger arrived with wampum to say that the Americans were indeed coming in great force. On his way the Oneida had met several Indian friends, whom he had engaged to assist the scheme by following him at intervals and confirming his story. Thus, from time to time, excited Indians would drop into camp from different directions with alarming rumors. Birds had brought them momentous news, they would say. Even the spirits consulted in the pow-wow gave ominous warnings. St. Leger saw that the Indians were about to decamp. He tried to reassure them. He called a council, but neither the influence of Brant nor that of Johnson and Claus was of any avail.

"The pow-wow says we must go—the pow-wow says we must go," persisted the Indians.

The beleagured garrison looked on with wonder to see the enemy hastily retreat, leaving tents, baggage, and artillery behind them. Arnold, meantime, had heard that St. Leger had pushed his sapping process to within a short distance of

the ramparts, and, fearing lest the brave garrison would fall victims to the Indian tomahawk, he pushed forward without waiting longer for reinforcements. He had marched but ten miles when an express from Colonel Gansevoort reached him with the good news that the siege had been raised. Gansevoort knew not how, but Arnold knew full well.

Meantime the sullen savages in the retreating army were amusing themselves at the expense of the loyalists. They would raise a shout that the Americans were upon them, and then their mocking laugh would arise on all sides at the panic they thus produced. It is related that Colonel St. Leger and Sir John Johnson at one time had a dispute. They were standing quarrelling, the colonel reproaching the baronet for the defection of the Indians, and the baronet charging St. Leger in turn with indifference in prosecuting the siege. It was just at dusk on a summer evening. Two Indian chiefs were not far behind the officers and overheard the high words.

"They are coming! they are coming!" cried the chiefs, instantly putting a stop to the dispute, for the officers quickly resumed the retreat. The troops threw away knapsacks and arms that they might proceed the faster. The Indians kept up

the grim joke from time to time all the way. They were by no means in a pleasant frame of mind. They robbed the officers at their pleasure and plundered several of the army's boats. They even murdered some of the straggling soldiers of the British army before the retreat was ended.

Hon-Yost accompanied the army a little way and then returned to Fort Dayton, where his brother was released, to the great joy of the old mother. He nevertheless took the first opportunity to join the Tories, running away with some of his neighbors to Sir John Johnson's forces.

"Britons never go back!" Burgoyne had exclaimed at the triumphant beginning of his campaign. But St. Leger's retreat was but one of the many disasters which accompanied that great expedition. American farmers, in the simple uniform of shirt-sleeves and armed with fowling-pieces, rose up to meet the disciplined forces of the invading army.

At Schuylerville, on the Hudson, a decisive battle was at length fought between the royal forces and the American army, the latter headed by an indifferent general. Burgoyne's whole force, including the brave German mercenaries who had been sold by their princes, was surrendered into the hands of the Americans.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WAR ON THE BORDER.

BRANT was again at Oquaga in 1778, the terror of the border. Women turned pale, and children trembled at his very name. Joined with him were forces of loyalist settlers embittered by the loss of their homes and ready to strike terrible blows at their old neighbors. The Indians, from time to time, destroyed isolated families who lived on the defenceless outskirts of the frontier. It was, over and over again, the same old story, a war-whoop, a short and bloody struggle, massacre, fire, and captivity. In the bitter animosity of the day no story of cruelty was too black to be laid upon Brant, the great chief of these savage warriors. He was even accused of the famous massacre at the Wyoming Valley, which was long exaggerated in its horrors, and which is immortalized in Campbell's well-known poem.

Brant felt keenly the hatred with which he was regarded in after-life among frontier-men. The proud chief wished, according to his ideas, to be

a gentlemen in every respect. He always denied that he had ever committed any act of cruelty during this cruel war, and none has been proved against him, while many stories of his mercy are well authenticated. He led indeed a savage force and fought in the savage way, as the English officials who managed the Indian alliance desired. When Indians were accused of cruelty Brant would return the charge upon the whites, who sometimes, in fact, almost excelled the savages in their revengeful barbarity. To Brant the civilized custom of imprisoning men was the worst of cruelty. A man's liberty, he held, was worth more than his life. Of the Indian custom of torture he did not approve, but when a man must die for a crime, he thought it better to give him some chance to make atonement in a courageous and warrior-like death than to execute him after the manner of the whites by the humiliating gallows. Brant used in after-life to defend the Indian mode of warfare. He said the Indians had neither the artillery, the numbers, the forts, nor the prisons of the white men. In place of artillery they must use stratagem; as their forces were small, they must use every means to kill as many of the enemy with as small a loss to themselves as possible, and, as they had no prisons, their cap-

tives must in some cases be killed. He held it more merciful to kill a suffering person, and thus put an end to his misery.

During the summer of 1778, when every borderer trembled for his life, a boy named William M'Kown was one day raking hay in a field alone. Happening to turn around, he saw an Indian very near him. He involuntarily raised his rake for defence.

"Don't be afraid, young man; I shan't hurt you," said the Indian. "Can you tell me where Foster's house is?"

The youth gave the directions to the loyalist's house, and then said, "Do you know Mr. Foster?"

"I am partially acquainted with him. I saw him once at Half-way Creek," answered the Indian. "What is your name?"

"William M'Kown."

"Oh, you are a son of Captain M'Kown, who lives in the north-east part of the town, I suppose. I know your father very well; he lives neighbor to Captain M'Kean. I know M'Kean very, very well, and a very fine fellow he is too."

"What is your name?" the boy ventured to ask.

The Indian hesitated a moment and then said: "My name is Brant."

"What! Captain Brant?" cried the boy, eagerly.

"No; I'm a cousin of his," answered the chief, smiling as he turned away.

The first blow that Brant struck in 1778 was at a small settlement about ten miles from Cherry Valley. The inhabitants were aroused by the terrible war-whoop in the dead of night. Some escaped, the rest were taken prisoners. Under Brant's guidance there was no massacring of helpless women and children. The houses and barns were fired, and their flames lighted up the country. The men were tied and carried into captivity. Brant had left one house unburnt. Into this he gathered the women and children, and here he left them unharmed.

The alarming news that Brant's forces were increasing, and that he was fortifying himself at Unadilla, reached Cherry Valley. Captain M'Kean, with five men, started out to reconnoitre. They stopped at the house of a Quaker named Sleeper. The Quaker said that Brant had been there that very day with fifty men, and would return again at night.

"Your house, Friend Sleeper, shall be my fort to-night," said M'Kean, examining the stout log structure. "I have five good marksmen with me, and I am not myself deficient in that qualification of a soldier."

The Quaker objected. He wished to remain neutral, and if the borderers carried out their wild plan he would lose his property, and perhaps his life. So M'Kean returned to the settlement, contenting himself with writing a challenge to Brant to meet him either in single combat or with an equal number of men, with the insulting addition that if Brant would come to Cherry Valley they would change him "from a Brant to a goose." This letter was put in the Indian post-office; in other words, it was tied to a stick and put in an Indian foot-path, and was sure to reach the chief. In a letter to a loyalist, a few days after, Brant added this postscript: "I heard the Cherry Valley people is very bold and intended to make nothing of us; they call us wild geese, but I know the contrary." In the letter he said: "I mean now to fight the cruel rebels as well as I can."

Brant on one of his predatory expeditions, in company with loyalists, was met by a brave handful of men under Captain Patrick. An open battle ensued. The white men were surrounded. The captain and twenty-one men were killed. Only five men escaped, and they were all wounded. The victorious enemy turned upon the settlements and destroyed them by fire.

The loyalist and Indian forces fell at one time

upon the Schoharie settlement, killing and capturing the inhabitants, burning their property, and besieging the small fort, whose commander had not the courage to attempt anything for the relief of the settlers.

Disgusted with his commander, Colonel Harper, who was within the fort, succeded in making his escape on horseback through the enemy's forces, and rode for Albany, hoping to procure assistance. Several loyalists and Indians, discovering his escape, pursued him. They overtook him where he lodged the first night. He heard the noise of their arrival, and, jumping up from his bed, he was ready for them. When they broke open his door he threatened to kill the first man who offered to enter. No one made the attempt, and he stood thus on guard all night. Toward morning he succeeded in again getting to his horse and escaping. He was pursued almost to Albany by an Indian trying to get a shot at him. When the Indian would near him Harper would turn and gallop towards him. The Indian would retreat, only to renew his attempts again when the colonel turned his back. At Albany, Harper procured a detachment, which rode all night and into the settlement at early morning, to the great joy of the surviving inhabitants. A charge was

sounded upon the besieging forces, and they retreated precipitately.

The borderers became savage Indian fighters. They fought the Indians with their own weapons of stratagem and surprise. One man was taken prisoner by a party of seven Indians. They marched him off into the woods. When night came they bound him and laid down to sleep. During the night he managed to release himself from his bonds. He cautiously slipped a tomahawk from the girdle of one of the sleeping Indians. With swift blows he killed six of the Indians. The seventh one was wounded, but escaped, while the white man, having thus released himself, returned home without fear of being chased by his captors.

One of the daring border characters was Tim Murphy, a Virginian, who had joined the militia, and, after his term had expired, remained on the frontier to wage war on his own account, just from a delight in adventure. His was an unerring aim, and he had a double-barrelled rifle which at first struck terror to the hearts of the Indians, who supposed he could fire all day without reloading. When they at last learned the true powers of the mysterious gun, they thought themselves safe in attacking the owner after his second fire. Many

were the attempts made on his life by the savages. Murphy was one day pursued by some Indians. He outran them all except one, whom he turned upon and shot. He supposed the others had given over the chase, and stopped to plunder the body of the fallen Indian. Before he knew it the pursuers were upon him. Picking up the rifle of the dead Indian, he fired upon the foremost pursuer. The Indians then rushed upon him, thinking themselves safe after the second shot. The savages thought they now had their invincible foe, when he turned upon them and killed one of their number with the remaining barrel of his own gun. The pursuers fled, sure that Murphy could fire all day without loading. This Murphy could take a scalp with as much gusto as a savage, and he boasted after the war was over that he had slain forty Indians.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MASSACRE OF CHERRY VALLEY.

THE finest and richest part of the Mohawk Valley was known as the German Flats. Here was a thriving settlement, barns well filled from an abundant crop, and here stood a stone church built by Sir William Johnson. Brant, with his Indian army, made his swift march upon this settlement in the early fall of 1778. Fortunately four scouts from the settlement were out. Three of them were killed by the Indians, but the fourth one escaped to warn the settlers. Men, women, and children took to Fort Dayton and Fort Herkimer for safety. Some of their most valuable property was hastily thrown into boats and taken to the forts. The stealthy Indians neared the settlement. The evening was very dark and rainy. Brant did not know that his approach was expected. He waited for the abating of the storm in a ravine near Mr. Shoemaker's house, where young Butler and Hon-Yost had been captured the year before. Before morning the storm broke

away and the Indians were on the move. They swept into the settlement from different directions, that they might take it entirely by surprise. They found the houses deserted. A moment more and the settlement was in a blaze. Each family could see from the fort its own home and the stored-up fruits of their year's labor fast burning up. But they might indeed be thankful they were not in the houses. The Indians dared not brave the artillery of the forts. As day dawned they could be seen rushing into the meadows after the cattle, and driving away sheep and horses. They left the settlers nothing, but fortunately they had found only two men to kill.

The friendly Oneida Indians undertook an expedition against Brant's villages in return, and did some damage. They came back with prisoners whom they presented to the settlers for slaves, as they said.

A war of retaliation was now begun. A regiment of American troops marched upon Brant's headquarters. They approached Unadilla with the greatest caution, thinking to surprise the Indians in their homes, but Indians are not often so surprised. They found that Unadilla had been deserted for some days. Capturing a loyalist, they made him guide them to Oquaga. This

town had been but just deserted in the greatest confusion, and much of the Indians' portable property was left behind. Here were a number of well-built houses which denoted Brant's efforts at civilization. The soldiers feasted upon the poultry and vegetables of the Indians, and then everything was set on fire and destroyed.

Near to this place was an Indian fortification. This, too, was laid in ruins. On the return two mills were burned, and the village of Unadilla was left in a blaze.

From his ruined villages Brant returned to Niagara for winter quarters. He was met on the way by the young Butler who had been imprisoned among the Americans. Butler, with a force of loyalists, was marching to attack the settlements. He brought orders for Brant to join him. The Mohawk chief was much displeased to be put in a subordinate position under this young man, whom he disliked. He was at length persuaded to join him, however, with some five hundred warriors.

It was late in the fall. The scattered settlers had returned to their homes, thinking it too late in the season for further danger from the Indians. Cherry Valley's fort was the church surrounded with a stockade and in the care of eastern soldiers,

who knew little of Indian fighting. They received some intelligence of an approach from the Indians, but contented themselves with sending out scouts, who when night came on built a fire and lay down to sleep by it. They awoke to find themselves prisoners. Butler and Brant approached the settlement on a stormy night. They fired upon a straggling settler, who escaped to give the alarm, but the infatuated commander of the garrison did not yet believe that the Indians were there in force. The wild army were about to enter the village. Unfortunately Butler's men halted to examine their arms, as their powder had been injured by the rain. The Indians pressed forward, and foremost of all the Senecas, uncontrollable in their ferocity. The house of Mr. Wells, a prominent citizen, was first surrounded. Every person in the house was killed. The officers of the garrison had been quartered among the settlers. The commander, Colonel Alden, was pursued down a hill by an Indian. He turned and snapped his pistol repeatedly upon his pursuer, but the savage threw his tomahawk at the officer's head and laid him dead. Several families were entirely cut off. One man returned from the field to find his wife and children all killed. There was nothing left for him but to remove their bodies

tenderly to the fort. The murderers entered the house of an old man, killed his wife, and were about to kill him and his daughter, when Little Aaron, a Mohawk chief, led the old man tottering with age and the others to the door and stood guard over them. The loyalists assisted in the massacre. Thirty-two settlers, mostly women and children, and sixteen soldiers were killed. Some of the settlers escaped to the woods, and from there to the Mohawk Valley.

Brant was much chagrined at the murder of the Wells family, with whom he was well acquainted. He had tried to anticipate the Indians and reach the Wells house first, but did not succeed. His next care was to ask after Captain M'Kean. He was told that he had probably escaped to the Mohawk with his family.

"He sent me a challenge once," said Brant. "I have now come to accept it. He is a fine soldier thus to retreat."

"Captain M'Kean would not turn his back upon an enemy when there was any probability of success," answered his informer.

"I know it," said Brant. "He is a brave man, and I would have given more to take him than any other man in Cherry Valley, but I would not have hurt a hair of his head."

During the massacre Brant entered a house where he found a woman going about her regular duties.

"How does it happen you are at this kind of work while your neighbors are all murdered around you?" exclaimed the chief.

"We are king's people," answered the woman.

"That plea won't save you to-day," said Brant.

"There is one Joseph Brant; if he is with the Indians, he will save us," said the woman.

"I am Joseph Brant," answered the chief; "but I am not in command, and I don't know that I can save you, but I will do what I can."

At this moment some Senecas approached the house. "Get into bed and pretend you are sick," said Brant. The woman hurried into bed and Brant met the Senecas.

"There's no one here but a sick woman and her children," said he. He prevailed upon the Indians to leave, after a little conversation. When they were out of sight he went to the door and gave a long, shrill yell. Immediately some Mohawks came running across the fields.

"Where is your paint?" Brant called out to them. "Here, put my mark upon this woman and her children." The Mohawks obeyed, and

Brant turned to the woman, saying, "You are now probably safe."

The garrison of the fort dared make no sally, on account of the superior numbers of the Indians and loyalists, who, on their part, gained no success in an attempted assault. The enemy encamped for the night in the valley. The prisoners, some thirty or forty men, women, and children, were gathered around a great fire while their captors, by the light of numerous surrounding fires, were distributing and dividing plunder. The prisoners spent a sleepless night. They feared that torture was reserved for them. In the morning they were divided into small companies and distributed among the various Indian bands. The whole force then began its march down Cherry Valley Creek. On the morning of the following day the prisoners were all gathered together, and were informed that the women and children were all to be sent back with the exception of Mrs. Campbell and her children and Mrs. Moore and her children. The husbands of these two women had been active in border warfare, and it was resolved, as a punishment, to keep their families in captivity. Mrs. Campbell was taken into the Seneca country. She was separated from her little children, one of them a baby. The children were adopted into

different families. She made herself useful to the family who adopted her by making them garments, and it was with great difficulty that they were persuaded to give her up when she and her children were exchanged for British prisoners among the Americans.

An incident happened while these prisoners were in captivity which shows that "Miss Molly," who was now living at Niagara, was very much like other Indian women. For some reason, founded, perhaps, on something happening in her life at Johnson Hall, Molly Brant had a mortal hatred for Colonel Stacia, who was one of the captives. In true Indian fashion she dreamed, and came to Colonel Butler with her dream. It was that she had the "Yankee's head," and she and her countrymen were kicking it about the fort. Colonel Butler answered this bloodthirsty hint by sending her a small, painted keg of rum. But she came to the Colonel with a second dream. This time she was kicking the "Yankee's head" about with a hat upon it. But Butler again presented her with a keg of rum, and told her decidedly that Stacia would not be given into the hands of the Indians.

Among other captives, Brant had carried away a man named Vrooman, who was an old friend of

the chief. Desiring to give his friend a chance to escape, Brant sent him back about two miles to get some birch-bark. He, of course, expected to see no more of him, but what was his surprise when, a few hours after, Vrooman came hurrying up with the bark, which the chief did not want. Brant said afterwards that he had sent Vrooman back on purpose to give him a chance to escape, but he was such a big fool that he did not do it, and he was forced to take him to Canada.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BRANT'S BATTLE ON THE DELAWARE.

BRANT had planned some great winter expedition. But Colonel George Rogers Clarke * had struck his wonderful and successful blow at the western posts of Vincennes and Kaskaskia, which for a time paralyzed the Indians. In the midsummer of 1779 the town of Minisink, on the Navisink River, near the border of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, was left unprotected, except by its own inhabitants. With a band of sixty Mohawks and twenty-seven Tories disguised as Indians, Brant stole upon the Minisink people, whose first warning was the burning of houses. Most of the inhabitants fled, but some were killed and others taken captive. The houses were plundered and burned, property destroyed, and cattle driven away. His object accomplished, Brant swiftly moved away, joining his main force at Grassy Brook.

* See "Life of Tecumseh" in this series.

The flying inhabitants had run to Goshen. Here Colonel Tusten called together the militia. The colonel himself thought it unwise to undertake the pursuit of Brant, as the Indian force was probably greatly superior to the militia. Many of the men did not agree with him, however, and one of the officers jumped upon his horse, waved his sword, and called out, "Let the brave men follow me, the cowards may stay behind!"

There was no more debate, and a hundred and fifty men marched out against the chief's great force. As they neared the Indians, they discovered the deserted camp. Here were many campfires still smouldering, and it was evident that Brant's force was much superior to the band which was marching against it, but the men would not listen to prudent advice. They hurried on. A scout was killed. Still they pushed forward, until they reached the hills of the Delaware River. Brant's forces could be seen in full view, three quarters of a mile away, marching toward a fording place. The American commander, Colonel Hathorn, resolved to intercept the Indians at the ford. Preparing for this manœuvre, the Americans were obliged to move through the woods, losing sight of the enemy. Brant suspected the manœuvre of Colonel Hathorn. He instantly wheeled

about, and threw himself in the rear of his enemy. The Americans reached the ford to find the Indians gone. They halted. A small body of Indians showed themselves in an unexpected quarter. Brant, according to his own account, stepped forward and hailed the colonel.

"My force in ambush is very great," said the chief, frankly. "It is strong enough to destroy you. Now, before any blood has been shed, I can control my warriors, but if the battle once begins I cannot."

But Brant said the Americans refused to parley, and fired upon him. At any rate, the battle began about eleven o'clock in the morning. Brant gave the war-whoop, and the Indians rushed in upon the enemy from all sides. They succeeded in cutting off one third of Hathorn's forces from the main body. The Americans were short of ammunition.

"Don't fire until you're very sure your powder won't be wasted," cried the commander.

The battle was a long one. Gradually the brave Americans were hemmed in to an acre of land. Still their diminishing numbers kept the Indians at bay until sundown. Their ammunition was gone, and they attempted to retreat. The fierce savages, fiercer for the long resistance,

rushed upon them with the tomahawk. Colonel Tusten, who was a physician, was dressing the wounds of his men behind the rocks when the retreat began. He and his wounded men fell victims. But thirty men escaped the tomahawk.

Brant told long afterwards a strange incident of this battle-field. After the battle was over, in moving around among the dead the chief discovered a prominent citizen of Goshen, Lieutenant Wisner, still alive. Brant examined his wounds, and saw that there was no hope of his recovery, though Wisner was able to talk and aware of everything that went on around him. "Now," thought the chief, "what shall I do? I cannot carry this man away. It would be cruel to leave him here to die a lingering death. Besides, when we are gone the wolves will be here to increase his tortures." Brant decided that the best thing he could do would be to put the dying man quickly out of his misery, and that without wounding his feelings. He talked with him a moment pleasantly, and having thus distracted his attention, unperceived by Wisner he suddenly struck him dead with his tomahawk.

One man during the massacre following the battle had made a sign indicating that he was a freemason. Brant immediately saved his life,

but was very indignant when he discovered that the man was not a member of the order. He spared his life, but treated him harshly; nothing could exceed his scorn for the man who had thus imposed upon him. The captive on his part, it is said, felt bound to join the order immediately on his release from a long captivity.

CHAPER XXXIV.

RED JACKET.

RED JACKET was some years younger than Brant, having been born about 1750. His birth-place is said to be on the site of the present town of Geneva, at the foot of Seneca Lake. There has been no effort made, as in the case of Brant, to claim "noble descent" for Red Jacket. He came of an ordinary Indian family, and doubtless was regarded with little hope of future glory by his parents. For he was remarkably small and insignificant for an Indian. But like many men who are physically deficient, Red Jacket made up for it in an immense conceit. He showed no predilection for war. Indeed, he did not go upon the war-path until the invasion of his country, when he was twenty-nine years of age, forced every Iroquois man to defend his home. Red Jacket was a remarkably swift runner. In his youth he was called Otetiani, or "Always Ready." He was employed a great deal among his people

as a messenger. He was also very successful in hunting because of his swiftness.

During the war of the Revolution, Red Jacket made himself very useful to the British officers as a messenger. He was doubtless the more so because of his intelligence and gift for oratory. In return for his services the officers presented the young man with a scarlet jacket, very richly embroidered. One can imagine the immense pride with which Otetiani donned this brilliant jacket, and which gave him the name by which he is best known. He took such delight in the garment and in the name that he was kept in red jackets as fast they were worn out, during the Revolutionary war. And after the war, when the Americans wished to gain his favor, they gave him a red jacket.

Brant and Red Jacket were essentially opposites in every regard. Brant was a Mohawk, Red Jacket was a Seneca, from the opposite end of the "Long House." Brant was tall, muscular, and inclined to corpulency, with a large bright eye and broad lower forehead; Red Jacket was small and wiry, with little sharp eyes looking out from beneath frowning brows, and a towering forehead. Brant was at least the grandson of a chief, connected with the powerful Johnson family, reared

under Sir William's influence, educated among the whites, a member of the Episcopal Church, and a gentleman in his bearing; Red Jacket was an Indian of the Indians, hated civilization, could speak English but very imperfectly, detested education and Christianity, and made no pretence at conforming to the polite customs of white society. Above all, Brant was proud. He had gained his influence through his gifts as a warrior, and could afford to be frank and truthful. Red Jacket, on the other hand, was vain and lacked courage, He was very smart, and he had no scruples as to what means he used to gain influence among his people. They were both great men among the Indians of the Six Nations, they were both patriotic, and they both loved their own people and customs, and preferred them to those of the whites.

Brant hated Red Jacket very heartily. He could find no excuse for the latter's lack of courage. Brant was a powerful young chief, with his heart in the English cause. Red Jacket was a rising young man of gifts, but he was not a warrior, and was totally unscrupulous as to which side he took so long as he gained influence thereby. The two men very naturally clashed. Brant gave Red Jacket the nickname of Cow-Killer. He used to tell that at one time during the Revolutionary

war, Red Jacket with his usual eloquence exhorted the Indians to courage, and promised to be with them in the thickest of the fight. When the battle came off, however, Red Jacket was missing, having stayed at home to cut up a cow which he had captured. The brave Seneca chief Cornplanter had as strong a dislike for the intriguing Red Jacket as Brant himself. These two chiefs one day dined at a white gentleman's house in company with Red Jacket. During the meal Cornplanter took occasion to tell the story as though it had been done by some other Indian. Brant and Cornplanter laughed very heartily, enjoying the joke and the evident confusion of Red Jacket, who tried to join in the laugh but could not conceal his wounded vanity.

When some one sneeringly questioned Red Jacket as to his gifts as a warrior, he burst out with, "I am an orator! I was born an orator!" And indeed, from the accounts of all who heard him, Red Jacket must have been a very eloquent speaker. What better tribute could there be to his eloquence than the name which was given him when he became a chief? It was Sagoyewatha, or He-Keeps-Them-Awake.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE INVASION.

WASHINGTON was long known among the Iroquois Indians under the name of Town-Destroyer. They well knew that he had planned the great invasion into their country in 1779. Two divisions moved into the country of the Six Nations at once. One from Pennsylvania, under General Sullivan, was to ascend the Susquehanna to the Tioga River, where it would be met by the other from the north, under the command of General Clinton. A large amount of stores were thrown into Fort Stanwix to be used in case of necessity, and Clinton's army was ready to proceed from the Mohawk Valley. They must first traverse a portage of about twenty miles to Otsego Lake. Stores were carried across and two hundred boats drawn over this long, rough portage. It took four horses to draw a boat. The regiments were stationed along the road to guard the carry, and to assist in the most difficult places.

The Oneida Indians were invited to join General

Clinton, but they preferred to stay and guard their homes, fearful lest the British or their sister-nations should wreak vengeance on them. General Clinton built a dam across the outlet of Otsego Lake and thus greatly increased its depth.

The Indians, meantime, were hovering around the army. Elerson, a famous frontier rifleman, wandered away from the camp to gather some pulse for his dinner. He filled his knapsack with the herb and had just thrown it over his shoulder, when he heard a rustling in the tall, coarse grass. He turned and saw ten or twelve Indians, who were just on the point of jumping upon him to make him a prisoner. The hunter grasped his rifle, standing at his side, and with a spring tried to escape. A shower of tomahawks were thrown at his head. Elerson, however, had already reached a thicket. One of the hatchets hit him on the hand, nearly cutting off one of his fingers. Elerson did not pause a moment, but scrambled over an old brush fence and into the woods, with the Indians after him. He led them a lively chase. Despairing of catching him alive, they fired but did not succeed in wounding him. From eleven in the morning until three in the afternoon Elerson kept up his breathless pace. He used every dodge and device to deceive his pursuers and put

them upon the wrong track, but in vain. At last he stopped a moment to breathe, believing he had outrun the savages. Instantly an Indian sprang up in front of him. Elerson raised his rifle, when he received a flesh-wound in the side from another quarter and heard the crack of still another rifle. The Indian in front had disappeared when Elerson's rifle had been pointed at him. Elerson fled again, his wounded side bleeding a little. He crossed a ridge and descended into a valley. He lay down by the little stream which ran through it to take a drink, for he was very thirsty. Scarcely had he done so when he saw an Indian's head appear over the crest of the hill. He raised his rifle to shoot, but his arm trembled so that he could not steady it. The Indian was coming; in a moment more he would be upon the white man. The exhausted man managed to rest his gun against a tree, and, with unerring aim, he brought his pursuer tumbling down the hill. Hastily he reloaded his gun, when the rest of his pursuers came rushing over the ridge. Elerson now gave himself up for lost. He hid, however, behind the trunk of a large hemlock, but he knew that the Indians' quick eyes could not fail to discover him. Their attention was, for the moment, attracted to the wounded Indian, who was not yet dead. They drew a

circle around him and began the death-wail. Taking advantage of this momentary pause, Elerson sped away. He buried himself deep in a hemlock thicket and crept into a hollow tree. Here he took breath, having run twenty-five miles. For two days he stayed, and then, stealing from his hiding-place, moved cautiously along, not knowing where he was. He soon found familiar landmarks and reached the settlement of Cobbleskill.

There stood on the outskirts of the Cherry Valley settlement one house which had been missed in the destruction of the settlement. The owner, Mr. Shankland, had removed his family to the Mohawk for safety, but he and his son were staying in the house. Failing in their attempt to capture Elerson, the Indians discovered this lonely house and assailed it. They cut away at the door with their hatchets and awakened the inmates. Shankland sprang up, and, taking two guns, ordered his son to load them while he fired. He could not get an aim at the Indians, however, and resolved to make a sally with a spear which he happened to have in the house. Carefully unbarring the door, he suddenly rushed violently at the Indians. The Indians tumbled back in astonishment. One of them fell over a log; Shankland struck at him, but his spear entered the log and

parted from the handle. He stopped to wrench it out, and then retreated into the house and barred the door, the Indians having been too much astonished to fire at him. Meantime the son had escaped from the house and tried to reach the woods. He was, however, pursued and captured. Shankland continued the fight from within, firing upon the besiegers and wounding some of them, while they could but shoot at random through the windows. He meditated rushing out and fighting the Indians, selling his own life with as many of theirs as possible. But he reflected that they would then wreak vengeance on his son. The Indians at last set fire to the house. As the flames burst up through the building they danced around in savage glee, sure now of their victim. But Shankland had quietly crept out at the back of his house into a field of hemp, and, hidden by this, to the woods. Meantime the Indians watched around the house until it was consumed, and, sure that their victim had died in the flames, they raised a triumphant shout and left with their prisoner whose life they saved.

Meantime General Clinton was impatiently waiting at Otsego Lake for the order from General Sullivan to move forward. When early in August this came, a strange thing happened to

the Indians. It was a very dry season, there had been no rains, but suddenly the Susquehanna came rushing down in a roaring torrent, overspreading its banks into their very fields, and destroying their corn and vegetables at Oquaga and in the neighborhood. Clinton had broken his dam and released the accumulated water at Otsego Lake, and in a short time the great boats of the white man's army came down where nothing but Indian canoes had ever been seen before. The savages concluded that the Great Spirit must have made the flood to show that he was angry with them.

The two armies met at Tioga in the latter part of August, forming together an army of five thousand men, which began its march up the Chemung River. They soon destroyed the first Indian town and standing corn. Washington's orders had been that the destruction of the Indian villages should be thoroughly completed before any terms were made.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BRANT GIVES BATTLE TO GENERAL SULLIVAN.

BRANT was resolved to defend his country, if possible, from the ravages of the Americans. The English supported their Indian allies in their defence. The elder and younger Butler, and Sir John and Guy Johnson, with two hundred and fifty regular troops and rangers, were with Brant and his Indians. The Americans estimated that Brant had more than a thousand Indians under his command, but an English writer states it at scarcely more than half that number. Brant certainly had all the force he could command from the depleted villages of the warlike Iroquois. He had had ample time to prepare while the clumsy white man's army was making its slow movements into his country. He was stationed near the present site of Elmira. The Indians and loyalists had built them a breastwork half a mile in length, partially protected by a bend in the river, and by a steep ridge upon which it rested. Besides the natural woods and brush the Indians had cut

down a great many low shrub oaks and stuck them in the ground around their breastwork to mask it.

The advance-guard of the American army discovered the enemy about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 29th of August. Skirmishing instantly began, small parties of Indians sallying out, from time to time, and attacking the white forces with fearful war-whoops. When the main army had come up, Sullivan conjectured that the savages had possession of the hill. He ordered General Poor's brigade to wheel off and attempt to gain the enemy's left flank, while the main force attacked the front. The Indians gave battle from every side ferociously. Each tree, bush, and rock was alive with an Indian, and the woods resounded with their whoops and yells. Always in the thickest of the fight was Brant, shouting and encouraging his warriors on to victory. Both Indians and loyalists stood their ground bravely. They only gave way inch by inch before the superior force. As Sullivan's troops gradually forced them from tree to tree they contested their ground at the point of the bayonet, so much were they in earnest. The artillery now began to play in a way that Sullivan pronounced "elegant," and which sent dismay into the hearts of the Indians. They

still, however, fought bravely. Brant was the first to guess the enemy's designs. Assisted by a battalion of the rangers, he gave Poor's brigade a brave fight as they attempted to ascend the hill. During the contest the chief was rushing from point to point, everywhere at once, animating his men and encouraging them to hold out. But it was of no use. Poor gained the summit and turned the flank of Brant's little army. The latter saw that his men were likely to be surrounded.

"Oonah! oonah!" arose from all sides, and the Indian forces made a swift retreat across the river, dropping tomahawks and scalping-knives on the way. They had carried off their dead during the battle as usual, but in the hurry of retreat they left eleven bodies upon the field, and fourteen more were subsequently discovered hastily buried among the leaves. The American forces pushed them in their flight at the point of the bayonet, and eight scalps were taken by the Americans during the pursuit. Brant had lost more warriors than he could afford to lose. The American loss was but half a dozen killed and forty or fifty wounded.

From the battle-field a flying campaign was begun. Only some small field-pieces were taken with the army, and the men were put upon short rations. Several small Indian villagers were de-

stroyed, and large cornfields laid waste. The soldiers now had a rough journey before them through dangerous defiles, where the Indians, had they not been demoralized by their defeat, might have done them serious injury. Several times the troops had to ford streams, the men up to the waist in water. Once the rear of the army spent the night in a great swamp, the men being too tired to move further. Fortunately for them the Indians, who were feasting on roast corn a few miles from the place, did not dream of Sullivan advancing on so dark a night through so bad a way.

Early in September the army reached the head of Seneca Lake. Here an Indian town was burned, corn destroyed, and even the very orchards hacked down. Some of the American officers objected to this as wanton.

"The Indians shall see that there is malice enough in our hearts to destroy everything that contributes to their support," said General Sullivan. The Americans had been exasperated by a long border war. Every town was destroyed, every field laid waste, ancient orchards and even pear and peach trees were hacked down.

Meantime Brant, with his Indian forces, was hovering near the destroying army, bent on har-

assing them as much as possible. Perhaps he would have accomplished more had it not been for the divisions among his own warriors; for an Indian chief has to be controlled by the fickle courage of the independent Indians whom he leads. Brant always ascribed much of his people's misfortunes in this campaign to Red Jacket. This ambitious young politician was bent on acquiring influence in some way or other. He would be of small consequence following the policy of Brant, Cornplanter, and the older chiefs. Defeat always produces dissatisfaction in Indian forces. Red Jacket joined the dissatisfied party. He held secret council among the young warriors and younger chiefs. He used his eloquence, perhaps not unwisely, in favor of conciliating the enemy. At Red Jacket's suggestion a messenger was sent to Sullivan with information of the disaffection in Brant's camp, and inviting peaceful propositions. But Brant, by some means, had information of this move, so contrary to his own policy, and so humiliating to his pride. He feared the consequences in his own camp if the Americans should propose peace. Brant settled the matter in a truly Indian way. He sent out two confidential runners to waylay the messenger on his way from the American camp, and to put him to death.

Thus a stop was put to Red Jacket's manœuvres and to all peaceful proposals.

Cornplanter had planned to make a stand against a detachment of Sullivan's forces at the Indian town of Canandaigua. When the Americans approached, Red Jacket and some of the Indians began to retreat. Cornplanter tried to rally his men. He sprang in front of Red Jacket and vehemently encouraged him to fight. It was of no use, and the Seneca chief had to abandon his undertaking.

"Leave that man; he is a coward!" said the wrathful Cornplanter to Red Jacket's wife.

The Indians found that Sullivan intended to advance even upon their beautiful Genesee country. After holding a council they decided to strike another blow at the invaders. Placing their women and children at a safe distance within the woods, they laid an ambuscade on the path of the army. Without waiting till they got the main army within their clutches, however, they arose and fired upon the advance-guard. There was a lively skirmish, and the advance-guard fell back upon the main army. The Indians gained nothing but the capture of two Oneidas, who had been serving as guides to Sullivan's army. This sad civil war had not only divided the families of

white people but those of Indians. One of the Oneidas had a brother among the hostile Indians who had vainly tried to persuade him to join the British cause at the outset of the war. This Indian now strode up to his captive brother and delivered this speech:

"Brother! You have merited death, and shall die by our hands. When those rebels had driven us from the fields of our fathers to seek out new houses, it was you who dared to step forth as their pilot and conduct them even to the doors of our wigwams to butcher our children and put us to death. No crime can be greater. But though you have merited death and shall die on this spot, my hands shall not be stained with the blood of a brother. Who will strike?"

A moment's pause, and the chief Little Beard stepped out. His hatchet flashed, and the Oneida lay dead. Little Beard turned to the other captive:

"I am fighting only against the whites, and your life shall be spared," said he.

General Sullivan dispatched Lieutenant Boyd with twenty-six men to reconnoitre Little Beard's town, which was fortified. Boyd had performed his mission, and had found but two Indians in the deserted town. These were killed and scalped,

after the manner of white men engaged in savage warfare. On his return, Boyd was intercepted by Brant with some five hundred warriors. Surrounded by Indians, Boyd resolved to try to cut his way through them. In his first attempt he and his men killed several Indians without any loss to themselves. Boyd was, however, forced back. He attempted a second and a third time to cut his way out, and his men fell all around him. He was left with a band of but eight. Some of these were killed, and others succeeded in escaping by flight. Among them was Murphy, the famous rifleman. Boyd was captured. He asked permission to speak with Brant, and told him that he was a mason. Brant promised to protect him. He conducted him to Little Beard's town, where the Indian and Tory forces were now assembled. Brant was called away, and it is asserted that he was left in charge of the loyalist Butler, and that on his refusing to give information with regard to the Americans, Butler delivered him into the hands of the Indians. It is certain that a band of Senecas, among whom was Little Beard, by some means got possession of him, and he was most cruelly tortured to death.

Sullivan attempted to gain the enemy's rear, but the Indians retreated precipitately. The Ameri-

cans marched forward to the Genesee Valley. They were surprised to see a smiling country, evidently long under cultivation. The troops immediately began their work of destruction. The palisaded fortress was burned, and the fields were laid waste. The town of Genesee, containing twenty-eight large houses, was burned. It was surrounded by miles of corn and vegetable fields. The ears of corn were sometimes twenty-two inches long. In one orchard fifteen hundred fruit-trees were cut down.

From Genesee the army returned, having destroyed some forty or fifty towns and innumerable orchards and fields of grain. It was, perhaps, the only way to chastise the slippery Indians. Numbers of them died of famine, and the pestilence which goes hand in hand with famine, in the ensuing winter. Many of them were driven to seek subsistence at the British post of Niagara, where Brant had his winter quarters. The winter was an unusually cold one, but in spite of cold and want the Indians followed Brant in an expedition of vengeance upon the Oneidas. Their fortress, their homes, and their little church were destroyed. They, in turn, were driven back upon the United States for support during the remainder of the war.

Another expedition was sent out from Pittsburg under Colonel Brodhead, which succeeded in defeating a small band of Indians and laying waste well-built towns and fertile cornfields belonging to the Iroquois.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BRANT AND HIS CAPTIVES.

One of the Cherry Valley captives, Miss Moore, was courted by a British officer of the Niagara garrison. The marriage took place during the winter. It was a great event for the lonely wilderness post, and was celebrated with a great deal of enjoyment by the British and loyalist officers. Brant was invited to the wedding. Brant's second wife had died, and he was now living with a third. He took the opportunity to have the marriage ceremony performed. It was doubtless celebrated with a great deal of enjoyment on the part of the garrison. Brant wore at this time leggins and breech-cloth of very fine blue cloth, moccasins beautifully ornamented with beads, a short green coat, silver epaulets, and a small round hat trimmed with lace. At his side hung a handsome silver-mounted cutlass. Over all was a blue broadcloth blanket with a gorgeous red border. This he took pains to drop off of his shoulders, that the silver epaulets might be seen. We may

be sure the bride was dressed in a costume of the gayest broadcloth, richly embroidered with bead-work.

In the early spring of 1780 Brant was again on the war-path. He led a small band of Indians and Tories upon the settlement of Harpersfield. Fortunately most of the inhabitants had left so exposed a home. Few were killed, and but nineteen made prisoners. Brant now crept upon the upper fort of Schoharie, hoping to take it if he found it weak enough. Before he reached the fort, however, he came upon thirteen of its men under Captain Alexander Harper, busy making maple-sugar for the use of the garrison. The small band of Indians and Tories then under Brant crept up around the unsuspecting sugar-makers. At the first shot three of them fell dead. Brant immediately rushed out from behind the trees, and going up to Captain Harper, tomahawk in hand, said, "Harper, I'm sorry to find you here."

"Why are you sorry, Captain Brant?" boldly asked Harper.

"Because," said Brant, raising the tomahawk, "I must kill you, although we were schoolmates in our youth." Suddenly his arm fell. He looked at Harper very sharply and asked, "Are there any regular troops at the forts in Schoharie?"

Harper knew that if he told the truth Brant would fall upon the almost defenceless settlement. With a pause, and returning Brant's scrutiny unblushingly, he answered, "Yes; a reinforcement of three hundred Continental soldiers arrived at the Schoharie forts only a day or two ago."

Brant was much disconcerted at this news. He forbade the prisoners being touched for the time being, and called a council. Night had come on. The eleven prisoners were shut up in a pen of logs, and guarded by the seven loyalists who accompanied the expedition. Their leader was a brutal fellow named Becraft. The debate in the Indian council as to whether the prisoners should be killed or carried to Niagara occupied them nearly all night. Harper could hear the loud words of the speakers, and, understanding their language, could gather the import of what was said. They were in favor of death. Becraft meantime took pleasure in tantalizing them, saying, with an oath, "You'll be in hell before morning." Brant, however, finally overcame the majority in favor of death.

In the morning Harper was called into council to be examined. Brant looked at him very hard and told him that they were suspicious that he had not told the truth. Harper coolly answered

that his story was true, and repeated his statements. Brant then reluctantly resolved to return to Niagara. He told Harper that he had designed to attack the fort, having heard that it was almost undefended. Brant's Indians were much disappointed thus to be deprived of the plunder which they had expected. It was with difficulty that Brant could keep them from massacring the prisoners in their chagrin.

The Indians began their return march. The captives were loaded with heavy packs of the plunder taken at Harpersfield. They moved first down the Delaware to a mill, where they provided themselves with provisions. The miller, who was a Tory, advised the Indians to kill their prisoners. On the following day they were met by a loyalist who knew Brant and his prisoners well. He assured Brant that there were no troops at the Schoharie forts. Harper was again brought up for examination. Brant again seemed to look him through and through, and Harper again told so straight a story that the chief was inclined to believe him. An old man and two grandsons were captured soon after. The old man was not able to keep up with the Indians, and saw that he must die. He bade the boys an affectionate farewell, and then lagged behind. A young warrior, whose

face was painted black to denote him as the executioner, lingered too and soon came up with the old man's scalp.

On their long, rough journey, with very heavy burdens, the prisoners seemed likely to be forced to lag behind like the old man. Fortunately for them, however, Brant was attacked with the ague, and was unable to travel on every alternate day. He used a characteristic Indian remedy for his disease. He sought a rattlesnake's haunt, and here he watched for a snake to creep out to enjoy the spring sunshine. Having caught one, he had it made into soup. He took this soup and recovered from his chills.

A very unfortunate incident for the prisoners now happened. On setting out from Niagara, Brant had detached a small band of warriors to again fall upon the Minisink settlement. They had succeeded in capturing five stalwart frontiersmen. On their return, while the Indians were one night sleeping soundly, one of the prisoners managed to get one hand out of his bonds. With this he released himself, and very quietly unbound his four companions. They then each slipped a tomahawk from an Indian belt and fell upon their captors. They killed nine Indians almost instantly, and the two survivors attempted to escape. They

struck one of them a blow between the shoulders, and then made good their own retreat toward home. The remaining Indian returned to watch over his wounded companion. While Brant's party was now journeying toward Niagara one of the warriors gave a whoop. It was answered by a lonely voice with the death-yell. Startled, they ran in the direction of the noise. They were met by the only survivor from the detachment that had gone against Minisink. As they gathered around him he told them his story. Instantly they were bent on revenge. They encircled their prisoners with menacing looks and prepared to kill them. The hatchets were raised for the massacre, when the survivor, who had excited them to revenge by his pitiful story, rushed into the circle and made an appeal in behalf of the prisoners. He said that they were not the murderers of his brothers and ought not to be punished for it. With an earnest speech he appeased the enraged Indians, and the prisoners' lives were again saved.

Both the Indians and their captives suffered much from hunger during the remainder of the journey. What little they had was always divided with the utmost fairness, under the supervision of Brant. They had now but a handful of corn apiece for their dinner. They found at one time,

however, a dead horse. He had been left by Sullivan's expedition, and had died in the cold of the severe winter. The wolves had eaten the poor horse's bones bare, but on the under side there remained flesh that they could not get at. This was equally divided and distributed, under Brant's direction. Reaching the Genesee River, the famished party found a band of Indians preparing to plant corn. They had a fine horse, which was killed and dressed by Brant's order. The chief showed the prisoners how to use the white ashes of wood for salt, and they all had a feast.

It was customary among the Indians to send a runner ahead of the returning war-party to announce the results and the number of prisoners. Thus they were sure to be met by men, women, and children on their arrival at the village, and must run the gauntlet for their amusement. At Genesee, Brant forwarded the customary messenger to Niagara. The Tories of the party amused themselves in describing to the prisoners the horrors of the ordeal through which they must pass when they should enter the two Indian encampments this side of Niagara, at which the main body of the Six Nations was now gathered. The prisoners were bordermen and knew well what to expect. They knew that even Brant could not

save them from this. What was their surprise, on entering the first encampment, that, instead of being met by a hooting, whooping crowd armed with hoes, clubs, knives, and tomahawks, they found the Indians gone and a regiment of British soldiers in their place! "Never mind," said the disappointed prophets, "there is another one to come, and the Indians of that camp are especially fierce." But here, also, the Indians were absent, and the war-party marched through two parallel lines formed by another regiment of soldiers.

The secret of it all lay with the dignified chief. The Miss Moore who had been married to a British officer was Captain Harper's niece. Harper, however, did not know of her marriage, nor even that she was at Niagara. Brant had remained perfectly silent about the whole matter, although he knew of the relationship very well. When he arrived at Genesee, desirous of saving his old-time friend from the gauntlet, under pretence of sending ahead the usual runner he had sent a message to Miss Moore's husband informing him of the approach of his wife's uncle, and proposing a trick by which he might be saved from Indian cruelty. Consequently the Indians had been enticed away to a feast supplied from the public store, and, to further protect the prison-

ers from the violence of any straggling Indians around the camps, the two regiments were sent out. With this ruse Brant had saved his prisoners from injury. We may be sure Captain Harper had a pleasant surprise in meeting his niece at Niagara.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RETALIATION.

THE British and Indians planned the destruction of the entire chain of frontier settlements in 1780. The loyalists, who had lost their property and their homes, were very bitter against their rebel neighbors, as they called them, and many were the cruel deeds which the brutal men among them perpetrated in this border warfare, though these indeed were greatly exaggerated in the partisan accounts of the day. The Indians, too, were bent on retaliation for the destruction of their villages. Sir John Johnson first made an attack upon the settlement in which he was born. Some of his neighbors were killed and others were taken captive. Sir John himself marched to Johnson Hall. The faithful negro slave who alone knew of the buried family silver had been living with a former neighbor of Sir John's, but had never disclosed the secret. Assisted by four soldiers he now dug up the silver, which filled

two barrels, and, carrying it upstairs, laid it at his master's feet. It was distributed in the knapsacks of some forty soldiers, whose names were taken down, and thus it was carried off.

In August Brant planned the destruction of the settlement at Canajoharie, the home of his childhood. A large quantity of stores were being moved to Fort Schuyler. Hovering around the settlements, Brant spread a rumor that he was about to attack these stores. The militia in the settlements lower down the Mohawk Valley was immediately moved to protect the stores. Having thus diverted attention, Brant now passed around the convoy and attacked the unprotected settlements. When the Indians approached a woman gave the alarm by firing a cannon, but the able-bodied men were nearly all absent, and there was no one to defend their homes. Sixteen people were killed, fifty or sixty taken prisoners, over fifty houses and as many barns burned, with a mill, a church, and two small forts. Fields were laid waste, and some three hundred cattle and horses driven away. Even the tools and arms of the farmers were destroyed. The women and children were carried into captivity, but no outrages were committed upon them. The rising smoke was seen at Johnstown, fifteen miles away,

and the militia marched to Canajoharie, but Brant had already gone with plunder and prisoners.

The great blow was yet to be struck. About a thousand whites and Indians, under Sir John Johnson, Brant, and Cornplanter, were preparing to invade the settlements. Every man was provided with eighty rounds of cartridges, and, by way of artillery, the army had two small mortars and a brass three-pounder, which they called a grasshopper, because it was mounted on legs instead of wheels. They moved first upon the Schoharie settlements. They slipped by the upper fort in the night unobserved. The middle fort was garrisoned by some two hundred men, under Major Woolsey. The first intimation the garrison had of the enemy's presence was the kindling of a fire early on an October morning in some buildings near at hand. The firing of three cannons from the upper fort announced the discovery in that quarter. The whole settlement was soon in a blaze. The farm-houses and the barns, well filled from a bountiful harvest, were quickly destroyed. About sunrise the army began investing the middle fort. The "grasshopper" and the other artillery were planted upon high ground commanding it.

The garrison was in a very poor condition for

defence, being almost entirely destitute of powder. Major Woolsey was inclined to surrender immediately. It is said that this officer was so cowardly that he ran into the quarters of the women and children to conceal himself when the fort was attacked. The inmates quickly drove him out by their ridicule; and it is related that he actually crawled about the intrenchments on his hands and knees, to the great merriment of the soldiers, whose spirits were much raised by the hearty laughter they enjoyed at the expense of the commander. The women in the fort showed a great deal of courage. A girl, who observed some reluctance in a soldier who was appointed to get water from a well outside the fort, seized the pail from his hands and walked coolly to the well many times for water.

A white flag approached the fort to demand a surrender. The order was given to cease firing. Within the fort was the irrepressible Murphy. He feared lest the garrison would surrender if terms were offered. He announced his determination to fire upon the bearer of the flag. The officers of the regular troops forbade it, but the militia supported him. Murphy fired, and the messenger was forced to return without an answer.

The "grasshopper" and its companions did not

produce much effect. Some of the shells fell short of the fort, others went over it, and some exploded in the air. One shell fell through the roof of a house within the fort, sank into a feather-bed, and exploded; another set the roof afire, but a pail of water quickly extinguished the blaze. The siege was carried on in the way customary with Indian besiegers. Now the savages would attack the fort from a distance, again they were busied in plundering and burning a house or barn. There was one large barn surrounded with wheat-stacks near the fort. Several times the Indians tried to fire this, but Lieutenant Spencer with forty men sallied forth and protected it.

Sir John Johnson did not know but that the fort was well garrisoned and supplied with ammunition. The manner in which his flag had been received made him think that the garrison was resolved to hold out. He sent a flag of truce again during the forenoon toward the fort. Murphy again threatened to shoot at the bearer. The regular officers objected as before; one of them threatened to run him through with his sword if he did it. But Murphy persisted, saying that he believed Woolsey intended to surrender the fort, and, in such a case, he for one would certainly not be spared at the hands of the Indians. The militia

encouraged him, and the bearer of the flag again returned discomfited. Orders were given for a white flag to be raised upon the fortifications, but Murphy threatened to shoot any man who made the attempt. Sir John finally formed his forces under cover of a small building near the fort, preparatory to making an assault. He again sent a flag toward the fort. Murphy again raised his rifle to shoot.

"Don't shoot," cried a regular officer.

"Shoot," commanded a militia officer standing at Murphy's side.

The regular officer began to draw his sword on the militia officer, but the latter threatened him with the butt of his gun, which caused him to step back. Murphy again frightened the flag away with a shot from his rifle. There had been an attempt to arrest Murphy for insubordination, but he was too great a favorite with the militia; they would not allow it. Meantime Sir John called a council of war. The invading army had not completed their plans for destruction, and they must hasten before reinforcements should be sent to the aid of the settlements. It was resolved to abandon the siege of a post so well defended.

The invading army made a rapid march down the Schoharie-kill to its junction with the Mohawk

River. Everything in their road met with destruction. They made a short stand at the lower fort, where they were attacked by some sharpshooters stationed in the church-steeple. They brought "grasshopper" to bear on the steeple, but did not succeed in bringing it down, for they were just then treated to a shower of grape-shot from the fort. They reached Fort Hunter, on the Mohawk, during the night, leaving the Schoharie Valley behind them, a scene of desolation. Some of the inhabitants had been killed, of whom a part were women and children; some had fled to the woods, and many were made captive. The only houses which remained standing were those belonging to Tories, but their exasperated neighbors did not long leave these.

After destroying the settlements in the neighborhood of Fort Hunter the army began a destructive march up both sides of the Mohawk. As heretofore, houses and barns were destroyed, inhabitants killed or taken captive. Major Fonda, a confidential friend of Sir William Johnson, had incurred the especial enmity of the loyalists because he had sided with the colonies. He was absent, but his mansion was burned, and property amounting to sixty thousand dollars in value destroyed. His wife escaped by the help of a dense

fog, and made her way, twenty-six miles on foot, to Schenectady.

When the invasion was known at Albany, General Van Rensselear marched against Sir John Johnson with a force of militia. He ordered Colonel Brown, who was in command of a small fort at the settlement of Stone Arabia, to attack Johnson's forces in front while he attacked in the rear. Colonel Brown gave battle as directed, but Van Rensselear's advance was impeded in some way, and he was not there to support Brown. The brave colonel fell with some forty of his men, but his force was not sufficient to accomplish anything alone, and the survivors retreated to their fort. The settlement was immediately destroyed, and the army proceeded to a spot known as Klock's Field. Here the men, being worn out with their arduous work of destruction, and heavily burdened with plunder and provisions, were forced to stop, though Van Rensselear was in pursuit of them.

The general was unpardonably slow in his movements. He had arrived opposite Brown's battle-ground in the morning immediately after the action. The river was easily fordable, but Van Rensselear had delayed under various pretexts. The army was finally marched across on a

bridge made of baggage-wagons, and this process of crossing took a long time. Meanwhile the general was enjoying a leisurely dinner. He arrived at the wagon-bridge about four in the afternoon, just as the last man crossed over. An Oneida chief who had joined the army with an Indian force, impatient of this delay, shook his sword at the general and called him a Tory when he appeared on the scene. The American forces now marched upon Sir John Johnson, who was prepared for them. He was stationed at a bend in the river, and was surrounded on three sides with water. Across the front he had thrown up a slight breastwork. Brant and his Indians were advantageously posted in a thicket of shrub-oak. When the American army approached, the ambushed Indians raised the war-whoop, which was answered by the Oneidas from the other side. They rushed to the attack of their own countrymen. Captain M'Kean with some eighty volunteers followed the Oneidas in their attack upon the Indians. Colonel Dubois also charged them with his regiment. For a moment they withstood the charge, and then they fled, Brant receiving a wound in the heel. According to some accounts, Sir John fled with the Indians. The regulars and rangers of the enemy, however, fought bravely for

a short time. They were on the point of being conquered, when Van Rensselear, in spite of the eagerness of his men to charge them, ordered a cessation of hostilities that he might finish the battle more advantageously in the morning. In the morning the enemy was gone.

While the American forces were crossing the river, preparatory to pursuing the enemy, some of the volunteers, who held themselves independent of the main army, were strolling around and found a block-house where nine of the enemy where imprisoned.

"How did you get here?" the soldiers exclaimed.

"Why, I am ashamed to tell," answered one of them, a Johnstown loyalist. "Last night, after the battle, we crossed the river. It was dark. We heard the word, 'Lay down your arms.' Some of us did so. We were taken, nine of us, and marched into this little fort by seven militia-men. We formed the rear of three hundred of Johnson's greens, who were running promiscuously through and over one another. I thought General Van Rensselear's whole army was upon us. Why didn't you take us prisoners yesterday after Sir John ran off with the Indians and left us? We wanted to surrender."

The British and Indian army pushed directly for Onondaga Lake, where their boats were concealed. The American army followed, the Oneidas and volunteers having been sent in advance. These came up with the rear of Sir John's army, but found that Van Rensselear had given over the chase, and so the invading army escaped unmolested.

We have one incident of Brant's behavior during this cruel border invasion. Among the bereaved settlers was a woman whose husband and other friends were missing, but worst of all her little baby had been taken from its cradle. The next morning, while the officers of Van Rensselear's advancing army were at breakfast, a young Indian came bounding into the room with a baby in his arms. He brought a letter from Brant addressed "To the commanding officer of the rebel army." It ran:

"Sir: I send you by one of my runners the child which he will deliver, that you may know that, whatever others may do, I do not make war on women and children. I am sorry to say that I have those engaged with me in the service who are more savage than the savages themselves." The child was found to belong to the mourning mother, and was restored to her.

There was another curious incident which is said to have happened in connection with this expedition. The famous Cornplanter, who commanded with Brant, was a half-breed. He said of himself: "When I was a child I played with the butterfly, the grasshopper, and the frogs. As I grew up I began to pay some attention, and play with the Indian boys in the neighborhood, and they took notice of my skin being a different color from theirs and spoke about it. I inquired of my mother the cause, and she told me that my father was a resident of Albany."

Cornplanter's father was, in fact, a trader named O'Beel, who was settled down somewhere in the Mohawk Valley at the time of its invasion. During the progress of the army Cornplanter went, with a band of Indians, to his father's house, and, taking him prisoner, marched off with him. After going some ten or twelve miles he stopped abruptly, and, walking up in front of his father, said:

"My name is John O'Beel, commonly called Cornplanter. I am your son. You are my father. You are now my prisoner and subject to the customs of Indian warfare. But you shall not be harmed. You need not fear. I am a warrior. Many are the scalps which I have taken. Many

prisoners I have tortured to death. I am your son. I am a warrior. I was anxious to see you and greet you in friendship. I went to your cabin and took you by force, but your life shall be spared. Indians love their friends and their kindred, and treat them with kindness. If now you choose to follow the fortunes of your yellow son, I will cherish your old age with plenty of venison, and you shall live easy. But if it is your choice to return to your fields and live with your white children, I will send a party of my trusty young men to conduct you back in safety. I respect you, my father. You have been friendly to Indians; they are your friends."

The old man preferred to go back, and Cornplanter sent him with an Indian escort.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BRANT'S SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND.

THE destructive war was at last over. A treaty of peace had been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, and not one word had been said in it about the Six Nations. Indians have a great sense of their own dignity and importance. They were much hurt at being thus overlooked by the power which they had aided in the late war. The Mohawks had left forever their own beautiful country in New York. At the close of the war they were encamped on the American side of the Niagara River. Brant immediately exerted himself to get a home for his people. The Senecas, who were very anxious for the aid of the Mohawks in any future wars, offered them a home in the Genesee Valley. But Brant said the Mohawks were determined to "sink or swim" with the English. He refused to cross the American line for a home. Brant went down to Quebec and asked of General Haldimand a grant of land on the St. Lawrence, at the entrance of Lake On-

tario. Haldimand promised to procure the land for the Mohawks, and Brant returned to Niagara. But the Senecas were much disappointed at the idea of the Mohawks moving so far away from the other nations of the confederacy. Brant again went down to Quebec and requested that a change should be made. He selected the Ouise, or Grand River, flowing into Lake Erie. He asked that the Indians might have a title to six miles on both sides of this river, from its mouth to its source. The grant was made, and the Mohawks soon afterward removed to their new home. Their land was both beautiful and fertile, twelve miles wide and a hundred miles long.

Brant's life was not now spent in idleness. By virtue of his great influence and superior mind, he ruled over his people. He sought to supply their wants, he labored for their improvement, he was his own secretary, foreign minister, and ambassador. The chief even found time to translate the Gospel of Mark into Mohawk, and planned to write a history of the Six Nations.

A charming German lady, the Baroness De Riedesel, who had been made captive by the Americans with her husband, the general commanding the German mercenaries, commonly called "Hessians," during Burgoyne's campaign, met

Brant at Quebec. She says in her memoirs: "I saw at that time the famous Indian chief, Captain Brant. His manners are polished; he expressed himself with fluency, and was much esteemed by General Haldimand. I dined with him once at the General's. In his dress he showed off to advantage the half-military and half-savage costume. His countenance was manly and intelligent, and his disposition very mild."

Like other ambitious chiefs, Brant planned, at one time, a confederacy of the north-western tribes over which he should be the chief. He never succeeded in uniting the Indians, however.

Brant made a visit to England in 1785. He was received with the greatest honors and courted in the best society. He had already gained the friendship of some of the nobility in the Revolutionary war. He knew Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, well. Earl Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, had formed an attachment for Brant and gave him his picture set in gold. Sir Charles Stuart, fourth son of the Earl of Bute, had often slept under the same tent with the chief. Lord Percy, who afterwards became Duke of Northumberland, had been adopted by the Mohawks, and on the occasion of his adoption Brant had given him the name of Thorighwegeri,

or the Evergreen Brake. Brant, therefore, had many friends in England. He was presented at court. He refused to kiss the king's hand, but said that he would kiss the hand of the queen. He became quite a favorite with the royal family. The Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., who was then very wild, with tastes exactly opposite to those of his father, took a good deal of pleasure in the Indian's company. He invited Brant to go with him on some of his rambles, in which he visited places, as Brant afterwards said, "very queer for a prince to go to." He is said to have been a guest at the prince's table among the Whig leaders with whom he associated, and to have learned from their conversation to have less respect for the king than he had been taught in America. Fox presented Brant with a silver snuff-box, with his initials engraved on it.

Brant met, in society, a nobleman of whom he had heard the scandalous story that his honors were purchased at the expense of the virtue of his beautiful wife. This nobleman rallied Brant rather rudely upon the wild customs and manners of the Indians.

"There are customs in England also which the Indians think very strange," said the chief, coolly.

"And pray what are they?" inquired the nobleman.

"Why, the Indians have heard," said Brant, "that it is a practice in England for men who are born chiefs to sell the virtue of their squaws for place and for money to buy their venison."

While Brant was in London a great masquerade was given, to which he was invited. He needed no mask. He dressed himself for the occasion in his rich semi-savage costume, wore his handsome tomahawk in his belt, and painted one half of his face in the Indian manner. There were some Turks also present at the ball. One of them examined Brant very closely, and at last raised his hand and pulled the chief's Roman nose, supposing it to be a mask. Instantly Brant gave the war-whoop and swung his glistening tomahawk around the Turk's head in that dangerous way in which Indians handle this instrument. It was only an Indian joke, but the Turk cowered in abject terror and the ladies shrieked and ran as though they had been in as much danger as the settlers' wives and daughters of America, who had dreaded this same sound but a few years before.

Brant accomplished his purpose in visiting England. Some reparation was promised the Mohawks for the losses they had sustained in the

war. The chief hoped to induce his Indians to devote themselves more to agriculture. His great desire now was to have a school and a church for their benefit. He returned home to begin his labors for the improvement of his people.

Meantime peace was not by any means settled between the Indian nations and the United States. The western tribes were in a state of ferment. Great Britain still held her frontier posts, and her agents used their influence among the Indians in favor of hostility. The western nations looked to the great war-chief, Brant, for advice. Brant thus retained his importance. He was under half-pay as a British officer and received many presents from the government. When he visited Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, the new government offered to double his salary and make him many presents if he would influence the western nations for peace. Brant refused the offer, knowing that he would be accused of duplicity if he received anything from the United States. An Indian chief loses his influence quickly if he is suspected of being mercenary.

Brant in fact joined the western Indians with one hundred and fifty Mohawks in the fierce battle which resulted in St. Clair's defeat.*

* See "Tecumseh" in this series.

So bitter was the hatred to Brant in the Mohawk Valley that it was almost unsafe for him to pass through that part of the country. Indeed, while he was on his visit in the United States he was followed by a German named Dygert, some of whose friends had fallen at the battle of Oriskany, and who declared that he would kill Brant. Colonel Willett and Colonel Lewis, who had opposed the chief in this same battle, called on Brant at his hotel in New York, and the chief told them that he was followed by a man bent on murdering him.

"There is Dygert now," said Brant, looking out the window.

Colonel Willett went down into the street and talked with the man.

"Do you know," said he, "that if you kill that savage you will be hanged?"

"Who would hang me for killing an Indian?" exclaimed the man.

"You will see," said Willett. "If you execute your purpose, you may depend upon it, you will be hanged immediately."

The man was frightened by this bit of information, and concluded to go home without killing Brant.

When Brant visited the United States in 1802

the hatred for him had not yet died out. He said that he was insulted by a "Yankee colonel" on the road between Philadelphia and Jersey, and the affair came near coming to blows. There were still many among the German settlers of the Mohawk Valley who threatened to kill Brant. When the chief was at Albany, Mr. Wells, the only survivor of his family in the Cherry Valley massacre, hurried to the tavern where the chief was staying. He asked for Brant, and furiously threatened to kill him. His friends remonstrated, but he was determined on revenge. Brant was upstairs. He asked the cause of the disturbance below, and was told that a young man, whose father had been killed at Cherry Valley, threatened to take revenge on him. Brant drew himself up in his chair, and simply said, "Let him come on."

The young man was finally persuaded to leave the tavern. Brant was received with the greatest kindliness and appreciation of his qualities as a warrior by American officers. More than once he dined with veterans of the Revolution, and they talked the battles over together, comparing notes from opposite sides. Brant told General Gansevoort that during Sullivan's campaign he was hovering about him when the general had

not supposed he was anywhere within a hundred miles.

"Why, I roasted my venison by the fires that you left," said Brant.

He was once talking with General Philip Van Courtlandt with regard to the battle with Sullivan's forces.

"General," said he, "while you were standing by a large tree during the battle, how near to your head did a bullet come which struck a little above you?"

The general thought a moment, and then answered, "About two inches above my hat."

"I had remarked," said Brant, "your activity in the battle, and calling one of my best marksmen, pointed you out and directed him to bring you down. He fired, and I saw you dodge your head at the instant I supposed the ball would strike. But as you did not fall, I told my warrior that he had just missed you and lodged the ball in the tree."

Brant was on very friendly terms with Aaron Burr. Colonel Burr gave him a letter of introduction to his talented daughter Theodosia, then but fourteen years old. Her father said of Brant in his letter:

"He is a man of education—speaks and writes

the English perfectly—and has seen much of Europe and America. Receive him with respect and hospitality. He is not one of those Indians who drink rum, but is quite a gentleman; not one who will make you fine bows, but one who understands and practices what belongs to propriety and good-breeding. He has daughters; if you could think of some little present to send to one of them—a pair of earrings, for example—it would please him."

Miss Burr received Brant with great hospitality, and gave him a dinner-party, to which she invited some of the most eminent gentlemen in New York. Several years afterward, when Theodosia was married, she and her husband visited Brant at Grand River.

CHAPTER XL.

RED JACKET, THE ORATOR.

RED JACKET dreamed. He dreamed that he ought to be a chief, and that the Great Spirit was angry that his people had not made him one. The announcement of his dream did not at first have the desired effect. The dream was repeated several times, when it happened that the small-pox appeared among the Senecas. Behold here was a judgment upon the Indians for their disregard of the Great Spirit's commands! Thus through superstition and intrigue Red Jacket became a chief.

A treaty was made with the Six Nations on the part of the United States at Fort Stanwix in 1784. General Lafayette was present at this council, and was struck with the eloquence of Red Jacket. The warrior Cornplanter was in favor of peace, while Red Jacket, the coward, used all his eloquence for war. But Cornplanter as a great brave naturally had the most influence in this case.

And now came a long series of councils between the Americans and Indians. Inevitably what remained of the country of the Six Nations was lopped off from time to time. The Indians would sell their birthright, as they considered the beautiful country over which a few hundred of them roamed and hunted, for a mess of pottage, and there were plenty ready to buy. Every such transaction was done in council, and in council Red Jacket was a great man. There were always a great many preliminaries to these councils. Red Jacket, perhaps, would open the council with a speech of welcome to the American commissioners, thus:

"Brothers! You have travelled long, with tears in your eyes on account of the bad roads and bad season of the year. Besides the disturbances between the bad Indians and our brothers the white people, everything has been trying to prevent your coming and to stop your business and make you lose your way. Thus the big waters might have stopped your coming, and the wars might have stopped you, and sickness might have stopped you. . . . But how could it be that anything bad could have happened to you while you have such important business to transact as we understand you have come on! You must

wipe away those tears occasioned by all the great dangers you have come through. And now we set you on a seat where you can sit up straight, and a seat where you are secure from the fears of your enemies, where you can look around and see all your friends and brothers in peace. Besides, you have come along with your heart and your throat stopped up to keep all that you had to say in your body. But now we open your heart with your brother's hands, and we run our fingers through to open your mouth that you may speak clear."

A great council was held by the United States with the Six Nations in 1794. Sixteen hundred Indians attended this council. Colonel Pickering, the commissioner from the government, had first to console the Indians for the loss of one of their brothers, who had been killed by a white man. According to Indian custom, he figuratively buried the dead and covered his grave with leaves, that it might be no more seen in passing. He had removed the tomahawk from the dead man's head, and now he tore up a great pine-tree, in pantomime. Underneath this he dug a deep hole, in which he placed the hatchet, on top of which he placed stones, and over all planted the tree. Colonel Pickering finally wiped the blood from

the Indians' heads, removed the tears from their eyes, and opened the path of peace.

On the following day the celebrated fanatic, Jemima Wilkinson, thrust herself into the council with some of her followers. She professed to be the world's Saviour at his second appearance upon earth, and was living in the western part of New York State with her proselytes. She is said to have dwelt in fine style, with half a dozen beautiful maidens to wait on her. When she preached she stood in her chamber-door wearing a waistcoat, stock, and white silk cravat. There is an anecdote of Brant with regard to Jemima Wilkinson. This chief had some desire to see the singular woman, and she was of course flattered to have an interview with him. When they met, she began a conversation with him. Brant immediately answered her by a long speech in Mohawk. When he had done, she told him that she did not understand the language. Brant then began to talk volubly in another Indian dialect. Somewhat disconcerted, Jemima objected that she could not understand him. He tried another dialect, but she could not comprehend this. He then began in a fourth dialect, and she interrupted him, much displeased.

"Madam," said Brant, rising, and this time in

English, "you are not the person you pretend to be. Jesus Christ can understand one language as well as another." At this he left her.

This woman now thrust herself upon the council. After a speech from the chief Fish Carrier, and an address from a delegation of Quakers who were present, Jemima and her followers dropped upon their knees and made a prayer, after which she addressed the Indians with a medley of Scripture texts and vague ideas of her own. When the council again opened on the following day, the Indian women requested to be heard. They were introduced by Red Jacket, who was evidently quite a favorite with the squaws, as they always chose him to speak for them in any matter in which they had a voice. He now said for them that they wished to remark that they fully agreed with their sachems that the white people had caused the troubles of the Indians. The white people had squeezed them together until it gave them a pain at their hearts, and they thought the white people ought to give back all the lands which they had taken. One of the white women, said Red Jacket, had told the Indians to repent at the last meeting, and the Indian women now called on the white people to repent, for they needed repentance as much as the Indians. The commis-

sioner thanked the Indian women for their speech, and said that he would always be glad to hear from them, but that the white woman who had spoken yesterday had forced herself into the council against his wish.

During the council a man named Johnson appeared as a messenger from Brant. He held secret conferences among the Indians, and mingled with them during the council in a way that excited the suspicions of the American commissioner. He denounced the man as a British spy. The Indians appeared greatly surprised. Cornplanter rose and said that it was astonishing that such an antipathy existed between the Americans and English that they could not bear to sit near each other in an Indian council. He said that the messenger had merely come to remind the Indians of a great council to be held at a future time.

"Captain Brant," added Cornplanter, "sends his compliments to the chiefs at Canandaigua, and says: 'You remember what we agreed upon last year, and the line we marked out. If this line is complied with, peace will take place;' and he desires us to mention this here."

Colonel Pickering knew well what this meant. Brant had recently taken part in the Indian war of the western nations. He agreed with them in

claiming the Ohio River for a boundary-line between the whites and Indians, and he wished the Six Nations to do so in this treaty. The Indians had been very successful in routing the armies of Harmer and of St. Clair, and they were now very arrogant in their claims. Colonel Pickering was very angry to have his council thus interfered with by the British, as he considered it. He made a very vehement speech.

"The council-fire grows warm," remarked the Indians. "The sparks fly about very thick."

They requested the withdrawal of the white men for a short time, that they might have a consultation. In about half an hour they opened the council-door again and Cornplanter rose to speak. He said that the Indians had discovered that the white people had told them a lie when they said the chain of friendship had been renewed between England and America.

"What shall we do?" said Cornplanter. "Shall we shove Johnson off? Yet this is not agreeable to my mind; for if I had kindled a council-fire, I would suffer a very bad man to sit in it that he might be made better."

The chiefs finally prepared a letter to Brant which they read in council. They said in this that they were sorry that Johnson had not been

permitted to remain in council, that he would explain the reason why, that they were determined to adhere to the boundary-lines as they had agreed with him, and that they were "a poor, despised though still an independent people, brought into suffering between two white nations striving which should be the greatest." Colonel Pickering was not at all pleased with this letter. The sparks again flew about the council, but before the matter was settled a Tuscarora runner came in with the intelligence of Wayne's great victory over the western Indians. Immediately matters took a different turn. Success had its usual effect on the Indians.

Cornplanter, however, came into trouble next, probably through the intrigues of Red Jacket, who had an old spite against his brother-chief. Cornplanter had had many private interviews with the commissioner, and this excited the suspicion of the Indians. A chief named Little Billy rebuked Cornplanter for taking so important a part in the councils when he was a war-chief. Cornplanter was on the point of returning home, but Colonel Pickering interfered in his favor.

When the commissioner came to the main business of the council, that of settling the boundary-lines, Red Jacket said:

"We told you before of the two rusty places on the chain of friendship. . . . We thought you had a sharp file to take off the rust, but we believe it must have been dull, or else you let it slip out of your hands. . . . Although we are but children, we are sharp-sighted, and we can see you want that strip of land along the lake shore for a road, that when you have vessels on the lakes you may have harbors. . . . You are cutting off our land piece by piece. You are a kind-hearted people—seeking your own advantages. . . . We have told you of the rusty part which the file passed over without brightening, and we wish you to take up the file again and rub it very hard."

The colonel told the Indians that it was very necessary to have the strip of land along the lake shore for harbors, but that the Indians were to have a large increase in their annuities for it, and that other concessions would be made.

"Now we are conversing together to make the chain bright," answered Red Jacket. "When we told you what would give us satisfaction, you proposed reserving the piece of land between Cayuga and Buffalo Creek for building houses, but we apprehend you would not only build houses but towns. You told us these houses would be for

the accommodation of travellers in the winter, as they cannot go by water in that season, and the travellers would want a staff to help them along the road. . . . We conclude that we do not understand this as the white people do. If we consent to your proposals, we know it will injure us. If these houses should be built, they will tend to scatter us and make us fall in the street by drinking to excess. . . . As soon as the white people come there, they will think the land theirs; for that is the way of white people. . . . I see there are many of your people here now watching with their mouths open to take up this land. If you are a friend to us, then disappoint them. Our patience is spent. Comply with our request."

Colonel Pickering made some concessions. The matter was finally settled, and the great council broke up.

Though the Indians were constantly selling their lands, they still dreaded the gradual encroachments of white settlers. Red Jacket, in all the councils, opposed all land sales, and acquired great popularity by this means, while Cornplanter, who honestly favored the sales, incurred all the blame when the Indians came afterwards to regret the loss of their lands.

"We stand on a small island in the bosom of

the great waters," said Red Jacket in one of his speeches. "We are encircled, we are encompassed. The evil spirit rides upon the blast, and the waters are disturbed. They rise, they press upon us, and the waves once settled over us, we disappear forever. Who then lives to mourn us? None. What marks our extermination? Nothing."

Red Jacket often excited his Indian audience to the highest pitch by such outbursts as this. At one council Mr. Thomas Morris, who was acting for the company which desired to purchase the land of the Senecas, remarked that their lands were of little value in their present uncultivated state. Red Jacket admitted that, but said that it was the knowledge of ownership which the Indians valued.

"That knowledge is everything to us," said he. "It raises us in our own estimation. It creates in our bosoms a proud feeling which elevates us as a nation. Observe the difference between the estimation in which a Seneca and an Oneida are held. We are courted, while the Oneidas are considered a degraded people, fit only to make brooms and baskets. Why this difference? It is because the Senecas are known as the owners of a broad domain, while the Oneidas are cooped up in a narrow space."

The commissioners who accompanied Mr. Morris at last became impatient of the long delay of the Indian proceedings. At their desire, Mr. Morris tried to bring matters to a close. He answered a proposal on the part of the Indians, saying it would be better to rake up the council-fire at once than to accept such a proposition. Red Jacket sprang to his feet.

"You have now arrived at the point to which I wished to bring you. You told us in your first address that even in the event of our not agreeing to sell our lands, we would part friends. Here, then, is my hand. I now cover up the council-fire."

Applauding yells arose from the Indians. It was a most popular act on the part of Red Jacket, and just what the commissioners had least of all wished. After a great deal of trouble and the intervention of the Indian women, who were appealed to and appeased with presents, the council was reopened. Red Jacket, however, did not again attend it. He was drunk during the rest of the proceedings, for the orator was entirely too fond of liquor. He left the responsibility of the inevitable course of the council upon Cornplanter. When Red Jacket talked with the other chiefs, he still kept up his opposition to any sale. He visit-

ed Mr. Morris's lodge, however, secretly at night, and told him that in truth he had no objections to the sales, but that he would lose his popularity if he did not oppose them.

The council was finally successful. The sale was made of a great part of the Seneca lands; a treaty was drawn up and ready to be signed by the chiefs. Now it was Red Jacket's especial pride to have his name stand upon every treaty with his nation, whether he was in favor of it or not. In council he grandly refused to put his name on the document in order to appear consistent, but he privately arranged with Mr. Morris to insert his signature afterwards. He wanted a blank left for him, and was especially anxious that it should be near the top, in order that President Washington might see that he was a man of importance among the Indians.

In spite of his political intrigues, Red Jacket made an ostentation of being the most truthful of men. During one council the commissioner was occupied in taking notes while the chief spoke. He paused in the middle of a sentence.

"Look up from the table, brother," said the orator, "and fix your eyes upon my eyes, that you may see that what Sagoyewatha says is the truth and no lie."

During one Indian council Mr. Morris was adopted by the Indians, and Red Jacket gave him his old name, Otetiani. The ceremony was performed one beautiful night when the moon was at her full. It was also the occasion of the Iroquois festival to the moon. The immense concourse of Indians, among whom was the newly-adopted white man, seated themselves upon the ground in a circle. Fish Carrier, a very old Cayuga chief, who was greatly venerated for his bravery and wisdom, made a long address to the moon, throwing tobacco into the fire from time to time as incense. At the close of the speech they all threw themselves upon the earth and made a grunting sound. A war-dance was then begun around a post, which represented the torture-stake. The young warriors who performed the dance were naked except for their breech-cloth, and their backs were chalked white and ornamented with streaks of red. Every once in a while one of them would snatch a blazing brand from the fire and thrust it at the post as though torturing a prisonor. Meanwhile they drank freely of raw rum. They soon began singing their war-songs and boasting of their deeds of prowess and the scalps they had taken. Among the dancers was an Oneida. He struck the post and boasted of the scalps his na-

tion had taken during the Revolutionary war. Instantly the Senecas began boasting of the scalps they had taken from the Oneidas during the same war, and taunting them as cowards. The old bitter feelings were awakened. Knives and tomahawks were drawn forth, and the quarrel seemed likely to have a serious ending, when Fish Carrier ran forward. He struck the post violently, and said:

"You are all of you a parcel of boys. When you have attained my age, and performed the warlike deeds that I have performed, you may boast what you have done: not till then." He then threw down the post and broke up the dance.

CHAPTER XLI.

RED JACKET TRIED FOR WITCHCRAFT.

RED JACKET visited Philadelphia in 1792. While there, President Washington presented him with a large silver medal, on which Washington, in military clothes, was represented as handing a peace-pipe about four feet long to a conventional Indian with a tuft of plumes, growing out of the top of his head, while a white man was ploughing with a yoke of oxen in the background. Indians prefer ornaments of silver to gold, for they are more becoming to their red skin. Red Jacket prized this medal very highly. He wore it on all state occasions. Nevertheless, sad to relate, the beloved medal was more than once in pawn for whiskey.

While in Philadelphia, each member of the deputation of chiefs, of which Red Jacket was one, was presented with a military suit and cocked hat by General Knox on the part of the government. When Red Jacket's suit was offered him he sent back word to General Knox that he could not

wear such a suit, for he was not a warrior but a peace-chief. He requested that a citizen's suit might be given him; meantime he would keep the military suit until he received the other. When a suit of plain clothes was brought him, Red Jacket accepted it, but refused to give up the military suit, saying that though he could not now wear the military suit, when war came he would join the warriors and then he could wear it with propriety.

When Red Jacket returned from his visits to the capital he was accustomed to exaggerate the honors with which he had been received by Washington, in order to impress the Indians with his importance. He would gather his admirers around him, and would play over the whole scene of his reception like a child. At one time he arranged the Indians in a semicircle, and, taking the cocked hat which had been given to him, went around the company bowing to the Indians and representing President Washington. He then repeated various compliments which he pretended the President had made to him.

Cornplanter, about this time, began to find that he was losing all his influence among the Indians. Using a favorite trick of the savages, he tried to retrieve his loss and at the same time overthrow

his dangerous rival. He persuaded his brother to become a prophet. The prophet began by preaching morality. He was so successful as to induce the Onondagas, who had been great drinkers, to give up drinking almost entirely. He finally began to work upon the superstitions of the Indians. He pointed out several witches among them. Such was their superstition that these would have been summarily executed had not white people interfered in their behalf. Last of all the impostor pounced upon Red Jacket as a witch. The excitement ran so high that the chief's life was in great danger. He was tried in solemn council. Very likely he was accused of spitting fire at night or some other wizard's performance. At any rate, Red Jacket arose and made his own defence. For three hours he spoke with the most wonderful eloquence, moving the Indians in spite of themselves. They were divided. A bare majority was in favor of Red Jacket, and his life was saved.

Red Jacket was not above the same superstition, however. Though he did not believe himself to be a witch, he caused the execution of at least one Indian for witchcraft. Later in his life he had occasion to defend the Indians for their belief in withcraft. A Seneca Indian had pined and died, apparently without

cause. Indian medicine-men with their pow-wows could do him no good. The woman who had nursed him was decided to be a witch. She fled into Canada. She was followed by the Indians; a trial was held among them, and she was pronounced guilty and brought back into the Seneca country. The heart of the Indian who was appointed to execute her failed him. A chief, known as Tommy Jemmy, took the duty upon himself and killed the woman. The white settlers were shocked at the murder, and Tommy Jemmy was arrested and thrown into prison at Buffalo. His trial produced a great deal of excitement. The defence held that the woman had been executed according to the laws of the Indians, with which the whites had no right to interfere. Red Jacket, who was naturally an advocate, and more than once pleaded the cause of an Indian in a court of law, was called as a witness and examined with regard to Indian laws and customs. The counsel for the prosecution, wishing to exclude his testimony, asked Red Jacket if he believed in a God.

"More truly than one can who could ask me such a question," indignantly answered the chief.

He was also asked what rank he held among the Indians.

"Look at the papers which the white men keep the most carefully; they will tell you what I am," Red Jacket sarcastically answered, referring to the treaties by which the whites had acquired their lands. During his examination the chief saw that the lawyers and bystanders were ridiculing the Indian superstition.

"What!" burst out Red Jacket, who knew more than they thought he did. "Do you denounce us as bigots and fools because we still believe that which you yourselves believed two centuries ago? Your black-coats thundered this doctrine from the pulpits, your judges pronounced it from the bench and sanctioned it with the formalities of law; and would you now punish our unfortunate brother for adhering to the faith of his fathers and of yours? Go to Salem! Look at the records of your own government, and you will find that hundreds have been executed for the very crime which has called forth the sentence of condemnation against this woman and drawn down upon her the arm of vengeance. What have our brothers done more than the rulers of your people have done? What crime has this man committed by executing in a summary way the laws of his country and the command of the Great Spirit?" The prisoner was in the end liberated.

Meantime Cornplanter's influence waned more and more after Red Jacket's victory over him in the matter of witchcraft. He lived to a very old age, but he finally resigned his chieftainship in a very odd way. It was one of the strange customs among the Iroquois to guess dreams. An Indian with a melancholy face would go from cabin to cabin and ask the inmates to guess a dream which he had had. If they gave him an interpretation which suited him, he would accept it and act accordingly. Cornplanter had a dream which puzzled him. Almost naked in midwinter, he went from house to house to have his dream guessed. On the third day he found an Indian who said:

"You shall henceforth be called Onono, or cold. You have been a chief long enough for the good of your nation. You have grown too old to be of much further use as counsellor or warrior, and you must appoint a successor. If you wish to please the Great Spirit, you must remove from your house and sight every article made by the white man."

Cornplanter listened earnestly and accepted this as the interpretation of his dream. The presents which he had received from the various Presidents of the United States he collected together,

among which were a military suit, a sword, and a medal. He solemnly burned them all. His tomahawk only he reserved, and sent it to the Indian whom he had chosen as his successor.

CHAPER XLII.

AN INDIAN GAME OF BALL.

IROQUOIS Indians frequently occupied their long, idle days with games, on which they were accustomed to bet. One of their favorite pastimes was a game of ball, and great ball matches were sometimes played between different tribes. The Mohawks once challenged the Senecas to a national game of ball. A great concourse of Indians had gathered to witness the game. The Senecas stood in groups upon one side of the play-ground, the Mohawks upon the other. First the betting began. The Indians betted ornaments, hatchets, swords, rifles, belts, knives, and furs, upon the results of the contest. A bet upon one side of a valuable article was matched with an article of like value upon the other. The stakes were placed under the care of a company of aged Indians. The game then began.

The ball was of deer-skin; the bats were woven with deer-skin thongs. A certain number of players were chosen upon each side. They were en-

tirely naked except for the breech-cloth. Each party had a gate, or two poles planted in the ground about three rods apart. The aim of the players on each side was to drive the ball through their own gate a specified number of times. It took several contests to decide the match. The players provided with bats were ranged in opposite lines, and between them stood two men chosen from each side. The ball was then placed among them. Sometimes a pretty Indian girl, very gayly dressed and decked with silver ornaments, ran into the midst of the players and dropped the ball on the ground. It was one of the rules of the game that the ball must not be touched by foot or hand. Instantly the ball was placed on the play-ground each of the two Indians who stood in the centre made a struggle to give it the start toward his own gate. The ball once flying through the air was followed by the players from both sides. It would be caught among them, and there would be an exciting struggle to extricate it. Such a struggle was always going on at some point upon the ground. Perhaps some fleet-footed player would succeed in getting the ball upon his bat. He would run with all his might towards his gate bearing the ball upon his bat; for if he could run through the gate with it his side would make one

point. But the opposite side would have stationed runners to guard against any such easy success. They would bend every nerve to interrupt the runner. If he did not succeed in dodging them just as they were upon him, he would perhaps throw the ball over his head toward the gate or toward some player on his side. Sometimes one party would rescue the ball at the very gate of the opposing party and carry it back in triumph through its own. When the match was finally decided, the victorious tribe would throw caps, tomahawks, and blankets into the air in an ecstasy of exultation.

Players were frequently severely hurt in the fierce struggles over the ball. It was usually taken in good part, but at this particular game a Mohawk player struck a Seneca a hard blow with his bat. Instantly the Senecas dropped their bats, took up the stakes that they had laid down in betting, and returned to their own country. Three weeks after, Red Jacket and some other chiefs sent a belligerent message to the Mohawks demanding satisfaction for the insult. Brant immediately called a council of his people, and it was decided to recommend a friendly council of both nations to settle the difference. The Senecas consented to this, and the council met. Red Jacket

was opposed to a reconciliation. He made a stirring speech in which he pictured the offence in its blackest light, and was in favor of nothing less than war. But the older Senecas, and among them Cornplanter, who had not yet lost all his influence, were opposed to a break between the two nations, and proposed that presents should be made in atonement to the young man who had been injured. The Mohawks consented to this, and the pipe of peace was finally smoked in friendship.

CHAPTER XLIII.

RED JACKET'S PLOT AGAINST BRANT—BRANT'S DEATH.

BRANT had often met Red Jacket, as we have seen, in the councils of the Six Nations, and he despised him thoroughly, and took no pains to conceal it. But spite and jealousy moved Red Jacket to plot against the power of this most proud and powerful Iroquois chief. For several years he had sought to undermine Brant's popularity.

Meantime Brant's mind was filled with plans for his Mohawks, in the matter of selling their lands; for sell them they must, now that the inevitable demand for them had come. He proposed to sell much of the Grand River territory off in farms to the settlers, thus enhancing the value of what remained, and realizing a great deal of money for the benefit of the Indians. But the colonial authorities did not choose to give up their pre-emption rights to so valuable a tract of land, and Brant became involved in endless controversies, the parent government favoring Brant's construction

of the Mohawk claim to the lands, and the provincial government making difficulties which were never entirely overcome.

There were interested white men who wished to defeat Brant's schemes by curtailing his power. These men, together with Red Jacket, some dissatisfied young Mohawks who did not comprehend Brant's exertions for their benefit, and various envious chiefs, laid a plot to depose him. A secret council of the plotters was held at Buffalo Creek in 1805, in which Brant was charged with dishonesty in the management of the Mohawk funds, and deposed as were also most of the Mohawk chiefs who were Brant's friends. But this was not all. The Mohawk chief Norton, who was a confidential friend of Brant, was then in England endeavoring to settle the land controversy. The white men who were interested in preventing this drew up a paper disavowing Norton's mission. This paper was signed by the plotters, and among them the dissatisfied Mohawks put down their names as chiefs, to give the paper more weight. This measure was at least very annoying to Brant, as it interfered with his business in England.

But Brant did not stay deposed. The council had indeed been contrary to custom—the law of the Indians—for it was held in secret and attended

only by his enemies. The chief immediately called a full council of the Six Nations, and made a very clear defence of his character.

"My only crime is," said Brant, "that I want to make you a happy people, and for you to be enabled to call your land your own forever, and not leaving it doubtful whether it is yours or not.

"What I did tended to raise your name as well as my own, and, in other instances where I might have been enriched, I have refused receiving, for fear of your name being tarnished. Still you would almost brand me with the name of a thief, although not one of you has ever subscribed a penny to pay my expenses when I travelled on your public business.'

The Mohawk chiefs were incensed at the charges against Brant. They rose in his defence.

"We find divisions among us," said they. "The young men think to take the lead who know nothing of our affairs, nor what we have suffered in the war. According to the first formation of our confederacy, the Mohawk was the leading nation. So it has been since our establishment at Grand River. Therefore, our leading chief, Captain Brant, has stood foremost in our affairs, with which he is thoroughly acquainted. There have been many rumors concerning our money, and the

application made of it. We, that have been engaged in the public affairs, know where it is gone. He has not been always travelling and employed on his own concerns; it has been on those of the public. He has been on the other side of the water, and several times at Quebec; and always in these journeys expended his own property, we never making any collection for him."

Publicly cleared of all suspicion in this council of the Six Nations, Brant was declared still a chief, and Red Jacket and the other plotters were discomfited.

Brant's last years were shadowed with a greater sorrow than the plots of his enemies. His oldest son, Isaac, was educated in the Mohawk Valley, and at Niagara during the war. But he was from the beginning wild and unruly. At Niagara his associations were bad, and he became dissipated. When drunk he was very quarrelsome, and made himself especially disagreeable toward his stepmother and the family of younger children which was growing up. Brant married him to a very attractive Indian girl, hoping, like many another parent, thus to reclaim the young man. He also made Isaac his private secretary. But the young Indian still continued his drunken carousals, abused his stepmother, though she never answered

him, when he was in one of his quarrelsome moods, and often threatened the life of his father. He was of a murderous disposition. He assaulted a young man once in the road, killed his horse, and injured him severely. His father had to pay heavy damages in consequence of this escapade. Isaac at another time killed a man in cold blood.

Brant was attending an Indian council at Burlington Heights, on Lake Champlain. After taking tea one evening with a lady and gentleman he had walked over to the tavern. Soon after this his son entered an adjoining room, and began loudly abusing his father. Brant could plainly hear what was said through the board partition. He rose and entered the other room. The instant his son saw him he sprang at him. Some of the bystanders, however, caught young Brant around the waist, and the knife with which he had rushed at his father fell only upon Brant's hand. Almost instantly Brant had returned the blow, striking his son on the head with a dirk. The young man's wound was not considered dangerous. But he was enraged by drink, and would not allow it to be dressed, tearing off the bandages as soon as they were put on, and causing it to bleed profusely by his violent excitement. He was at last

tied down until he became sober, when his wound was properly dressed. He immediately began drinking, and again tore the dressing from his wound. A brain-fever set in and the young Indian soon died.

Brant immediately gave himself over to the authorities, and resigned his commission in the British service upon which he drew half pay. Lord Dorchester, however, would not accept the resignation, and when Brant called an Indian council and laid the case before the Indians, they decided with their accustomed deliberateness to acquit Brant of all blame. Nevertheless the old chief, as he lay in his room and looked at the dirk which hung upon the wall, and with which he had killed his son, would often weep at the memory of the catastrophe.

Brant's second wife had been childless, but by his third wife the chief had seven children. In planning to educate his younger sons, Brant looked back with pleasant remembrances to the school of his boyhood. His old teacher, President Wheelock, was dead, but his son had succeeded him at Dartmouth College. In spite of English jealousy, the chief sent two of his sons to Dartmouth. In one of his letters to Mr. Wheelock he said :

"I receive an inexpressible satisfaction in hearing from you that you have taken my sons under your protection, and also to find that you yet retain a strong remembrance of our ancient friendship. For my part, nothing can efface from my memory the persevering attention your revered father paid to my education when I was in the place my sons now are. Though I was an unprofitable pupil in some respects, yet my worldly affairs have been much benefited by the instruction I there received."

Brant died in 1807, at sixty-four years of age, leaving unfinished his work for the security of the Mohawks in the full possession of their lands. Among his last words he said to the chief Norton:

"Have pity on the poor Indians. If you can get any influence with the great, endeavor to do them all the good you can."

A few years before the chief's death he had built a large house on a tract of land at the head of Lake Ontario, a gift from the king. Brant had a number of negro slaves whom he had captured during the war, and who lived with him in contentment, it is said, satisfied with the Indian customs. His youngest son, John, became a chief after his father's death. He was a gentlemanly young fellow, and distinguished himself in the war

of 1812. He and his youngest sister, Elizabeth, lived in their father's house in civilized style, but their mother preferred to live among the Indians in the Mohawk Village, at Grand River. A gentleman and his daughters who visited them in 1819 found the parlor carpeted, and furnished with pier and chimney glasses, mahogany tables, the fashionable chairs of the day, a guitar, and a number of books. Miss Brant proved to be "a noble-looking Indian girl." The upper part of her hair was done up in a silk net, while the long lower tresses hung down her back. She wore a short black silk petticoat, with a tunic of the same material, black silk stockiags, and black kid shoes. She was remarkably self-possessed and lady-like. She afterwards married William Johnson Kerr, a grandson of Sir William Johnson, and they lived together in the Brant house.

Brant was buried beside the church which he had built at Grand River, the first church in Upper Canada. There is a monument over his grave with the following inscription:

"This tomb is erected to the memory of Thayendanegea, or Capt. Joseph Brant, principal chief and warrior of the Six Nations Indians, by his fellow-subjects, admirers of his fidelity and attachment to the British crown."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA.

INDIANS are as merciless in ridicule as in war. They were fond of Red Jacket, but they could not resist the temptation to laugh at his lack of physical courage. They would jokingly remind him in company that they had once taken pity on him and given him a scalp to take home, but they would declare that he was afraid to carry it. Stung by the sneers of his enemies and the jeers of his friends, Red Jacket was eager for war that he might redeem his character from the stain of cowardice. A chance presented itself in the war of 1812. The Mohawks under young Brant had stood firm in their alliance with England. The other Iroquois nations had at first promised the Americans to remain neutral, but Red Jacket spoke eloquently for war on the American side. In company with other Iroquois chiefs he led his people into several battles, the most important of which was the battle of Chippewa.

General Brown, with an army of regulars, vol-

unteers, and Indians, boldly resolved to invade Canada in 1814. The Indian force of the Six Nations had dwindled down from thousands to hundreds. Some five or six hundred Indians included nearly all their warriors, except the Mohawks, who were on the other side. Early one July morning the English garrison at Fort Erie, looking through their glasses, found themselves surrounded by American and Indian forces. Soon after noon the garrison capitulated. The English army under General Real, which was about equal to the American in strength, lay some eighteen miles below, at Chippewa. On the same evening General Brown began his march toward Chippewa. On nearing the enemy, the British Indians placed in the woods succeeded in cramping and annoying the American army. General Brown's pickets were constantly assailed, and he took the extreme measure of cashiering one of his officers for allowing his guard to be driven in. It was not believed that there was a single British soldier upon this side of the Chippewa River, and General Porter, in command of the American Indians and volunteers, was ordered to dislodge the British Indians.

The soldiers and Indians were delighted with their task. When the Iroquois had divested them-

selves of every unnecessary article of clothing, painted themselves sufficiently and all was ready, the detachment was formed in Indian file and marched for the woods. When the Indians were in the woods and the white men still in the open field, every man faced around, and immediately a line of battle was formed one man deep and three quarters of a mile long. Red Jacket occupied the end of the Indian line, while General Porter was between his white and red forces. The Indian war-chiefs marched, according to their custom, about twenty yards in advance of their men. The farther advance was now carried on silently and cautiously. Scouts were ahead, and Porter's movements were directed by signals. The Indian chiefs themselves, when anything happened which demanded extra precaution or time to consult, had a mode of telegraphing it through their line, and instantly every man would drop to the ground in a crouching position. The Indians lay thus concealed in a thicket very near the enemy, when a final consultation was held. It was decided to quicken the march almost to a run, to receive the first fire of the enemy but not to return it, except singly and where it was sure to bring down a man, then to raise the war-whoop and fall upon the enemy. The first fire was accordingly re-

ceived, savage yells arose from white man and Indian, and a rush was made. The enemy fled, and Porter's forces pursued with deadly havoc. The Mohawks believed that they would receive no quarter; few of them surrendered, many of them allowed themselves to be cut down in their tracks, often turning upon their pursuers and fighting to the last. The pursuit lasted for a mile to the edge of the open field opposite Chippewa. Here the pursuers were met by a discharge of musketry. Those in front were thrown back in confusion upon those behind them. General Porter endeavored to rally his men, having no suspicion of the presence of any force other than that of the Indians. The American forces advanced again to the edge of the woods, to find themselves confronted with the whole British army. The American detachment received and returned two or three fires. The English charged them, and then General Porter gave the order to retreat. Every man made the best use of his legs. Some of the Indians had brought into battle with them their boys, to train them in war. As they neared General Scott's detachment, sent out to relieve them, one immense fellow who had taken his boy of fourteen across his shoulder was seen running along with him with

all his might. Suddenly a shell exploded over his head.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian, bounding up into the air. As he came down the boy dropped sprawling upon the ground. Without turning to look behind him the Indian ran on, while the boy hastily gathered himself up and made all speed after his father. In spite of the seriousness of the occasion, the young officers indulged in a hearty laugh at this ridiculous by-play. General Scott rebuked them for their levity.

Scott's brigade opened and admitted the fugitives. The general immediately marched his men over the bridge across a creek, under a galling fire of artillery, and met the British, who were charging at a headlong pace, with a discharge of musketry, which forced them to fall back. They instantly rallied and made another advance, and were met with another tremendous discharge of musketry. They now left the battle-ground as swiftly as they had come upon it. They did not stop until they had crossed the Chippewa and destroyed the bridge behind him. General Scott could not advance, because he would have to face their batteries, which were on the opposite side of the river and could not be reached. He moved to the field opposite Chippewa, and ordered his men to lie

down with their heads toward the batteries to escape the enemy's fire. The whole army was at this time engaged in the action, which closed at sundown without any further results. Meantime the British Indians had fled, never to return. Many of the American Indians had departed also, and they returned home, from time to time, according to their independent habits.

Two days later the Americans forced the passage of the Chippewa. The enemy retreated, after a short but brave resistance. The Indians could not be restrained from committing depredations upon the farmers on the line of the army's advance. They also captured from fifty to a hundred barrels of liquor and stores which the British had concealed in the woods. Greatly to their discontent, this booty was turned over to the American quarter-master. Red Jacket now suggested the sending a deputation to the British camp proposing the withdrawal of Indian forces upon both sides during the remainder of the war. General Brown acquiescing, two young chiefs were sent to the British army and returned with a somewhat favorable answer. Red Jacket made the most of it, and the American Indians went home promising to return in case the British

Indians again took part. They were not again called upon, and Red Jacket ended his career as a warrior, which, if not brilliant, was certainly not disgraceful during the war of 1812.

CHAPTER XLV.

ANECDOTES OF RED JACKET.

AFTER the close of the war, Red Jacket's one purpose was to prevent the encroachment of white men and their customs and religion upon his people. But let him speak never so eloquently against the sale of lands, the Indians would nevertheless sell them and he himself would always sign the treaty. Above all things, Red Jacket hated to see the church and the school-house rise among the Indians. He thought these but the forerunners of the settler with his axe.

Black-coats, as he called the preachers, were his especial detestation. Nevertheless, missionaries gained a very considerable influence among the Senecas. There came to be two distinct parties of Indians, a pagan and a Christian party. The latter was headed by the old chief, Captain Pollard, or Little Billy as he was sometimes called, while Red Jacket, the confirmed old fogy, led the opposition. In this field he was a dauntless warrior. Taking advantage of a law to prevent en-

croachments upon the Indian reservation, he succeeded once in breaking up the Seneca mission for the time. Red Jacket was asked why he had such a hatred for the missionaries.

"Because," answered the chief, "they do us no good. If they are useful to the white people, why do they send them among the Indians? The white people are surely bad enough to need the labor of every one who can make them better. These men know we do not understand their language. We cannot read their book; they tell us different stories about what it contains, and we believe that they make the book talk to suit themselves."

Red Jacket lost ten or eleven children by consumption. A lady once asked him whether he had any children living.

"Red Jacket was once a great man, and in favor with the Great Spirit," sorrowfully answered the chief. "He was a lofty pine among the smaller trees of the forest. But, after years of glory, he degraded himself by drinking the fire-water of the white man. The Great Spirit has looked upon him in anger, and his lightning has stripped the pine of its branches."

Red Jacket married a second wife. She was the widow of a chief named Two Guns, and a wo-

man of fine face and bearing. She became interested in Christianity, and thought of joining the church; whereupon Red Jacket was enraged. He said that they had lived happily together, but that now, if she joined the party to which her husband was opposed, he would leave her. His wife, however, joined the church, and Red Jacket immediately left her and went to the other reservation, where he lived with another woman. He had a little daughter of whom he was very fond. She used to sit on his keees and amuse him with her chatter. She missed her father a great deal, and constantly teased her mother to take her to him. Red Jacket's wife finally took the little girl to the reservation where he lived, though she herself refused to see the chief. The little girl ran to him and threw her arms about his neck. He was much touched, and told her that he was coming home, that he was sorry he had left her mother, and that he had bought her some broadcloth and beads. When she was ready to go home he took her to the door of the cabin where her mother was, but did not enter. The little girl cried pitifully as she parted with her father. In a few weeks Red Jacket returned to his home, promising never to interfere with his wife's religion, and he kept his promise. Before he had left her, his

wife was obliged to leave her blanket outdoors where she could slip out and get it without her husband's knowledge when she wanted to go to meeting. Now he would call his daughter early Sunday morning, saying:

"Come, it is Sunday, you know. Get up and get the work all done, so as to go to meeting with your mother. Always go with your mother."

When Lafayette visited Buffalo in 1825, among the crowds who thronged to see him was Red Jacket. When the chief was introduced to Lafayette, he said:

"Do you remember being at the treaty of peace with the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix?"

"Yes," answered the Frenchman, "I have not forgotten that great council. By the way, what became of that young man who opposed so eloquently the burying of the tomahawk?"

"He is before you," said Red Jacket.

"Time has worked great changes upon us both," said Lafayette.

"Ah," replied Red Jacket, "time has not been so severe upon you as it has upon me. It has left you a fresh countenance and hair to cover your head; while to me—behold!" The chief pulled a handkerchief from his head and disclosed its baldness. The attendants laughed at the simplicity of

the Indian in supposing Lafayette's wig to be his own hair. Some one explained to Red Jacket how white men repaired the deficiency of hair. Thereupon Red Jacket said, laughingly, that he should have to supply himself with a head-covering by taking some one's scalp.

He pretended to understand no language but his own, and entertained a great dislike for English. He would not reply to any of Lafayette's questions until his interpreter had translated them into Seneca.

When Red Jacket was a very old man, he was invited to the launching of a schooner which was named after him. He christened the vessel with a short speech.

"You have a great name given to you," said he, addressing the ship, "strive to deserve it. Be brave and daring. Go boldly into the great lakes and fear neither the swift wind nor the strong waves. Be not frightened nor overcome by them, for it is in resisting storms and tempest that I, whose name you bear, obtained my renown. Let my great example inspire you to courage and lead you to glory."

A young French count who was making a tour in America visited Buffalo, and, hearing that Red Jacket was one of the wonders of the town, sent

the chief a request that he would visit him at Buffalo.

"Tell the young man," said Red Jacket to the messenger, "that if he wishes to see the old chief, he may find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him."

The young nobleman sent to say that he was tired from his journey; that he had come all the way from France to see the Seneca orator, and that after putting himself to so much trouble he thought Red Jacket would not refuse to meet him at Buffalo.

"Tell him," answered the chief, "that it is very strange he should come so far to see me and then stop short within seven miles of my lodge."

The count yielded. He visited Red Jacket at his cabin, where the chief accepted an invitation to dinner with him at Buffalo. The young gentleman was very much delighted with the proud chief, and insisted that he was a greater wonder than Niagara Falls.

A wealthy gentleman who was visiting Buffalo once invited Red Jacket to come and see him. This time the chief dressed himself with the utmost pains and went to see him. Now this gentleman's ideas were scarce while his words were many. He had a habit of standing very close to

a man and chattering with immense volubility. Red Jacket felt greatly disappointed. After a short conversation, in which he got no chance to utter a word, but stood listening to the empty gabble, he put his face up to the man's ear and exclaimed, "Cha! cha! cha!" and walked away. It is said that the astonished talker was silent for a longer time than he had ever been known to be before.

He could with difficulty manage a knife and fork at table. He made every effort at dinners of ceremony, however, to act properly. He once told a gentleman that when he dined with Washington a man ran off with his knife and fork every now and then and returned with others.

"Now," said Red Jacket, "what was that for?" The gentleman told him that there were a great many kinds of dishes, each cooked in a different manner, and that the plates, knifes, and forks were changed every time a new dish was brought on.

"Ah," said Red Jacket thoughtfully, "is that it? You must then suppose that the plates and knives and forks retain the taste of the cookery?"

"Yes."

"Have you then," demanded the chief, "any method by which you can change your palates every time you change your plate? for I think the

taste would remain on the palate longer than it would on the plate."

"We are in the habit of washing that away by drinking wine," answered the gentleman.

"Ah," said Red Jacket, "now I understand it. I was persuaded that so general a custom among you must be founded in reason, and I only regret that when I was in Philadelphia I did not understand it. The moment the man went off with my plate, I would have drunk wine until he brought me another; for although I am fond of eating, I am more so of drinking."

Red Jacket was extremely fond of sugar. He was once at the table of Captain Jones, the interpreter. Mrs. Jones prepared his coffee without sugar, for a joke.

"My son," said the chief, looking at the captain severely, "do you allow your squaw thus to trifle with your father?" The children giggled. "And do you allow your children to make sport of their chief?" added Red Jacket. Apologies were made, and the sugar-bowl was handed to the offended chief. He filled his cup to the brim with sugar, and ate it out by the spoonful with the utmost gravity.

Red Jacket could see no justice in the white man's court of law. An Indian who had broken

into a house and stolen some small article was indicted for burglary. Red Jacket made a long speech in court in his defence. But the man was sentenced to imprisonment for life, much to the orator's disgust. After the proceedings were over, Red Jacket left the court-house in company with the lawyers. Across the street was the sign of a printing-office with the arms of the State, representing Liberty and Justice. Red Jacket stopped and pointed to the sign.

"What him call?" demanded the chief.

"Liberty," answered the bystanders.

"Ugh!" said Red Jacket.

"What him call?" pointing to the other figure upon the sign.

"Justice," was the answer.

"Where him live now?" inquired the chief.

Red Jacket was one day met going the opposite direction from an execution to which everybody was crowding. He was asked why he, too, did not go.

"Fools enough there already. Battle is the place to see men die," he answered.

He was once questioned as to his opinion of a chief named Hot Bread, who was remarkable for gluttony.

"Waugh!" exclaimed the orator. "He has a

little place at Connawaugus—big enough for him. Big man here," pointing to his stomach, "but very small here," touching his forehead.

As a young man Red Jacket had always refused to sit for his picture, saying that when he died all that belonged to him should die with him. His vanity was at last appealed to, however, it being represented that his portrait was wanted to be placed alongside of those of the great men of the United States. He consented to sit under these circumstances, and a number of portraits were afterwards made of him. While in New York once he sat for Weir. The Indians who accompanied him stretched themselves on the floor of the studio and smoked while the painting went forward. Red Jacket watched with the greatest interest the growth of the picture. When his medal became visible in the picture he was pleased, but when he saw a faithful picture of his fine high forehead, of which he was very proud, he sprang up, grasped the artist's hand, and cried, "Good! good!"

Light and agile, Red Jacket loved the chase. As a young man he had often hunted in the Genesee Valley. As an old man he visited that country, and entering the forest he resolved to have one more hunt. He had not gone far, how-

ever, before he saw an opening; a fence was in the way, and white men could be seen in the distance ploughing. The chief sadly turned in another direction. He had buried himself deep in the woods, as he supposed, when he again ran up against a fence and another white man's field. The old man sat down and wept.

Red Jacket's old age was broken by intemperance and embittered by his struggles with the Christian party. He was indeed once formally deposed by his enemies. But the old Indian's spirit arose. He called a council of his people. Once again he spoke with his old eloquence, and he was reinstated. But his faculties fast failed after this outburst. As his health declined he knew that he must die. He visited the cabins of his friends, and talked with them of the affairs of his people.

"I am about to leave you," he said, "and when I am gone and my longings shall no longer be heard or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety; for I have none who will be able to

avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself. I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come; but my heart fails me when I think of my people, who are so soon to be scattered and forgotten.

"Bury me by the side of my former wife, and let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me be dressed and equipped as my fathers were, that their spirits may rejoice at my coming. Be sure that my grave be not made by a white man; let them not pursue me there."

Almost the last thing that the old chief did was to call a council of both the parties among his people and recommend that they should resolve to quarrel no more, but each man believe according to his own way. He was taken mortally sick during this council. Holding a bottle in his hand containing some mysterious liquid which he believed would secure him a happy passage to the other world, the old chief bravely met death at seventy-eight years of age.

THE END.

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